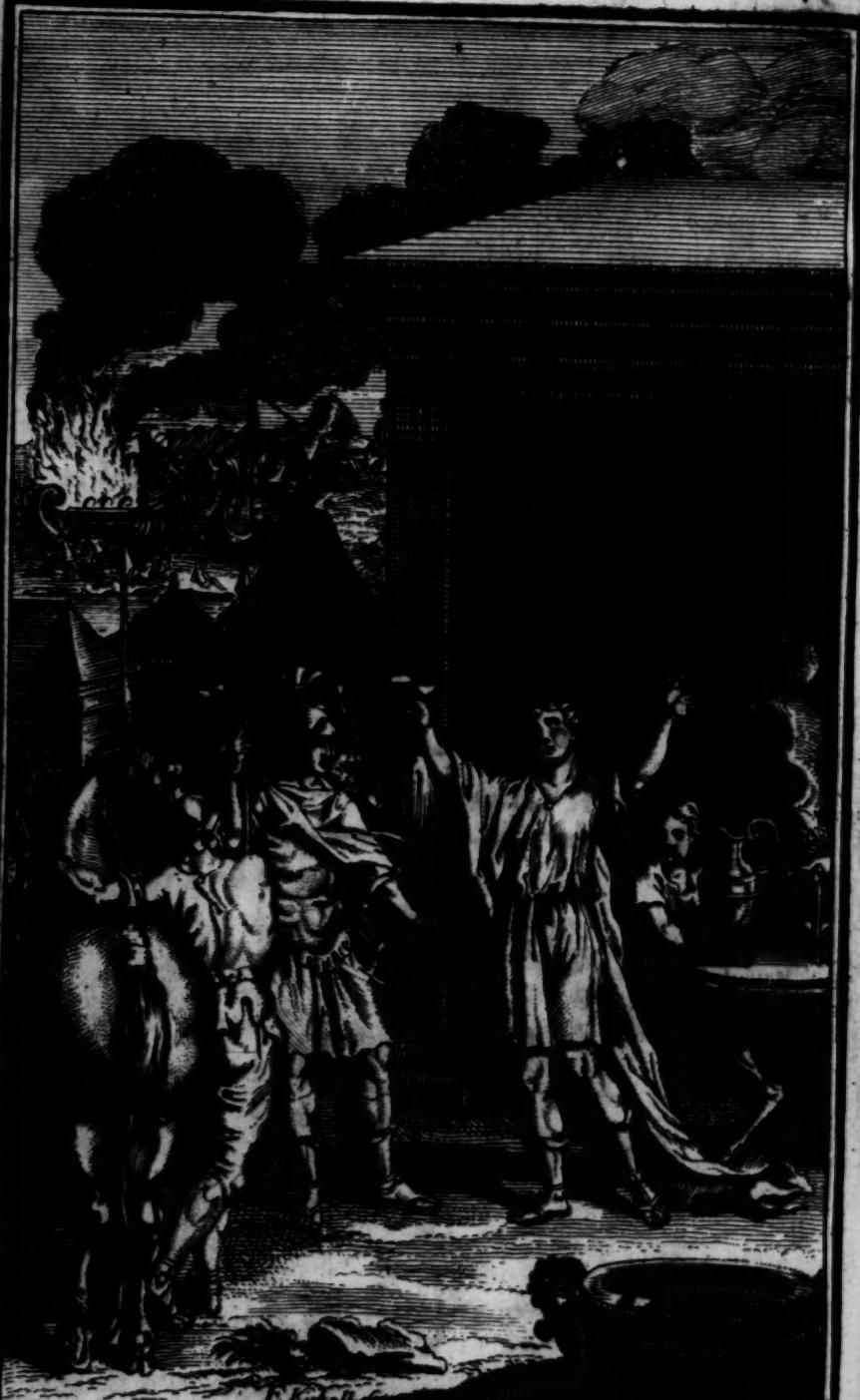


Patroclus Mov'd with y^e Misfortunes of y^e Greeks who having obtain^e leave
of Achilles to go to their relief, puts on y^e armours of that Prince
who makes Libations to Jupiter for his happy Return. B. 16.



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THE
ILLIAD
OF
HOMER,
WITH
NOTES.
BY
Madam DAGIER.

Done from the *French* by
Mr. OLDISWORTH,
And by him compar'd with the *Greek*.

Illustrated with Twenty Six C U T S, by
the best Gravers, from the *Paris* Plates,
design'd by CORPEL.

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VI. HOW

Chug-Yak, Petmechukie, Lou Jamske-ge-a.
Pinned for Bernard Flintot, since

МХОДДА

THE ILLUSTRATED
ARGUMENT
OF THE
SIXTEENTH BOOK.



Atroclus, afflicted at the Misfor-
tune of the Greeks, presents him-
self before Achilles with Eyes
drown'd in Tears to endeavour to
soothe him, begging that he would
send him in his stead, and lend
him his Arms and Troops. Achilles, who sees
the Enemy's Fire already approaching towards his
Ships, grants his Request, and gives him his Or-
ders, which are, to content himself with saving
the Ships, and not to push his Advantages fur-
ther. Patroclus arms himself, whilst Automedon
prepares Achilles's Chariot for him, and
whilst Achilles himself presses his Troops to arm
themselves. This done, and they being rang'd
under their Chieftains, Achilles makes to them
a short and lively Speech, and before he sends
them he makes Libations to Jupiter, and accom-
panies his Libations with a Prayer. Patroclus,
at the Head of these Thessalian Bands, pours

ARGUMENT.

upon the Trojans, who, taking him for Achilles, are presently put into Disorder. Hector's Horses run away with him: Sarpedon, General of the Lycians, is kill'd by Patroclus, and his Death is attended by a Shower of Blood: Great strugling between the Trojans and Greeks for that Hero's Body. The Trojans are at length put to Flight. Patroclus, forgetting Achilles's Orders, pursues them to their very Walls, which he wou'd have forc'd had not Apollo himself repuls'd him. Hector, re-animated by that God, marches against Patroclus. The Battle begins again with fresh Fury. Patroclus thrice charges the Trojans with horrible Execution. The fourth time he is disarm'd by Apollo, wounded by Euphorbus, and at last kill'd by Hector, who insults him with opprobrious Language. Patroclus, dying, returns the Affronts with a Haughtiness and Grandeur of Spirit worthy of Achilles's Friend, and foretels the Death of his Enemy, who laughs at his Prophecy.



T H E



THE
ILIA D
OF
HOMER.

BOOK XVI.



HILST Greeks and Trojans
fought with equal Rage, A-
round the Ship of fam'd Pro-
tephilas; Patroclus to Achilles
weeping came: His Eyes a
Torrent pour'd of gushing
Tears Down his wet Cheeks,
as when some Fountain sheds Continual Riv-
lets (a) from a shelving Rock. Touch'd with

(a) From a shelving Rock.] [specius gave Homer this I-
'Tis the large Statute of Pa- idea.

6 THE ILIAD Book XVI.

the fight, Achilles, the Gods Off-spring, Preventing, thus bespeak his Mournful Friend.
 " Dearest Patroclus! whence these Children
 " Tears? (b) So weeps the tender Infant,
 " so pursues Her Mother, hanging on her
 " Gown, and begs Safe Refuge in her Arms
 " with soft Intreaty, And humid Eyes. Dost
 " thou some Message bring, Of fatal Issue to
 " my Troops or me? Haste thou some secret
 News from Phthia Heard? Surely Menœtus
 lives, and my Great Sire Peleus, tho' aged,
 " sways his Realm in Safety. (c) A Loss
 " like this would melt me too to Tears. Or
 " dost thou weep, because the Perjur'd Greeks
 " Are justly slain, and to their Ships retire?
 " Speak freely, let thy Friend thy Sorrows
 Share. (d) Then Generous Patroclus thus
 reply'd. Achilles, Son of Peleus, Flow'r of
 Greece, (e) Reproach me not: My Coun-

(b) So weeps the ten' er Infant.
 &c.] This Comparison naturally represents the Posture of Patroclus, who standing near Achilles, with his Eyes fix'd upon him, weeps without daring to tell the Occasion of his Tears. This is what furnish'd Homer with the Idea of a young Girl, who follows her Mother, &c.

(c) A Loss like this would melt me too to Tears.] Achilles, as much a Hero and Goddes's Son as he is, does not fail to shew the Tenderness he has for his Father, who was only a Mortal Man.

(d) Then generous Patroclus.] This Apostrophe does very well here; it shews the Sentiments Homer has of Patroclus, and makes appear that those great Men after their Deaths were look'd upon as Living. We have elsewhere spoke of this.

(e) Reproach me not.] Achilles has just said to Patroclus, Weep you to see the Greeks upon their Ships Destroy'd? and as that is the only true Reason of his Tears, Patroclus begins his Discourse by it, Reproach not my Tears. This is what you

try claims my Tears, For all her bravest
 Heroes are retreated; (f) Prudent Ulysses,
 Agamemnon, Diomed; Droop with their
 Wounds? Euryppylus was smit Deep in the
 Thigh, and bleeds afresh beneath The Artist's
 Hand: whilst You inexorable Indulge a Pas-
 sion that ne'er reach'd my Breast. (g) Why
 is your Rage spent in your Country's
 Wrong? For whom, if not for Greece, do
 you reserve Your Fury and your Strength?
 Relentless Man! 'Twas not a Goddess, nor
 the Hero Pelens That gave you Birth: your
 Parent was the Ocean, Untam'd and raging,
 and the Rocks your Nurses, From whom
 you learn'd that Fierceness in your Mind.
 If Omens or Predictions keep you back, Or
 if your Mother, in the Name of Jove, Has
 warn'd you from the Combat? Let me fill
 Your Station, and command your Troops to

μητρα signifies, and not
 preserve no Resentment against
 the Greeks. Patroclus was
 not so imprudent as to be-
 gin in that Manner; there
 was need of something more
 Insinuating. This Speech is ve-
 ry cunning and very pathetic.

(f) Prudent Ulysses, Aga-
 memnon.] Patroclus in speak-
 ing of the Wounded, takes
 care not to name Agamem-
 non first, lest that odious
 Name striking Achilles's Ear
 on a sudden, shou'd shut it
 against the rest of his Dis-
 course; Neither does he put
 it last, for fear Achilles

dwelling upon it should fall
 into a Passion, but he slides
 it into the middle, mixing
 and confounding it, if I may
 so say, with the rest, so that
 it may roll on without be-
 ing taken too much Notice
 of, and that the Names
 which precede and follow it
 may diminish the Hatred it
 might excite. Wherefore he
 does not so much as accom-
 pany it with an Epithet.

(g) Why is your Rage spent
 in your Country's Wrong.] The
 Greek says all this in one
 Word, viz. αιχμητης. Ai-
 chmetes, is a Term compos'd of

" follow, Where I shall lead them ; I perhaps
 " may bring (b) A Ray of Comfort to the
 " Greeks Distress'd. Lend me your Arms ; and
 " the Victorious Trojans, Mistaking the Dis-
 " guise, may think *Acbilles* Is to the Field re-
 " turn'd, and so retire, And give some Re-
 " spite to our weary'd Men, Spent with Fa-
 " tigue, and wanting time to breathe. I and
 " your *Myrmidons*, a fresh Reserve, With ease
 " may drive them from our Fleet and Camp.

Thus spake *Patroclus*, and with warm In-
 treaty Insisted on the Grant. Vain headless
 Youth ! Who asks for Death, and pleads his
 own Destruction. To him *Acbilles*, with a
 Sigh, reply'd : " My Dear *Patroclus*, with
 " your Words you wound me. No Omens
 " nor Predictions keep me back : Nor has my
 " Mother, by Command from *Jove*, With-held
 " me from the Combat, but Resentment Con-
 " ceiv'd at Him, who Haughty, as he is, A-
 " busing his just Pow'r, has ravish'd from me
 " The sweet Reward of all my Toils in
 " War ; Hence all the Grief and Rage that
 " rend my Soul : That Princess, whom the
 " Greeks, to crown my Valour, Allotted me,
 " the Purchase of my Arms, And a long

Praise and Blame, as if we
 shou'd say *unhappily Great*.
 There is nothing more hor-
 rible than being great only
 by the Misfortunes of Man-
 kind.

(b) *A Ray of Comfort to the
 Greeks distress'd.* | *Patroclus*

speaks here of himself with
 a Modesty natural to him,
 and which *Nestor* had taught
 him in the eleventh Book.
 He says, *One Ray of Light*,
 for there is none but *Achil-*
les who can be truly the
Light of the Greeks.

" Siege.

BOOK XVI. OF HOMER. 9

“ Siege, (*i*) this Tyrannizing Man Detains,
 “ (*k*) and treats me like a Vagabond: But I
 “ pass o'er my Wrongs, nor think it just To
 “ harbour endless Anger and Revenge: E'er
 “ this I had relented, and appear'd In Arms,
 “ if to my Ships the Foe had push'd Their
 “ Battle, and provok'd me to the War. (*j*)
 “ Mean time, take you mine Arms, and lead
 “ my Men Forth to the Field; the *Trojans*
 “ like a Cloud Hover around our Fleet; the
 “ winding Shore Hems in our *Greeks*, nor
 “ gives them room to fight: The City pours
 “ its numerous Forces out, All confident of
 “ Victory, (*m*) because They do not see my
 “ shining Crest erect, As once it glitter'd.
 “ Would the Haughty King Relent, and treat

(*i*) *This--Man-*] He calls
Agamemnon, *This Man*; he
 cou'd not resolve to utter
 his Name till he had shewn
 his Contempt of him.

(*k*) *And treat me like a*
Vagabond.] The Greek says,
 νέες τιν' ατικυτος μετα-
 βάσις πατράδεων, is a Man
 who has left his Country,
 and who wanders from
 Town to Town. This sort
 of People was very much
 disdain'd, they were look'd
 upon as Wretches who cou'd
 not endure their Country,
 or whom their Country cou'd
 not endure. See what is re-
 mark'd on the IXth Book,
 where Achilles has already
 made the same Comparison.

(*j*) *Mean time, take you*
mine Arms.] Achilles very
 well preserves his Character
 of Inexorable, even when he
 lets himself be prevail'd upon,
 and when he yields to
 what is desir'd of him, he
 takes care to show that he
 does not surrender himself
 to Prayers; he yields because
 Wrath cannot be eternal, and
 because he promis'd to ren-
 ounce it when Danger shou'd
 approach.

(*m*) *Because they do not see*
my shining Crest.] As if the
 sole Brightness of his Arms
 wou'd put the *Trojans* to flight.
 This great Idea which
 Achilles thereby gives of him-
 self is not ill founded, since

" me decently, e'er this (*n*) I would have
 fill'd the Rivers with the Slain, And soon
 dispes'd the Troops that now encompass
 Our vanquish'd Greeks. I look in vain to
 find Brave *Diomed* amidst the Rout, (*o*)
 whose Spear Succours our Men, and deals
 Destruction round: (*p*) Nor do I hear the
 most distressed Voice Of *Atrœus* Son, whilst
Hector calls aloud, And bids his Soldiers
 follow to the Slaughter! They shout, and
 drive our Armies o'er the Plain. (*q*) Haste
 then *Patroclus*, save our Ships from Fire,
 Preserve our Fleet, nor let us lose the
 Hope Of seeing Greece again: Take my
 Advice, Attempt not *Hector's* Valour; on

what he says will soon come to pass.

(*n*) *I would have fill'd the Rivers, &c.*] This too will soon happen; You need only see the XXIst Book, where *Xanthus* says to *Achilles*: *My Bed is so filled with dead Bodies that my Current is no longer free, &c.*

(*o*) *Whose Spear succours our Men, and deals Destruction round.*] Why does *Achilles* speak thus of *Diomed*, and only to shew that with all his Valour he is not capable of saving the Greeks? 'tis to revenge himself for the contemptuous Speeches *Diomed* had made of him, in saying to *Agamemnon* after the Embassy, at the End of the IXth Book; *I wish to God that you*

had never prostituted to Peleus's haughty Son your Prayers and Gifts. *Achilles* was inform'd of it, and remembers it.

(*p*) *Nor do I hear the most distressed Voice, &c.*] This is a bitter Invective against *Agamemnon*, whom he accuses of Cowardice because he does not come to animate the Troops: But he is wounded; no matter; the General, in the Extremity to which the Greeks were reduc'd, ought to die at their Head.

(*q*) *Haste then Patroclus, save our Ships from Fire.*] 'Tis not to save the Greeks that *Achilles* sends *Patroclus* to the Battle with his Arms, 'tis for fear the *Trojans* shou'd burn his Ships, and so cut off his Return.

" the

" the Rest Thou may'st without Distinction
 " deal thy Courage. Thus shalt thou win
 " new Glory for thy Friend, Amongst the
 " Grecian Chiefs, and force the King (r) To
 " yield my Lovely Prize, and bring me Pre-
 " sents: Only observe my Orders, (s) and
 " Retire, When you have forc'd the *Trojans*
 " from our Fleet; And if Great *Jove* should
 " crown you with Success, Uncommon and
 " Surprizing, yet be temp'rate, Nor without
 " me presume to lead the Troops, Least with
 " some rash Attempt (t) you shame your
 " Friend. Beware how with the Victory e-
 " late, And flush'd with Slaughter, you pursue
 " the Foe Quite to their Walls: Perhaps some
 " God descending May bring them Aid; *A-
 pollo* is their Friend: But when the Fleet is
 " safe, retreat in Time, And leave both sides
 " to skirmish on the Plain. Ye Gods, *Jove*,
 " *Pallas*, and *Apollo*, grant, That neither
 " Greeks nor *Trojans* may this Day, Protect-

(r) To yield my lovely
Prize. —] But this is
what the *Greeks* have alre-
ady offered to do, and which
he has refus'd; This then is
an Inequality in *Achilles's*
Manner? Not at all. *Achil-
les* is still ambitious; when
he refus'd these same Pre-
sents, the *Greeks* were not
low enough, he wou'd not
receive them till they were
reduc'd to the last Extremi-
ty, and till he was suffici-

ently reveng'd by their Los-
ses.

(s) And retire, &c.] *A-
chilles* wou'd neither have
Patroclus gain too great a Vi-
ctory, nor perish in the Bat-
tle, as he fear'd it wou'd
happen, if he shou'd give the
Trojans time to know that it
was not *Achilles* that fought,
but *Patroclus* in *Achilles's* Ax-
mour.

(t) You shame your Friend.] *Achilles* says to *Patroclus*,

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" ed by your Pow'r, be sav'd from Death, (n)
 " But both together undistinguish'd fall; Only
 " permit Patroclus and Achilles To live, till
 " they lay waste the Walls of Troy.

With Words like these the Friends each other greeted: Mean while, unable to sustain the Combat, Ajax grew faint, oppress'd with Show's of Darts: Jove had declar'd against him, and infor'd The Trojans, pressing on him from all Sides. His glitt'ring Helmet rung at every Blow, Nor could its well-wrought Frame endure the Shock Of thick redoubled Strokes: His manly Shoulders Sunk underneath his pondrous Shield: Yet still He kept his Ground, nor could the Trojans move him: Still he maintain'd the Fight, tho' with short Breath His Valiant Bosome heav'd, and down his Limbs The trickling Sweat descended; no

You shame your Friend, whether you be Victor or Vanquish'd: By the former, you will cause that the Greeks, having no more need of my Arm, will not render me my Captive, nor try any more to appease me by Presents: By the latter, you will leave my Arms in the Enemy's Hands, and I shall be upbraided with your Death.

(n) *But both together undistinguish'd fall.]* This is a Sentiment worthy of Achilles; he hates the Greeks as much as the Trojans, and he alone

wou'd have the Glory of sacking Troy. We thereby see, as I have already said, that it is not necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be a Moral Good Man, for such a Man wou'd never be guilty of a Wish of that Nature. Achilles is a vicious Hero, but one whose Vices are hid under the Brightness of an extraordinary Valour. Some ancient Cities, who were for retrenching these Imprecations as too violent, shew'd plainly, that they did not in the least understand either Achilles's Manners, or Ho-

Relief

Relief No Respite could he find, whilst Foes
on Foes Press'd on him, and refus'd him
Time to breathe. Ye Muses, Offspring of the
Gods, inspire me, To tell, how first the *Trojan*
Flames assaulted The *Grecian* Fleet. *Hector*,
who much disdain'd To meet such stout Re-
sistance, with his Sword Struck *Ajax* Spear,
and cut the well-made Point From the smooth
Staff, which yet the Hero brandish'd Useless,
unfit for War; it's better Part Lay on the
Ground: At length (*w*) he saw and own'd
The Partial Gods, for *Jove* oppos'd his Va-
lour, And gave the Vict'ry to the *Trojan* Side,
Then from th' unequal Fight in time with-
drew. Mean while the *Trojans* to the Ship
apply'd Their Hostile Fires, which spread their
wild Contagion, And gain'd the Deck: Which
when *Achilles* saw, He smote his Knees, and
calling to *Patroclus*, Thus urg'd him to the
War: “(*x*) Make haste, my Friend, For see the
“ *Trojan* Fires surround our Fleet, And leave
“ us in despair of seeing *Greece*: Arm Instant-
“ ly, whilst I the Troops assemble.

mer's Wit. See Eustathius's
Remark. p. 147.

(*w*) *He saw and own'd
the partial God.*] How well
is this Character of *Ajax*
sustain'd! That Hero has the
Trojans and *Jupiter* against
him, nevertheless he does
not give Way till his Spear
is broken, and even in this
Condition, *Homer*, to favour
him, weighs his Words, and

does not say, he retir'd, he
flew, but he remov'd himself
from the Shafts: Χαζετο δε
ιν φειδην.

(*x*) *Make haste, my Friend.*]
The light of the Flames does
more with *Achilles* than all
the Prayers and Supplications
of his Friends. This Event
is prepar'd with a great deal
of Art and Probability.

He spake, and soon *Patroclos* clad himself In Shining Brats, (y) about his Legs he ty'd His well-shap'd Buskins, with bright Silver button'd: His Breast-plate was (z) with various Colours painted, And stuck with Stars of Gold: His Shoulders bore, Hung in a Belt, his Sword, with Silver studded; His Shield was Brass, solid and ponderous; And on his Head he fix'd the massy Helmet, Crested with Horse-Hair, waving terribly. Two Javelins fitted to his Strength he bore, (a) Unable well to poise *Achilles'* Spear, Strong, Large, and Heavy, which no other Greek, Besides its Master, could presume to wield: Old *Chiron* cut it from the Top of *Pelion*, And gave it to his Pupil, who should dye The massy Point in many a Hero's Blood.

Mean while *Automedon*, by his Command, Whom more than all the *Myrmidons* he lov'd,

(y) About his Legs he ty'd his well-shap'd Buskins.] Homer does not amuse himself here to describe these Arms of *Achilles* at length, for besides that the Time permits it not, he reserves this Description for the New Arms which *Thetis* shall bring that Hero, a Description that he will place in a more quiet Moment, and which will give him all the Leisure of making it, without forcing any thing.

(z) With various Colours painted, &c.) The two Greek

words, ποικιλος, ασποιντα may admit another signification. ποικιλος may signify on which divers Figures were grav'd, and ασποιντα may simply be put for shining as the Stars, and so Eustathius has explain'd it.

(a) Unable well to poise Achilles' Spear.] Eustathius observes, that if Vulcan cou'd have made a Spear as he did the other Arms of *Achilles*, Homer wou'd not have fail'd to have given it *Patroclos*; but Vulcan, being only a Smith, cou'd not give A-

Next

Next to *Achilles* self, for much he priz'd His
Courage, which in Battle ne'er drew back,
Nor left his Friends expos'd, the Chariot-har-
ness'd, And join'd the Warlike Steeds, *Xan-*
thus and *Belius*, Whose nimble Heels out-ran
the fleeting Winds; (b) A Harpye was their
Parent, nam'd *Podarge*, Bred near the Ocean,
and their Sire was *Zephyr*: (c) Then to the
Spring-Tree Bar put *Pedasus*, Made Captive
when *Achilles* slew *Estian*, Who tho' of Mor-
tal Race, was not unequal To those descend-
ed of a Heav'nly Breed.

Nor was *Achilles* unemploy'd, but march'd
From Tent to Tent, and rous'd his *Myrmi-*
dons To Arms: (d) As when the Wolves
have chas'd a Stag, And slain him on the

Achilles another Spear; where-
fore the Poet finds a likely
Reason for reserving this, and
keeping it for *Achilles*.

(b) A Harpye was their
Parent, nam'd *Podarge*, &c.] Homer having just laid that
these Horses were as swift
as the Winds, it brought in
this Idea, that they were
born of *Zephyr*, and a Harpye
call'd *Podarge*, that is to say
of a sort of Mares famous
for their Swiftneſſ, and which
ran as if they had Wings;
for the Ancients call'd cer-
tain wing'd Monsters *Har-*
pyes, and from thence that
Name has been given to e-
very thing that flies or runs
with an extream Rapidity.

Tempeſts and Whirlwinds
have been call'd *Harpyes*.

(c) Then to the Spring-tree
Bar put *Pedasus*.] Here is a
Chariot drawn by 3 Horses,
but it muſt be remember'd
that in these Chariots of
the Ancients, the additional
Horses were not before the
Wheel-Horses, as now-a-days,
but sideways on the same
line.

(d) As when the Wolves
have chas'd a Stag, and slain
him, &c.] One wou'd think
that the Soldiers of *Achilles*,
who for ſeveral Days had
done nothing but ſigh after
Combats, ought rather to
be compar'd to hungry
Wolves, than to Wolves

Mountains,

16 THE ILIAD BOOK XVI.

Mountains, gorg'd with Blood, They form
a Troop, and to the Springs repair To quench
their Heat, then from their sparkling Eyes E-
mit fresh Flames, the Marks of Inward Fury:
In such Array, all eager for the Fight, The
Myrmidons embattled by their Chiefs, Assem-
bled, with *Patroclus* at their Head. *Achilles*
view'd them, and his Orders gave, And Horse
and Foot encourag'd in their March. When
first to *Troy* he came, with *Jove's* Protection,
His Fleet was Fifty Ships, each Vessel Mann'd
With Fifty Soldiers, (e) led by Five Comman-
ders, Of most approv'd Fidelity and Courage.

Valiant *Menestheus*, with a Breast-plate arm'd
Of divers Colours, led the first Battalions:
The River *Sperchius* was his Sire, descended
From *Jove* himself: His Mother *Polydora*, From
Peleus sprung, and by a God admir'd; This
was his Real Lineage, (f) but he pass'd For
Borus' Son, who with large Presents won,
And publickly espous'd that Lovely Princess.

that had already affwag'd
their Hunger: But Homer
means to render the Com-
parison more new, more re-
markable, and even more
strong: for it's said that
Wolves can with more ease
bear Hunger than Thirst;
the Prey they have devour'd
only encrease their Droughts,
and they run with more Ar-
dor to the Springs to quench
it. This renders the Image
livelier.

(e) Led by five Comman-

ders.] Each Body had 500
Men in it.

(f) But he pass'd for *Borus'* Son.] Several have been
deceiv'd in this Passage by
taking *Sperchius* and *Borus*
for the same. *Passerat* has
made the same Mistake in
the third Book of *Apollod.*
Pelens, says he, marry'd *Antigona* *Eurytion's* Daughter,
by whom he had *Polydora*,
whom the River *Sperchius*
surnam'd *Borus* Son of *Perieres*
took to Wife, of whom was

Renown'd

Renown'd *Eudorus* led the second Troop,
Fair *Polymele's* Son, expert in Dancing: Whom
as she sported at *Diana's* Feast, Swift *Mercu-*
ry beheld, and seeing lov'd; Then when the
Sports were done, (g) up to her Chamber
He went, and won her to his Bed: The God-
des *Illithya*, who presides o'er teeming Ma-
trons, Aflusted her, and brought *Eudorus* forth,
Swift in the Race, and Valiant in the Com-
bat; Not knowing this, *Erebeles Actor's* Son
Espous'd her, rich in Nuptial Gifts and Pre-
sents, Whilst *Polymele's* Father, good old
Pbylas, Receiv'd her Son *Eudorus* to his Care,
And brought him up, and lov'd him as his
Own.

The Third Troop was Commanded by *Pi-*
sander, The Valiant Son of *Maimalus*, re-
nown'd For wielding well the Lance; no
Myrmidon, Except *Patroclus*, match'd him at
that Weapon.

Old *Phœnix* was Commander of the Fourth,
Than whom the Age no better Horseman
knew.

Alcimedon, *Laerces* valiant Offspring, Head-
ed the Fifth, and led them to the Field.

born Menesthius. He shou'd
have said, *Polydora* whom
the River *Sperchius* lov'd se-
cretly, convers'd with, and by
whom he had Menesthius,
who pass'd for the Son of Bo-
rus, *Perieres'* Son. Who e-
ver said that the River *Spar-*
chius was Son of *Perieres*?

(g) Up to her Chamber,
&c.] In Greece the Apart-
ment of the Virgins was al-
ways at the top of the House,
that they might be the fur-
ther from all Commerce; but
that did not always succeed,
as is seen by this Example.
The *Lacedemonians* call'd

These

These when *Achilles* had survey'd, and form'd The Order of the Battle : He bespake His Troops, and thus encourag'd to the Fight.

" (b) Ye *Myrmidons* ! remember how you threaten'd The *Trojans*, when on Shipboard safe you lay, Detain'd by my Resentment from the Battle : How often you reproach'd me, Angry Man, Sure you were fed with your own Mother's Gall ! Implacable *Achilles* ! to Forbid Your willing Troops the Field. Remit your Anger, Or let us in our Ships return to *Greece*. These were your Words, and your Desires are heard : The Day is come that calls you forth to Fight ; See an Occasion offers, as you wist'd, To try your Courage, and convince the *Trojans*, What Dangers they have stunn'd whilst you were Idle.

With Words like these, he rous'd his Soldiers Valour ; And, as he spake, the Ranks to hear him clos'd, And wedg'd each other in :

(i) As when the Builder Cements the fitted Stones, compact and solid, Defensive against Winds and Storms : So close The firm Battalions knit themselves together, And joyning

these high Apartments $\ddot{\alpha}\alpha$,
and as this Word also signifies Eggs, it is likely that it was this that gave occasion to the Fable of *Helen's Birth*, who is said to be born of an Egg.

(b) Ye *Myrmidons* remember how you threaten'd, &c.c.] This Speech of *Achilles* is

very eloquent and nervous. It is a military Harangue worthy of *Achilles*.

(i) As when the Builder, &c.c.] Homer compares these well compacted Battalions to a great Edifice whose Stones are so well fasten'd, that it easily resists both Tempests and Torrents. And

Shield to Shield, Helmet to Helmet; And Man to Man, one Warlike Body form'd; So thick they stood, their Plumes each other met, And like a Forest wav'd before the Wind. viij

Among the rest, *Patroclus* and his faithful *Automedon* appear'd in Arms, both eager To Lead the *Myrmidons* with equal Courage, Forth to the Field; *Achilles* to his Tent withdrew, and from a Chest of curious Work, Presented him by *Tethys*, when he first Took Shipping, (*k*) fill'd with Tapestry and Cloathing Of divers Sorts, to answer every Season, He took a Cup most exquisitely wrought, Which never Man had fill'd with Wine, nor offer'd Libations to the Gods, but only *Jove*; (*l*) With Sulphur first he purg'd the Massy Vessel, Then wash'd it at the Spring, and having cleans'd His Hands, he fill'd the Wine, and stood erect Forth in the midst; then pour'd the Draught to *Jove*, And with up-lifted Eyes to Heav'n, thus pray'd.

this Comparison is so much the more just, as in the military Arts of the Greeks the greatest part of the Terms, which were us'd to express the different Orders of Battle, were borrow'd from Building.

(*k*) Fill'd with Tapestry and Cloathing.] Homer here well describes the Affection of a Mother, who seeing her

Son setting out for the War, takes care to put in his Equipage all that she thinks he will have need of.

(*l*) With Sulphur first he purg'd the Massy Vessel.] Homer gives Achilles the sentiments of a common Piety, which are compatible enough with the Character of a fierce and implacable Man.

“ Almighty

Pitts

" Almighty Jove ! who far above us Mortals, Sway'st the High Heav'ns, (m) upon Dodona worshipp'd, On whose cold Top thy Subjects, the Pelasgians, Have Built a stately Temple, where the Sellii (n) The

(m) Upon Dodona worshipp'd, on whose cold Top thy Subjects, the Pelasgians, have built a stately Temple, where the Sellii.] At Dodona, in the Country of the Molossi, between Thessaly and Epirus, there was a Temple of Jupiter founded by the Pelasgians, and whose Priests, call'd the Sellii, led a very austere Life. I shall not enter here into the Criticism whether these Priests are call'd Sellii or Hellis, since Hesiod has call'd Dodona Hellopia, and not Sellopia. See thereupon Strabo.

(n) The Priests who on thy Oracles attend.] Homer here uses a Word which I think Singular and Remarkable, ὑποθέτας; I cannot believe that it was put simply for ἀρχόντας, but I am perswaded that this Term includes some particular Sense, and shews some Custom but little known, and this is what I will try to discover. In the Scholia of Didymus we read this Remark : ὑποθέτας, &c. They call'd those who serv'd in the Temple, and who explain'd the Oracles render'd

by the Priests, Hypophets, Under-prophets. It is certain that there were in the Temples Servitors or Subaltern Ministers, who without doubt to gain Money undertook to explain the Oracles which were obscure. This Custom seems very well establish'd in the Ion of Euripides, where that Young Child, after having said that the Priestess is seated on the Tripod and renders the Oracles which Apollo dictates to her, addresses himself to those who serve in that Temple, and bids them go and wash in the Castalian Fountain, to come again into the Temple and to explain the Oracles to those who shou'd demand the Explication of them. Homer therefore means to shew that these Sellii were in the Temple of Dodona, those Subaltern Ministers that interpret the Oracles. But this does not appear to me to agree in this Passage, for, besides that this Custom was not yet establish'd in Homer's time, and that there is no Footstep of it found in that

" Priests,

BOOK XVI. OF HOMER. 21

“ Priests, who on thy Oracles attend, (o) . . .

early Age, these *Selli* of whom Homer speaks, are not here Ministers Subordinate to others, they are the chief Priests. The Explication of this Word therefore must be elsewhere sought, and this is my Conjecture, which I found upon the Nature itself of this Oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other Oracles; in all other Temples the Priest deliver'd the Oracle which they had receiv'd from their Gods immediately; but in the Temple of *Dodona*, Jupiter did not render his Oracles to his Priests, to his *Selli*; he render'd them to the *Oaks*, and the wonderful *Oaks* render'd them to the Priests, who render'd them to those who had consulted them. Thus these Priests were not properly *προφῆται*, Prophets, since they did not receive these Answers from the Mouth of their God immediately, but they were *ὑποφῆται*, Under-prophets, because they receiv'd them from the Mouth of *Oaks*, if I may so say. The *Oaks*, properly speaking, were the Prophets, the first Interpreters of Jupiter's Oracles; and the *Selli* were *ὑποφῆται*, Under-prophets, because they pronounc'd what the *Oaks* had said. Thus Homer in one single Word includes

a very curious piece of Antiquity.

(o) *With holy Disciplines thy Pity move.*] Homer seems to me to say here clearly enough, that these Priests lay on the Ground and forbore the Bath, to honour by these Austerities the God they serv'd; for he says, *εἰς τάναγραν αὐτούς τούτους*, and this εἰς can in my Opinion only signify *for you*, that is to say *to please you*, and *for your Honour*. This Example is remarkable, but I do not think it singular, and the earliest Antiquity may furnish us with the like of Pagans who by an austere Life try'd to please their Gods; nevertheless I am oblig'd to say, that Strabo, who speaks very much at length of these *Selli* in his 7th Book, has not taken this Austerity of Life for an Effect of their Devotion, as I have explain'd it, but for a Remain of the Grossness of their Ancestors, who being Barbarians, and straying from Country to Country, had no Bed but the Earth, and never us'd a Bath. But nothing hinders that what was in the first Pelasgians only Custom and Use, might be continu'd in these Priests thro' Devotion. How many things do we at this Day see which were in their Original only

“ With

THE ILIAD Book XVI.

"With Holy Discipline thy Pity move, (p)"

ancient Manner, and which are continu'd thro' Zeal and a Spirit of Religion! It is very likely that these Priests by this hard living had a mind to attract the Admiration and Confidence of a People who lov'd Luxury and Delicacy so much. I was willing to search in Antiquity for the Original of these Selli, Priests of Jupiter; but found nothing so ancient as Homer. Herodotus writes in his Xth Book that the Oracle of Dodona was the ancientest in Greece, and that it even was long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an Egyptian Woman, who was the Priestess of it, is contradicted by this Passage of Homer, who shews that in the Time of the Trojan War this Temple was serv'd by Men call'd Selli, and not by Women. Strabo informs us of a very curious ancient Tradition, importing that this Temple was at first built in Thessaly, that from thence it was carry'd into Dodona, (God knows how); that several Women who had plac'd their Devotion there follow'd it, and that in process of time the Priestesses therein settled us'd to be chosen among the Descendants of those Women. To

return to these Selli, Sophocles, who of all the Greek Poets is he who has most imitated Homer, speaks in like manner of these Priests in one of his Plays, where Hercules says to his Son Hillus; I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly agrees with this ancient one; my self being entered into the Sacred Wood inhabited by the austere Selli, who lie on the Ground, writ this Answer of the Oak, which is consecrated to my Father Jupiter, which renders his Oracles in all Languages. But this Subject shall be treated on more at length in my Remarks on the XIVth Book of the Odyssy.

(p) Their Feet were ashy'd, &c. I am very sensible that Austerity of Life is meritorious when it is chose thro' a good Motive, for Mortification. But I could never comprehend that any one could imagine that they honour'd God by Naughts; God, I say, who has given Water, Linen, Oyl, Baths, and who has ordered us to perfume our selves even in our Fasts. I think Pythagoras very Wise for having order'd his Scholars to use themselves to a way of living that was near, tho' not luxurious.

"Their

" Their Feet unwash'd, their Bedding on the
 " Ground, And burn continual Incense on
 " thy Shrine: Already thou hast daign'd to
 " hear my Prayers, And giv'n me Honour on
 " the Vanquish'd Greeks, Expos'd to thy Re-
 " sentment, as I wish'd. Hear me once more:
 " Thou seest, I am detain'd Here in my Tent,
 " but my good Troops are march'd To Battle,
 " and *Patroclus*, my dear Friend, (q.) And
 " Servant, leads them. Bless him with Suc-
 " cess: Let *Hector* know, that he can fight
 " alone; Unaided ev'n by me, and that he owes
 " His Fame in War not all to my Assistance;
 " When he has sav'd the Fleet, repuls'd the
 " Trojans, Then bring him back in Safety to
 " my Tent, Nor let him lose his Armour
 " or his Men.

This was his Pray'r; *Achilles* heard it, and al-
 fented To Part of what he ask'd, the rest de-
 ny'd: Twas Granted, that *Patroclus* should
 repulse The Trojan Troops, but not return in
 Safety. *Achilles*, when his Prayer and Liba-
 tion Were done, return'd the Vessel to its
 place, And to the Entrance of his Tent re-
 pair'd, Where he might see the Greeks and
 Trojans Combat.

Mean while the Troops by Brave *Patroclus*
 led, In order march'd, and rush'd upon the
 Trojans: As when a Nest of (r) angry Bees,

(q.) And Servant.] Tho'
Achilles has call'd *Patroclus*
 his dear Friend, he does how-
 ever call him his Servant;
 in respect of his Departure, as indeed

he was. *Achilles* always pre-
 serves his Rank, and Superio-
 rity. (r) Of angry Bees.] It is
 in the Text *Wasps*, but I have

whose Mansions Is near the Road, are by the sporting Boys Rous'd from their Hive, or unawares disturb'd By Travellers; they gather all their Rage, Fly out in Troops, and all defend their Young: Just so enrag'd, and eager for the Fight, The shouting *Myrmidons* march'd on, to whom *Patroclus* spake, and cheer'd his brave Companions.

" Ye *Myrmidons*, Companions of *Achilles*!
" Recall your wonted Courage and Renown,
" And add new Glory to the Son of *Peleus*:
" That *Agamemnon*'s self may know, he has
" not Honour'd enough the Bravest of the
" Greeks.

With Words like these he stirr'd the Soldiers Valour, Who with Impetuous Shock rush'd on the *Trojans*, All in a Body rang'd, with mighty Shouts That echo'd from the Fleet and neighb'ring Hills.

The *Trojans*, when they saw *Menelaus* Son, And Brave *Eurymedon* in shining Armour, Rebated in their Courage, and their Troops Gave back; for they imagin'd Great *Achilles*, Forgetful of his Wrath, was reconcil'd To *Agamemnon*: Therefore all dismay'd Look'd round, and sought their Safety in their Flight. *Patroclus* first his shining Jay'lin darted Amidst the Throng and Crowd, that press'd in Numbers (s) Near to *Proteus*'s Ship's large Poop,

put *Boss*, because this Image is more agreeable in our Language, and because I think it more suitable to disciplin'd

(s) *Near to Proteus's Ship's large Poop.*] It must be remembered that this Ship was in the Second Line, and that the Battle is fought between the

Cloudy

And

And smote Pyræchme, the Pœonian Chief, (Who led his Men from *Axius* winding Stream) In the Right Shoulder; down he fell to Earth And with a Groan expir'd: His Troops affrighted Fled o'er the Plain, when they beheld their Captain, The most Renown'd in all their Army, slain. *Patroclus'* Valour soon dispers'd the rest, And quench'd the Fire: The *Trojans* in Confusion Quitted the half-burnt Vessel, and retir'd; The *Greeks* from ev'ry side crowd to their Ships, And as they press redouble the Disorder. (z) As when the Thund'rer downward darts his Bolts, And dissipates some pitchy Cloud, that shades A Mountain's Top, the craggy Cliffs appear, The Woods, the Vales, for all the Airy Region Is purg'd, and made

two Lines. Wherefore he mentions here the Poop of *Proteus's* Ship, for the Prow was turn'd towards the Sea.

(t) As when the Thund'rer downward darts his Bolts, &c.] in the Speech which *Patroclus* made to *Achilles*, he pray'd him to lend him his Arms to see if he cou'd not cast some Ray of Light on the *Greeks*. Homer has respect to these Words in this Comparison, and he has drawn from thence this Idea of *Patroclus* under the Image of *Jupiter*, who suddenly clearing the Air with a Flash of Lightning, covers with a Gleam of Light a high Mountain which a black Cloud held as it were bury'd in

obscurity. The Image in its natural State in this: As when *Jupiter* darts his Lightning from the Top of Heaven, presently what was drown'd in Darknes, is plainly discover'd; so *Patroclus* pouring upon the *Trojans* at the Head of his Troops, draws the *Greeks* out of the Obscurity wherein they were plung'd, and makes a Ray of Light to shine upon them, that is to say, he gives them some Respite, and makes them Breathe again. And this Comparison is so much the more just, as this Ray of Light is as transient as real Lightning, and is extinguisht at the same time that it breaks out.

transparent: So the Grecians After some Respite shew'd themselves, exerting Their wonted Valour, when the Hostile Fires Were from the Fleet disspell'd: Yet still the Trojans Maintain'd the War, tho' beaten from the Ships. Each Grecian Captain in the Slaughter shar'd, Contributing to Conquest: First *Patroclus* (u) Smote *Areilucus*, and with his Jav'lin Transfixt his Thigh, and broke the massy Bone, Just as he turn'd to fly; but down he fell. Next *Thoas* dy'd by *Menelaus*' Hand, For near his Shield he stabb'd him in the Breast. *Meges*, the Son of *Phyleus*, as he saw *Amphiclus* rushing to the Fight, prevented His Haste, and struck him in the Brawny Calve: His Nerves were cut, and Darkness clos'd his Eyes. *Antilochus*, old *Nestor*'s Off-spring, flung His Lance, and fell'd *Arymnus* at his Feet, Piercing his Side. His brother *Maris* try'd T' avenge his Fall, and standing o'er his Body, Struck at the Victor, but stout *Thrasymedes* Ran timely to his Brother's Aid, and wounded The fierce Assailant with his Spear, whose Point Went thro' his Arm, quite where it joins the Shoulder, And cut the Muscles, crush'd the hardy

(u) Smote *Areilucus*.] This is a Picture very well vary'd. It is wonderful that Homer, after having describ'd so many Battles, shou'd yet find such a great Diversity, not only in Wounds, and the Falls of the Dead, and those that were dying, but likewise in the Expression; nothing is repeated in these

Descriptions, and even the Verb to dye, is diversify'd a thousand and a thousand ways. Τοιαύτη τις καὶ ταῦτα τῷ Οὐρηίῳ πίπλω πικίλεις, ἐμπέχασται, says Enstatius, καὶ μόνον τῷ τούτῳ τρόπῳ τῷ πληγάστε καὶ πλαυμέτων, ἀλλὰ καὶ τῷ οφασί τὸν αὐτὸν τὸν ἰδανον.

Bone,

Bone, Whilst on the Ground, his rattling Arms resounding, The Hero fell, and shut his Eyes in Darkness: And thus two Brothers by two Brothers slain, Were sent to *Styx*, both Friends to stout *Sarpedon*, Both skilful in the Bow, (w) Renown'd *Amisodar* Begot them, who the fam'd *Chimæra* fed, A Monster justly dreaded by Mankind.

Ajax, the Son of *Oileus*, took Captive The Brave *Cleobulus* without a Wound, Surrounded by the Throng; but soon he plung'd His Sword into his Throat, the reaking Blade Was follow'd by his Blood, and generous Soul.

Lycon and *Peneleus* their Jav'lins threw With equal Fury, but without Success: Then drew their Swords, and rush'd on one another, A-like enrag'd; *Lycon* discharg'd a Blow Upon the floating Crest of *Peneleus*, But the weak Sword, unequal to the Stroak, Broke near the Hilts: His Foe th'Advantage saw, And smote him in the Neck with so much Fury, The Head was parted from the Trunk, and hung But by a Piece of Skin, so down he tumbled.

Merion through the Field pursu'd on Foot Retreating *Neamas*, and as he try'd To

(w) Renown'd *Amisodar* begot them, who the fam'd *Chimæra* fed.] *Amisodar* was King of *Caria*; *Bellerophon* marry'd his Daughter. The Ancients guess'd from this Passage that the *Chimæra* was not a Fiction, since Homer marks the time where-

in she liv'd, and the Prince with whom she liv'd; they thought it was some Beast of that Prince's Herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of mischief, like the *Calydonian Boar*.

mount his Chariot, smote him on the Shoulder,
Brought him to Earth, and shut his Eyes in
Death.

Idomeneus on *Erymas* discharg'd A dreadful Stroke, the Iron pierc'd his Mouth, And Head, and Brains ; his Teeth forsook his Gums, His Mouth, and Eyes, and Nostrils gush'd with Blood, And endless Night with a thick Cloud o'erwhelm'd him.

With such Exploits and Slaughter of the *Trojans* The *Grecian* Captains signaliz'd their Valour : As when a Troop of Wolves espye some Flock Neglected by the foolish careless Shepherd, They rush upon the tender Kids and Lambs, And chace them to the Mountains, and devour The unresisting Prey, and stanch their Hunger : So rush'd the *Grecians* on their scatter'd Foes, Who fled, unmindful of their former Valour.

But *Ajax*, covetous of *Hector's* Blood, With his sharp Spear redoubl'd Blow on Blow : Whilst he, experienc'd in the Art of War, Observ'd each Lance and Arrow as they flew, And caught their Points upon his massy Shield ; He saw the Vict'ry to the *Greeks* inclin'd, Yet still he kept the Field, maintain'd his Ground, (x) And often turn'd about to save his Troops :

(x) *And often turn'd about to save his Troops.*] Homer here represents *Hector*, who, as he retires, stands from time to time to save his Troops : and he expostles it by this single word

ἀριπίπεν for *ἀριπίπεν*, does not only signify to stay, but likewise in retiring to stop and stay from time to time ; for this is the Power of the Preposition *ἀρι*, as in these

BOOK XVI. OF HOMER. 29

As when amidst a Calm, a gloomy Cloud Is sent by Jove, along the middle Air, Threatenting a Tempest to the World below: (y) So Flight and Terror from the Navy flew Along the Plain, and reach'd the Walls of Ilium. But *Hector* sought his Safety in his Chariot, Oblig'd to leave some Troops expos'd to Slaughter Behind him in the Ditch, where many Chariots In narrow Passes were detain'd and broken, Deserted by their Steeds: Mean while *Patroclus*, Encouraging his Soldiers, push'd the Battel, And ev'ry where distress'd the *Trojan* Troops, Who fill'd the Plains with Cries and wild Confusion. The Horses fled along the Field, and rais'd A Cloud of Dust beneath their nimble Hoofs, That fill'd the Air, and hid the Fleet and Town. Amidst the thickest Rout, and where the *Trojans* Were most in Number, there *Patroclus* fought: He saw the Field with

words ἀναπάγει, which signifies to fight by fits and starts: ἀναλάσσει, to wrestle several times, and in many others. This is a Remark of Enstainius's, which I relate, to shew the Propriety of Homer's Term.

(y) So Flight and Terror from the Navy flew.] Homer has already compar'd the *Trojans*, pouring upon the Ships to a black Cloud which falls and discharges a furious Tempest; and here he compares the Flight of these same *Trojans*, to the same

Cloud which mounts towards Heaven: But what is here very fine and poetical, is that, of these Troops frighten'd and put to Flight, he has made two Persons, Terror and Flight, which rush from the Grecian Navy and bend their Course towards Troy. Though our Languague (the French) is not accustom'd to such strong Poetry, yet I have ventur'd it in the Translation, encourag'd by the Confusion and Danger which this Scene is full of.

broken Chariots strow'd, And bleeding Heroes underneath their Wheels: Th' Immortal Steeds which *Thetis* gave her Son No Obstacle endur'd, (z) but pass'd the Ditch, And follow'd where the *Trojan* Squadrons fled; For much *Patroclus* wish'd t' encounter *Hector*, And therefore drove his whirling Chariot on. As when in Autumn *Jove* resolv'd on Vengeance To punish Mortals, that despise his Laws, Regardless of his Deity, unjust, Slaves to their Passions, and their Interest, A mighty Tempest sends, (a) lets loose the Floods That overflow the Hills, and drown the Trees, Thence to the Sea run roaring, and disgorge The Plenty of the Plain and Plow-man's Labour: With such wild Force the *Trojan* Steeds ran scouring Along the Field, and fled in loose Disorder.

Patroclus having turn'd the foremost Troops, Drove back, and forc'd the Squadrons to the Fleet, Nor would permit them to return to *Ilium*, But brought them to a Bay between the Ships, (b) The Banks of *Simois*, and the deep

(z) *But pass'd the Ditch.*] Homer has made, of *Hector's* Horses, all that Poetry cou'd make of common and mortal Horses; they stand on the Bank of the Ditch foaming and neighing for madnes that they cannot leap it. But the immortal Horses of *Achilles* find no Obstacle, they leap the Ditch and fly into the Plain.

(a) *Lets loose the Floods,* &c.] It appears, by this Passage, that Homer had heard of *Noah's* Flood, or *Dedication's*, and knew that God sent these Deluges to punish the Iniquity of Mankind.

(b) *The Banks of Simois and the deep Intrenchments.*] *Patroclus* remembers here that he has already acted contrary to *Achilles's* Orders,

Book XVI. OF HOMER. 31

Intrenchment, And there renew'd the Fight
and dreadful Slaughter, Amply avenging the
late conquer'd Greeks. With his bright Spear
he pierc'd the valiant Breast Of Pronous, below
his Shield, and slew him: On Thestor, Son to
Enops, next he flew, As in his well-wrought
Chariot he sat careless, Neglecting the loose
Reins, and with his Jav'lin Smote his left Cheek,
and fore'd his Teeth all inward, Then drew
him from his Seat; (c) as a good Angler, Sit-
ting on some high Rock, draws out (d) a Fish
Of mighty size, and plays him with his Hook:
With the same ease Patroclus drew the Hero
Forth of his Seat, and dash'd him to the
Ground, At his Spear's Length, where Dark-
ness clos'd his Eyes. Then lifting a huge
Stone, he fell'd *Euryalus*, And cleft his Head
and Helmet; down he tumbl'd, And Death
receiv'd him in his deadly Arms. With these
Amphoterus, and *Erymas*, *Epaltes*, and *Da-
mastes*'s Son, *Tlepolemus*, *Echius*, and *Pyres*,
Iphis, and *Enippus*, And *Polymelus*, Son of Ar-

by driving the Trojans so
far, wherefore he turns back,
and stops between Simois,
the Ships and the Grecian
Wall, which was beaten
down in several Places, but
which still remain'd in o-
thers.

(c) As a good Angler,
&c.] There cou'd not be a
juster Image. Homer thereby
gives a great Idea of Pa-
troclus's Strength.

(d) A Fish of mighty size.]
The Greek says a sacred Fish,
and the Ancients have very
much disputed about this E-
pithet. As for me, I am of
their Opinion who believe
that sacred signifies here on-
ly great; for there are sev-
eral Passages which prove that
the Ancients us'd the Terms
of sacred and divine to de-
note Largenels only.

geas, fell, All by the bloody Spear of stout *Patroclus*.

This when *Sarpedon* saw, and what sad Slaughter The Hero made among his flying *Lycians*, (e) Who threw away their Arms, thus he bespoke them.

" Turn, my Companions, turn for shame,
" and rouse Your wonted Valour; I alone will
" meet This mighty Conqueror, and try his
" Strength, Who thus with Slaughter ravages
" the Plain, And glories in the Numbers he
" has slain.

He spake, and ran on Foot to meet *Patroclus*, Who soon, by his Example, left his Chariot: Both met, and with a Shout began the Combat, With the same Fury, as when Vultures fight On some tall Rock, they raise a dreadful Cry, And arm their pointed Beaks and clenching Talons.

Jove saw the Strife, and pity'd the two Champions, Then thus bespake his Sister and his Spouse.

" With great Affliction I behold *Sarpedon*,
" Than whom I cannot love a Mortal more,
" Destin'd to fall beneath *Patroclus'* Sword;
" Doubtful I am, and cannot yet resolve,
" Whether to let him perish in the Combat,

(e) Who threw away their Arms.] The Greek says all this in one Word, *ἀπτερωτοις*, which the Ancients have very differently explain'd. For my part I am

persuaded that it signifies Men who are in a Vest without a Cuirass, that is to say, who have left off their Cuirasses to fly the better.

" (f) Or snatch him thence, (g) and bear him
 " into Lycia. Thus Jove, and thus the Queen
 of Heav'n reply'd. " Could Saturn's Son pro-
 nounce so rash a Sentence? How can you
 " rescue from the Pow'r of Death A Mortal,
 " when the Fates have pass'd his Doom, And
 " your Decrees confirm'd it? Be assur'd, The
 " other Gods will not approve your Pity.
 " Take my Advice; should you assist Sarpedon,
 " And bear him from the Combat into Lycia,
 " (h) The other Deities might justly claim
 " The same Advantage, to relieve their Friends
 " Or Sons engag'd in War, and save their
 " Lives: And well you know they have a nume-
 " rous Off-spring, Who now are fighting at the
 " Walls of Troy: Therefore beware the Envy
 " of the Gods. But since you love Sarpedon,
 " let the Fates Accomplish their Designs,
 & and let him fall Under Patroclus' Sword;

(f) *Or snatch him thence.*] Homer therefore knew this Truth, that God is the Master of Destiny, and that he can change it as he-pleases.

(g) *And bear him into Lycia.]* It appears by this Passage that even the Pagans were persuaded that God cou'd take up a Man and transport him in a Moment into a very remote Country, as we see Examples of it in holy Scripture.

(h) *The other Deities might justly claim, &c.]* And if

you suffer it, Achilles himself will not dye, thus all will be confounded, Destiny of no effect, and History violated in its principal Foundation; and if you do not suffer it, and reserve this Privilege for your self alone, then you usurp a tyrannical Power against the Gods. This is what Juno means, and these are the Reflections which Jupiter shews that he had made when he said, *Doubtful I am, and cannot yet resolve, &c.*

" (i) then *Death and Sleep*, By your Command, (k) to *Lycia* may convey him, Where o'er his Tomb his Kindred and his Servants May weep, and near his Urn erect a Column, And give him all the Honours of the Dead.

Thus she: Nor did great *Jove* neglect her Councel, (l) Yet down he pour'd a Show'r of purple Blood Upon the Earth, so much he lov'd *Sarpedon*, Doom'd to be slain by young *Patroclus*' Hand, In *Trojan* Plains, far from his Native Soil.

(i) *Then Death and Sleep*, &c.] How shall Sleep and Death carry *Sarpedon*? Homer made this Image only to shew that *Sarpedon* will be so well embalm'd, that in his Bed, on which he will be carry'd, he shall rather seem to be a Man asleep than dead. Besides he joins here Sleep with Death, to shew that Death is only a Sleep, and a state of Rest, which leads to another Life. And this Idea seems to me very fine in that Sense.

(k) *To Lycia.*] The History or Fable receiv'd in Homer's time importred that *Sarpedon* was interr'd in *Lycia*, but it says nothing of his Death. This gives the Poet the Liberty of making him die at *Troy*, provided that after his Death he is carry'd into *Lycia*, to preserve the Fable. This Expedient propos'd by Juno

saves all; *Sarpedon* dies at *Troy*, and is interr'd at *Lycia*. And what renders this probable, is, that in these times, as at this Day, Princes and Persons of Quality, who dy'd in foreign Parts, were carry'd into their own Country to be laid in the Tombs of their Fathers. The Antiquity of this Custom cannot be doubted, since it was practis'd in the Patriarchs times. Jacob dying in *Egypt*, orders his Children to carry him into the Land of *Canaan*, where he desir'd to be bury'd, Gen. 49. 29.

(l) *Yet down he pour'd a Show'r of purple Blood.*] Homer knew that when the Son of *Jupiter* dy'd, all Nature ought to suffer; and that Tears of Blood ought to weep that Death. This Miracle is probable as wrought for *Sarpedon*, who was the only Son

Meanwhile the Heroes rushing on each other, *Patroclus* first smote valiant *Thrasymedes*, Sarpedon's dearest Friend; the Wound was fatal, Deep in his Belly; down he fell, and dy'd. Sarpedon threw his Spear, which miss'd *Patroclus*, But the Right Shoulder pierc'd of *Pedasus*, One of his Steeds, who falling, with a Groan Resign'd his Life: Th' Immortal Horses started, The Reins were hamper'd, and the Axel crackt. *Automedon*, to remedy this Mischief, Rose in his Seat, and drawing out his Sword, Cut off the Traces from dead *Pedasus*, Then disengag'd the Reins, and made his Steeds More pliant to the Guidance of their Master. The Combatants with equal Fury fought: Sarpedon's Jav'lin o'er *Patroclus* flew, And gave no Wound: The other more successful, Threw not in vain, (m) but pierc'd Sarpedon's Heart, Who like some Oak, or Pine, or lofty Poplar, Fell'd by the Workmen, on a Mountain's Top, Tumbl'd to Earth, just by his Chariot strech'd: Gnashing his Teeth,

of Jupiter that was in either Army.

(m) But pierc'd Sarpedon's Heart.] The Text says, strikes Sarpedon on the place where the Diaphragm closes it self round the compacted Heart. That is to say, he pierc'd that Membrane which is fasten'd by a Ligament to the Pericardion. By all the Descriptions which Homer makes of the Wounds, and Accidents that ensue upon them,

he seems to have had a great Knowledge of the Structure of a human Body, and of the Offices of all its Parts, for the Masters of the Art do affirm they are all exact: I only judge upon their Report, for I never apply'd my self to that Study; it always seeming to me not only melancholly and disagreeable, but likewise somewhat unsuitable to Persons of my Sex.

and

he tore the Bloody Ground: As when a Lyon preying on some Herd, Tears down a yellow Bull, Lord of the Field, Who groans beneath his Gripe and bloody Jaws; So fell Sarpedon, groaning in his Soul, Disdaining his young Conqueror; then thus To *Glaucus*, his Companion in the War, He spake. "O Friend, approv'd in Fight By many signal Actions, and esteem'd Inferior to no Leader in the Army; Maintain that Character, and give this Day New Marks of your known Valour, lead my *Lycians* On to the Fight, to win their Gen'ral's Body, And animate the Chiefs with your Example. Eternal Infamy will blast your Fame, If you permit Patroclus and the *Grecians* (n) To triumph in my Spoils, then haste, lead on The Troops, exhort them to avenge my Death. He spake, and Death in Shades shut up his Eyes: For treading on his Breast, Patroclus drew The Jav'lin from the Wound, whose bloody Point Was follow'd by his Life; mean while the

(n) *To Triumph in my Spoils.*] It is in the Text, If the Greeks despoil'd me of my Arms after I am kill'd at the attack of the Ships, νῶν εἰς αὐτοὺς θεόρρα. These Words, νῶν εἰς αὐτοὺς, signify properly in the place where the Ships are, in the middle of the Ships, and it has been already us'd in that Sense: But Sarpedon cannot say so here, for he is not wounded in

the *Grecian Camp*, but in the Plain without the Retrenchments, for he had repass'd the Ditch. To support this Meaning, 'tis said that Sarpedon talks deliriously, being at the Point of Death; but I don't think that necessary; I am of Opinion νῶν εἰς αὐτοὺς may very naturally signify at the attack of the Ships,

Myrmidons Seiz'd on his Horses, just prepar'd
to fly, And left without a Guide, their Master
slain.

Glaucus, who heard his dying Words, was
struck With sudden Grief, unable to assist
him : For *Teucer*, succouring his Men di-
stress'd, From a high Turret smote him with
his Spear Deep in the Arm, that useless hung
in Pain, Supported by his other Hand from fall-
ing : His last Recourse was to *Apollo's* Aid, To
whom he thus address'd himself with Pray'r.

" Great *Phœbus*, whether Thou in *Troy* re-
" sideſt, Or *Lycia*, Hear me ; (o) thou, tho'
" far remote, Canſt hear thy humble Suppli-
" ants, who invoke thee, Or are like me re-
" duc'd to ask thy Aid ; (p) Thou ſeefſt me
" wounded and oppreſſ'd with Pain, My Arm
" grown uſeless, and my Blood descending
" Not to be ſtanch'd : I cannot wield my Spear,
" Nor meet my Foe, nor try the rough En-
" counter : And ſee *Sarpedon*, valiant Chief, is
" slain, Nor would Great *Troye* vouchſafe to
" aid his Son ; Be Thou propitious then, and

(o) *Thou, tho' far remote,*
[&c.] Homer knew this Truth,
that God can hear thoſe who
invoke him, afar off as well as
near at hand ; he is every
where, and fills every Thing.

(p) *Thou ſeefſt me woun-
ded.*] I have here made uſe
of *Enſathius's* Remark to re-
preſent the Art of Homer, who
always knows how to ſuit
himſelf to the Conditions
and Strength of thoſe he

makes ſpeak ; he tells us
that this Speech of *Glaucus*
is not connected but diſ-join-
ted. A Man under a ſenſe
of very ſharp Pains does not
ſpeak in long Periods ; as he
is oblig'd to frequent fetch-
ings of his Breath, he inter-
rupts his Discouſe, and
ſpeaks only *per inciſa*. This
is what I have imitated in my
Translation.

" heat

"heal my Wound, Allay my Pains, and give
"me Strength to lead The Lycians on, and
"save Sarpedon's Body.

Thus He : (q) Apollo to his Pray'r gave Ear,
Allay'd his Pains, and heal'd the gaping Wound,
Dry'd up his Blood, and arm'd his Mind with
Courage; Glaucus perceiv'd the Cure, with Joy
transported, And own'd the God indulgent to
his Wishes : Then round the Field he ran,
rous'd all the Lycians, Soldiers and Chiefs, to
rescue dead Sarpedon, and call'd the Trojan
Captains to assist them. From brave Agenor,
and Polydamas, And from Æneas he intreated
Aid : Then thus at last address'd himself to
Hector.

"O *Hector!* You neglect your best Allies,
"Who for your sake far from their Native
"Country Fight in Defence of *Troy*; yet you
"refuse them Your Succour in Distress : See
"brave Sarpedon Lyes slain by *Mars*, beneath
"Patroclus' Spear: A Hero, fam'd for Valour
"and for Justice, Under whose Sway (r) the
"Lycian Kingdom flourish'd. Come on, my
"Friends, let Indignation raise Your Courage,

(q) *Apollo to his Prayer gave Ear.*] It is observed, as I have elsewhere said, that in Homer reasonable Prayers are generally granted. And this Benefit of Prayer acknowledg'd by this Poet is a good Argument, as Eustathius says, against the Dreams of the Peripatetics, who thought Prayer to be of no Use.

(r) *The Lycian Kingdom*

flourish'd.] See here an Elogium worthy of a Son of Jupiter, and thereby Homer gives to understand that it is an Elogium which Kings should endeavour to deserve. They cannot make their People flourishing and safe without Fortitude and Justice. By Fortitude they repel their Enemies, and by Justice they protect their Subjects.

" to

" to redeem his Captive Body From those In-
" dignities his Foes may offer, Revengeful
" for the *Grecians* we have slain, In this Day's
" Enterprize, to burn their Fleet.

He spake : and Consternation seiz'd the Troops At brave *Sarpedon*'s Death ; for tho' a Stranger , *Troy* own'd him her best Safeguard : For he led A numerous Host of Soldiers to the Field, And taught them Valour by his own Example. All therefore in a well-form'd Body join'd Against the *Greeks*, bent to revenge his Death, Headed by *Hector*, whom the Los's affected In the most moving manner of Distress.

Mean while *Patroclus* chear'd his Conqu'ring Troops, And to both *Ajax* thus address'd his Speech, Who gave no Respite to the dreadful Slaughter.

" Illustrious Heroes , an Occasion offers
" Worthy the Bravery of Men like you, In
" which you may exert your utmost Courage ;
" The Champion who first forc'd our high
" Intrenchments Is slain , the *Trojans* fly to
" save his Body. But let us still be Masters
" of the Prize, And spoil him of his Arms, and
" o'er his Trunk Some of his best Companions Sacrifice.

Thus He : The Heroes both impatient were, And eager for the Fight ; then either Side In Order form'd the firm Battalions close. The *Lycian* and the *Trojan* Troops began The Charge, and rush'd upon the *Greeks* with Shouts, Mixt with the Clangors of their Arms, resounding. Both for *Sarpedon*'s prostrate Trunk

en-

engag'd. Jove, to augment the Horror of the Fight, And Numbers of the Slain, for his Son's sake, (s) Cover'd the Field of Battle with a Cloud. At the first Shock the Grecian Troops retir'd, And *Epigenus* fell, *Agacles* Son, Of generous Blood, the Bravest of the Greeks, That follow'd Great *Achilles*: long he reign'd In *Budium*, but at last was forc'd to fly, For Murdering his Kinsman, and take Refuge With *Peleus* and with *Thetis*, who well-knew His Quality, and sent him with *Achilles* To *Troy*, his Friend and Partner in the War: He fell, and grasp'd the body of *Sarpedon*, For *Hector* smote him with a mighty Stone, And cleft his Head and Helmet; cross *Sarpedon* He lay, and Shades of Night o'erwhelm'd his Eyes.

Patroclus mourning his Companion's Death, Sprang forward to the Van, swift as a Hawk Chacing the fearful Doves, and to revenge His Friend, with Rage and Valour more than common, Pour'd on the *Lycian* and the *Trojan* Troops. Stout *Sthenelaeus* the Son of *Ithomeneus*, Struck with a Stone, fell by his valiant Arm. The foremost *Trojans* at the Sight retir'd, And *Hector* too gave back: the *Grecians* push'd

(s) Cover'd the Field of Battle with a Cloud.] Homer calls here, by the Name of *Night*, the Whirlwinds of thick Dust which rise from beneath the Feet of Combatants, and which oftentimes hinders them from knowing one another. Thus you see that Poetry knows how to

convert the most natural things into Miracles; These two Armies are bury'd in Dust round *Sarpedon*'s Body, 'tis *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obscure Night, to make the Battle bloodier, and to honour the Funeral of his Son by a greater Number of Victims.

them

Book XVI. o F H O M E R .

41

them A Jav'lin's Cast, which some young Warriour throws With all his Strength, when tilting at the Lists, Or when engag'd in real War and Combat.

First *Glaucus* turn'd, and rally'd all his Troops : *Batbycles*, *Chalcon*'s Son, he slew, who dwelt In Greece, for Plenty and for Wealth reputed The first of all the Nobles in *Thessalia*; Him eager in pursuing, *Glaucus* met At a short Turn, and stabb'd him in the Belly, Who with a mighty Noise rush'd to the Earth: New Terrors seiz'd the Greeks who saw him fall, So Brave, so Valiant: Whilst the *Trojans* shouted, And gather'd round his Trunk to spoil his Arms, Which to defend the Greeks renew'd their Valour.

Merion advancing to *Onetor*'s Son, *Laogonus*, whose Father was the Priest Of *Jove*, on *Ida*, and like *Jove* was honour'd, Smote him between the Ear and Cheek, and brought The Herolow, who soon resign'd to Death.

Aeneas, in revenge, at *Merion* flung His Lance, as under Covert of his Shield He forward came, but stooping down he shunn'd The Stroke: Far o'er his Head the Jav'lin flew, And smote the Ground with so much violence, The thrilling Staff long quiver'd where it stuck. *Aeneas*, disappointed of his Aim, With Raillery reveng'd him on his Foe.

" *Merion*, thy Skill in Dancing is success-
" ful, For it has sav'd thy Life ; else my good
" Lance Ere this had sent thee to the Shades
" be-

" below, (t) To shew thy nimble Tricks in
" Pluto's Presence.

To him Renowned *Merion* thus reply'd.
" Brave tho' thou art, *Aeneas*, 'tis in vain To
" think thy Valour can outbrave all Odds.
" Thou, tho' the Son of *Venus*, yet like me
" Art Mortal : Be not Confident : My Spear
" Perhaps may be more Fortunate than thine.
" If it succeed and hit thee, I and *Pluto* Will
" amicably share the Spoils between us, Mine
" be the Glory, (u) his thy parting Soul.

This when *Patroclus* heard, with just Dis-
dain He chid the Hero thus. " Why, *Merion*,
" why Wouldst thou, a Man of Courage, ral-
" ly thus ? Then is the time to Triumph with
" Reproaches, When we have forc'd the *Tro-*
" jans from the Body Of dead *Sarpedon*. Words
" were made for Councils, But Actions for
" the Field ; then cease this Strife : This is a
" Time to Fight, and not to Talk.

This said, he stopt before, and *Merion* fol-
low'd With God-like Mein, as when the
Workmen fell Some lofty Trees, that shade a
Mountain's Top, Their Fall is heard far off,

(t) To shew thy nimble
Tricks, &c] Homer says
plainly; *Meriones*, if I had
reach'd thee, my Jav'lin wou'd
soon put an End to your Dan-
cing, as good a Dancer as you
are. The turn I have giv'n
it is methinks stronger, and
the Raillery more home.
To conclude, this Stroke is
founded upon *Meriones'* be-
ing a Cretan, and the Cretans

having a certain Dance nam'd
Pyrric, which they danc'd clad
in Armour.

(u) His thy parting Soul.] Homer has already elsewhere
made use of the same Raill-
ery. It must be remember'd
that here the Soul is what
they call'd *Image*, which was
made according to the Mold
of the Body, as I shall endea-
vour to explain elsewhere.

and

and fills the Vale : So terrible a Noise the Warriours made, With Spears and Swords, that rung on Massy Shields, Helmets, and Armour, echoing thro' the Plain. *Sarpedon's* Trunk no longer was distinguish'd Among the slain, from Head to Foot disfigur'd, And in a mixture hid of Blood and Dirt.

Both Armies gather'd round him where he lay, Cluster'd like Flies, that hover in the Spring Around a Pail, that foams with snowy Milk. *Jove* saw the Combat, nor could turn his Eyes To any other Object, in suspence He stood, long doubting if to suffer *Patroclus* to be slain by *Hector's* Hand, A Victim to *Sarpedon*, or continue The Fight, till many other Hero's fell : At length resolv'd, *Patroclus* should repulse The Foe to *Ilium*, and increase the Slaughter. For once he stay'd the Courage of Bold *Hector*, And broke his Spirit, straight he climb'd his Chariot Intent on Flight, and call'd his Troops to follow : (w) He saw which way the Scales of *Jove* inclin'd. The *Lycians*, who were taught to stand all Dangers, Turn'd back, and left great Numbers of their Captains Slain by their Prince's Side, whom cruel *Jove* Ordain'd to fall amidst the dreadful Slaughter.

(w) *He saw which way the Scales of Jove inclin'd.*] Homer has already employ'd this Idea to represent that *Jupiter* holds in his Hands the Fates of all Men, and weighs them in a Balance ever just ; and his Reader

being already inform'd of it, he here passes it over in two Words, to comply with the Vivacity of the Action, which does not give him time to make a more particulariz'd Image.

The

The Greeks victorious, when the Troops
were fled, Spoil'd the dead Hero, by *Patroclus*
order, Of all his Arms, and bore them to their
Fleet.

Mean while, to *Phœbus* thus his Father *Jove*
Gave his Commands. "(x) My dearest Son, this
" Moment Fly down, and take *Sarpedon* from
" the Slain, Wash his disfigur'd Body in the
" Stream From Blood and Dirt, then with
" *Ambrosian Sweets* Perfume it, and array him
" with a Robe Such as Gods wear: then give
" him to the Sisters, To *Sleep* and *Death*, who
" shall to *Lycia* bear him; Where mourning
" o'er his Trunk, his Friends and Servants,
" Shall bear him to his Urn, and build a
" Tomb, Grac'd with a Column, that may
" speak his Fame, And give him all the Ho-
" nours of the Dead.

Thus he: *Apollo* soon obey'd his Orders,
And leaving *Ida*'s Summits, quickly flew Down
to the Field of Battle: Thence he bore *Sarpe-
don*'s Body, wash'd it in the Stream, Perfum'd
it with *Ambrosia*, and put on The Habit of a
God; then *Sleep* and *Death* Convey'd him into
Lycia to his Subjects.

And now *Patroclus* animates his Steeds And
Charioteer to push the flying *Trojans*, And *Ly-
cian* Troops, not knowing he pursu'd His own

(x) My Dearest Son.] What the *Lycians* do to em-
balm the Body of *Sarpedon*, *Homēr*, by an Idea perfectly
poetical, makes to be done
by *Apollo* himself; for as that

God is by his Heat the Cause
of the Corruption of Bodies,
he is likewise the Cause of
their Preservation by the Spi-
ces and Druggs which he
gives Birth to.

Destruction, careless of the Counsel *Achilles* gave, to save himself from Death ; But Man resolves in vain, if *Jove* oppose His just Decrees, who often turns to flight The stoutest Mortals, and denies Success, Ev'n where himself inspires the greatest Courage. 'Twas he, who gave *Patroclus* double Strength, Still pushing on, and scorning all Resistance.

(y) O Valiant Greek ! what Tongue can tell the Numbers Of Mighty Men, the Victims to thy Fame, Ere thou resign'st thy Life to *Jove* and Fate, Who first and last fell by thy Warlike Arm ? *Autonous*, *Adraustus*, and *Echeclus*, *Epistor*, *Perimus*, the Son of *Megas*, And *Melanippus*, *Mulius*, and *Pylartes*, And *Elarus*, all to his Sword gave up their Lives, While others fled his Presence o'er the Plains. *Patroclus'* Spear dealt Death in ev'ry Place, And so increas'd the Slaughter; that he thought *Troy* would that Day surrender to his Valour. But *Phœbus* on a Turret took his Station, Designing how to succour his lov'd *Trojans*, And to distress *Patroclus* ! Thrice the Hero Attempted to ascend the Wall, and thrice The God repuls'd him, smiting on his Buckler With his Immortal Arms : Once more *Patroclus* Renew'd

(y) O valiant Greek ! This Apostrophe of Homer is full of Tenderness and Energy. The Poet, being hurry'd away on a sudden by his Poetical Spirit, addresses himself to the dead *Patroclus*, as if he were still living, and thereby makes that Hero Immor-

tal, and treats him as a God. This Passage furnish'd *Demosthenes*, Homer's great Imitator, with the Apostrophe reported by *Longinus* in the XIVth Book, of which he so well illustrates the Beauty.

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th' Assault, with more than Mortal Force :
And then *Latona's* Son thus menac'd him.

" Retire, Brave Youth ! the Fates have not
" decreed, That *Troy* should fall a Victim to
" your Valour ; Nor shall *Achilles* self that
" Work accomplish, Exceeding thee in Cou-
" rage, and in Strength.

He spake, and fearing to provoke his An-
ger, The Hero was obedient, and retir'd.

Hector mean while (z) within the *Scaean*
Gate Stay'd in his Chariot, doubtful if to turn
His Warlike Horses, and renew the Fight, Or
draw his Troops together, to defend The
Walls of *Ilium*: Midst his doubts, *Apollo* Ap-
proach'd him, in the Shape of valiant *Asius*,
His Uncle, Brother to Queen *Hecuba*, And
Son of *Dymas*, who near *Sangar's* Banks In
Pbrygia reign'd, and thus the God express'd
His Anger to the Hero. " Wherefore is it,
" That you retire ? Can *Hector* fly with Ho-
" nour ? Had I your Strength and Spirit, I
" would soon Convince you of your Fault ;
" turn back your Steeds, And meet *Patroclus*,
" and wash out your Shame In his warm
" Blood; *Phœbus* perhaps designs Your Ho-
" nour in his Death should be compleat.

(z) Within the *Scaean Gate*,
&c.] I forgot to inform the
Reader that the *Scaean Gates*
were so call'd because they
were on the lef hand of
Troy, that is to say, West-
ward, towards the Sea, where
the Attacks were made; for

the Greeks and Orientals plac'd
the East on the right of the
World, and the West on the
left. σκαιαι πυλαι, &c. says
Hesychius. This is a good
Reason; those he adds are
false.

Thus

Thus spake the God, and mingled with the Troops; Then *Hector* charg'd his Charioteer, stout *Cebriōn*, To drive his warlike Coursers to the Field: Whilst *Phæbus* with new Force inspir'd his Breast, But struck with Mortal Fear the fainting Greeks. The Hero to *Patroclus* bent his Course, Regardless of all other Combatants: He from his Chariot on the Field alighted, And ran to meet him, shaking his long Spear In his left Hand, whilst with his Right he chose A massy Stone, and flung with all his force: Nor was it flung in vain; it fell, and smote *Cebriōn*, a Bastard Son of old King *Priam*, Who guided *Hector's* Steeds, just on the Forehead, And crush'd the Bone: his Eyes outstarting fell To Earth, and he unfortunate soon follow'd, Like a swift Diver rushing headlong down. Then thus *Patroclus* with a Laugh insulted. “ Alas! see how the Trojan nimblly dives! (a) What Pity 'tis he

(a) *What pity 'tis he were not near the Sea, &c.]* It is certain that old *Troy* was further from the Sea than new *Troy*, which was afterwards rebuilt. There are in *Homer* several Passages which prove it, as *Strabo* has observ'd in his XIIIth Book. The Railery which *Patroclus* uses here is a proof of it. The Ancients did not fail to turn it to their Advantage, for the Astonishment of *Patroclus* is founded upon this Distance, which being near 40 Stadia did not admit of there being

at *Troy* profess'd Fishermen or Divers; such sort of People dwell only upon the Edges of the Sea and along the Rivers. To conclude, I have somewhat abridg'd the Railery in my Translation, because we do not love such sort of Pleasantries, unless they are lively and full of Salt, which they cannot be if they are long; the Length enervates them and drowns them, if I may so say. But that every Body may make a Judgment of it, I shall give the whole Passage. It is a

“ were

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" were not near the Sea To show his Tricks,
 " and from some lofty Ship Ev'n in a Tempest
 " plunge, and fish for Oysters, Who can at
 " Land such mighty Feats perform. Troy cer-
 " tainly the nimblest Divers breeds.

Thus he, upraiding wretched *Cebrión*, stood,
 Proud of his Strength; then ran t' encounter
Hector, Mad as a raging Lyon, when he
 ranges Some Stall, his Courage is his Ruin,
 Nor turns untill he meet some Mortal Wound;
 He left his Chariot; then with equal Fury,
 O'er *Cebrión*'s lifeless Trunk they both engag'd,
 As when two Lyons on a Mountain meet,

pity he is not nearer to the
 Sea, he wou'd furnish good
 Quantities of excellent Oysters,
 and the Storms would not
 frighten him; see how, to
 breathe himself, he exercises
 and plunges from the Top of
 his Chariot into the Plain;
 Who wou'd think that there
 were such good Divers at Troy.
 This seems to me a little too
 long, and if this Passage be
 really Homer's, I cou'd al-
 most swear that he thereby in-
 tended to let us know that a
 good Soldier maybe an indif-
 ferent Jester, but I very much
 doubt whether this Passage
 be his. It is very likely
 that these five last Verses
 were added by some of the
 ancient Critics, whose Capri-
 ces Homer has frequently un-
 dergone, or perhaps some of
 the Rhapsodes, who in reci-
 ting his Verses made Addi-
 tions of their own to please

their Auditors. And what
 persuades me of its being so
 is, that 'tis by no means pro-
 bable that *Patroclus*, who had
 lately blam'd *Merione* for his
 little Raillery against *Aeneas*,
 and told him, that it was not
 by way of Raillery or Inve-
 ctive they wou'd repell the
 Trojans but by Dint of Blows,
 that Counsel requir'd Words,
 but War, Deed; it is by no
 Means probable, I say, that
 this same *Patroclus* should
 forget that excellent Precept,
 and amuse himself with
 playing the Wagg, especially
 in the sight of *Hector*. I am
 therefore of Opinion that
Patroclus said no more than
 this Verse, Ωντος, &c. Good
 Gods! what an active Trojan
 it is, and how cleverly He
 dives! And that the five
 following are Strangers, tho'
 very ancient,

And for a Deer just slain, begin the Combat,
Both hungry, both enrag'd to win the Prey ;
So fought *Patroclus* and illustrious *Hector*, For
Cebrion's Arms, and aim'd their hardy Spears
At one another's Breasts : First *Hector* seiz'd
On *Cebrion's* Head, *Patroclus* on his Feet,
And both with manly Force dispute the Prize.

Mean while the *Greeks* and *Trojans* charg'd
each other With Rage redoubled, like conten-
ding Winds, As when the Eastern and the
Southern Blasts Meet in a Vale, and join their
stormy Forces, To level some large Wood,
the Beech, the Ash, And all the lofty Mon-
sters of the Forest, Yield to the dreadful
Shock, their Boughs and Limbs Are torn, dis-
rob'd, and mingled with each other, A dread-
ful Crack attends the wild Confusion ; With
the same Fury boh the Armies met, And both
disdain'd to fly : The Trunk of *Cebrion* Was
cover'd o'er with Lances and with Arrows,
Sent from the sounding Bow, and Stones that
dash'd On the hard Armour, echoing in the
Air ; Stretch'd on the Plain he lay extended
wide, And with him dy'd his Skill to guide the
Reins.

The Battle lasted (b) whilst the Sun was
climbing The Middle Air, and many Heroes

(b) Whilst the Sun, &c.] Homer does not content him-
self with setting down the
Days of his Action, he like-
wise takes care to mark the
Hours of its Duration. Here
he shews that this Day, which
is the 17th from *Achilles's*
Wrath, and the 6th since

the War recommenc'd, and
which continues from the
Beginning of the XIth Book,
is as yet hardly above half
ended, and that *Patroclus* is
kill'd towards the Evening,
a little before the Setting of
the Sun.

fell ; But when declining to the West he drove,
The Victory was on the Grecian side, (c) Nor
could the Fates prevent it : Then they seiz'd
On Cebrión's Body, and his shining Arms, And
still Patroclus raging more and more, Pursu'd
the Slaughter, with a dreadful Shout. Three
times he charg'd, and flew at ev'ry Charge Nine
valiant Chiefs ; but when like Mars undaunted
He hasten'd to the Fourth, the Gods forsook
him (d) And left him to his Fate ; (e) Apollo
crossing The Ranks unseen, hid in a dusky
cloud, Encounter'd him behind, and with his
Hand Dealt him a Blow between the manly
Shoulders, And stagger'd him : a Dismess seiz'd
his Eyes, And from his Head his Helmet fell
to Earth, And rung against the Ground : the
Triple Crest Was stain'd with Blood and Dust,
(f) that ne'er till then Stoop'd to the Ground,

(c) Nor cou'd the Fates prevent it.] He does not content himself with saying, that the Greeks begin to have the Advantage, but still higher to raise their Courage and their Glory, he says, they have the Advantage even against the Command of Fate. Brave Men! compel Destiny to change and declare it self in their Favour.

(d) And left him to his Fate.] In pieces of Tapestry, or in Pictures which are towl'd up ; by degrees as they are unroll'd, the Figures and the Actions therein trac'd are discover'd. Thus far we

have beheld the Exploits of Patroclus, and now the Scene of his Death is going to present it self. This is the Idea arising from this Verse.

(e) Apollo crossing, &c.] This Fiction is founded upon this, viz. That Apollo being the same with the Sun, and measuring of Time, is suppos'd to bring Destiny, and to accomplish its Decrees.

(f) That ne'er till then stoop'd to the Ground.] This Reflection of Achilles's Task seems to me maryvellous. What an Elogium for this Hero !

Book XVI. OF HOMER. 51

but shaded the fair Front Of *Thetis* Son, amidst
the loud Alarms. This *Jove* ordain'd should
now be worn by *Hector*; For in that Hour
Patroclus' Fate drew near, His Spear so long,
so firm, pointed with Brass, Brake in his Hand,
his Buckler that o'er-shaded His manly Breast
fell to the Earth, unlac'd: *Apollo* beat his
Breast-plate off, and fill'd His Mind with Ter-
rors, all his Strength went from him, And he
remain'd astonish'd without Motion. A *Trojan*
Chief, *Euphorbus*, fam'd for Courage, And
Strength, and Swiftness in the Race, and Skill
To manage warlike Steeds, whose early Arms
Already had been crown'd with good Success,
(g) O'er twenty Warriors in their Chariots
slain, Espying his Advantage, smote *Patroclus*
Between the Shoulders, and first wounded
him: But 'twas not he whom Fate ordain'd to
triumph In such a Hero's Fall, a Task unequal
To young *Euphorbus*; therefore out he drew
His Spear, unable to engage *Patroclus* Altho'
disarm'd, and mingled with the Ranks. *Me-
nætius'* valiant Off-spring, when he saw Him-
self disabled by *Apollo*'s Anger And mighty
Arm, endeavour'd to Retreat; And gain the
Center of his valiant Troops: *Hector* perceiv'd
it, and advancing near him, Deep in his Bo-
fom lodg'd his deadly Spear. *Patroclus* fell,
and shook the sounding Earth: His *Greeks* a-
stonish'd stood, and mourn'd their Loss. As

(g) O'er Twenty Warriors,
&c.] This Poet magnifies
Euphorbus's Valour to do the | more Honour to *Patroclus*.
There was but one Hero that
durst approach him.

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when a Lyon scorch'd with Heat, and thirsty,
Ranges to find some Spring, and there encounters
A mighty Boar, washing his deadly Tusks,
All bloody with the Prey ; they both engage,
And both dispute Possession of the Fountain ;
Till after many Shocks the Boar is conquer'd :
So *Hector* on *Patroclus* rush'd, and slew him,
Cover'd with *Trojan* Blood, then as he fell,
Thus o'er the Prostrate Hero he insulted.

" Vain Man, thou thought'st to raze the
" Walls of *Troy*, And bear to *Greece*, aboard
" your Fleet, our Youth And Captive Virgins.
" Wretch ! that couldst not know, (b) I
" fought to save them from the Day of
" Slav'ry, A Rampart to the Town. Let *Tro-
jans* fear No *Grecian* Chains, whilst I can
" wield my Lance. But now the Vulturs on
" thy Trunk shall feed. Unfortunate *Patre-
clus* ! thy *Achilles* Cannot assist thee now,
" confin'd far off Within his Ship, who when
" he sent thee forth To Fight, thus spake. Do
" nor return, my Friend, 'Till thou hast slain
" that Enemy to *Greece*, And brought me *He-
ctor's* Arms, all red with Blood. These
" were his Orders, which thy Vanity Led thee
" to undertake, in hopes of Conquest.

(b) *I fought to save them from a Day of Slavery.*] The Greek Expression deserves to be remark'd; Homer says, the Day of Necessity, *ημέρα ανάγκαιος*, that is to say the Day of Slavery. The Day when one is forc'd to do what one wou'd not do, and

when one is reduc'd to the last Servitude. *ημέρα διαγνώστων* is oppos'd to *ημέρα ελεύθερον*, to the Day of Liberty. Sophocles, Homer's Imitator, took from hence *ἀνάγκαιά τιχη*, The Fate of Necessity, meaning Servitude.

To

To him with feeble Voice raising himself,
Patroclus, just expiring, thus reply'd. "En-
 " joy thy Conquest, *Hector!* (i) Boast thy
 " Valour! (k) *Jove* and *Apollo* were thy
 " great Allies; To them thou ow'st the Vi-
 " ctory; by odds I die, and they disarm'd me
 " e'er I fell. If twenty Mortals such as thou
 " had met me Without their Aid, they should
 " have kiss'd the Dust; *Apollo*, seconded by
 " Fate, has slain me, *Euphorbus* too assisted to
 " destroy me: Thou claim'st but the third
 " Honours in my Death. But hear me, and
 " attend to what I say: Thou with thy boast-
 " ing hast but a short time To live: (l) For
 " Fate pursues thee close behind, And thou
 " shalt fall by Great *Achilles'* Hand.

(i) *Boast thy Valour, &c.*] This Speech is very strenuous and worthy of a Hero. *Patroclus*, vanquish'd and dying, represents the Advantage he had over his Enemy, and the Reasons he had to despise him.

(k) *Jove and Apollo were thy great Allies.*] He puts *Jupiter* with *Apollo*; *Jupiter* as the Author and Master of Destiny, and *Apollo* as one that executed his Orders. Wherefore he says lower, *the Son of Latona, seconded by my cruel Destiny*, that is to say seconded by *Jupiter* himself whose Decrees make the Destiny of Men.

(l) *For Fate pursues thee.*] Homer makes *Patroclus* pro-

pheſie here, because he was of the Opinion with those Ancient Philosophers, who believ'd that the Soul, in the Moment ſhe is going to diſengage her ſelf from the Incumbrances of the Body, looks with Certainty into Futurity and ſees all things in God, to whom ſhe is going to be reunited. This was likewife the Sentiment of *Socrates*, who as he was going to his Death ſaid to the Athenians in his *Apology*, *I will foretel to you what will come to pass, for this is a Moment wherein Men have the most certain Views, and are most capable of propheſying, &c.*

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Thus he ; and Death in Darkness clos'd his Eyes : His Soul, unwilling to resign the Flow'r Of Youth and Beauty, to the Shades retir'd.

To him disdaining his Prophetick Words, *Hector* reply'd. " And why am I, *Patroclus* ! " Doom'd by thy Sentence to a sudden Death ? " Who knows but *Hector* may once more " prevail, And great *Achilles* fall beneath his " Sword ?

This said, he set his Foot upon his Breast, Drew out his Spear, and left his Carcass breathless.

Then turning to *Automedon*, had slain The Valiant Charioteer of *Thetis*' Son, But the Immortal Steeds, (m) the noble Present Made by the Gods to *Peleus* at his Nuptials, Bore him far off, and fleeted o'er the Plain.

(m) *The noble Present, &c. &c.*
For at the Nuptials of *Thetis* and *Peleus*, all the Gods, according to Custom, made

Presents to the Bridegroom. Neptune gave him Horses, Vulcan Arms, &c.





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B. Kirckall sculpsit
Patroclus being kill'd, & stript of Achilles's Armour, w^t both Sides having along time fought for his Body the Greeks at length carry it off, while the two Ajaxes courageously sustain the Efforts of the Trojans. B. J.

A R G U M E N T
O F T H E
S E V E N T E E N T H B O O K.



ATROCLUS being slain, the Armies renew the Fight for his Body. Menelaus defends it with wonderful Bravery, and kills Euphorbus, who attempted to bear it off. Hector at the head of his Troops advances against him. Menelaus retires, but soon after returns with Ajax; just as Hector had stript Patroclus of his Arms, and was preparing to strike off his Head. Hector at their Approach retreats, and Glaucus accuses him of Flying. He returns into the Battle, when he had dress'd himself in the Armour of Achilles. Jupiter observes him glorying in these Spoils, which would prove so fatal to him: He expresses his Pity on this Occasion, and at the same time makes the Armour fit easie upon him. The Greeks retire at the Approach of Hector. Ajax repairs this Loss by a great Slaughter of the Trojans, whom he Rout's and puts into Disorder. Æneas rallies the Troops, at the instance of Apollo. The

A R G U M E N T.

Contest for the Body of Patroclus is renew'd with fresh Vigour. The Horses of Achilles are advertis'd of Patroclus's Death. Their Grief on that Occasion. Jupiter's Compassion for them. The Slaughter continues. Pallas encourages the Grecians : Whilst Apollo incites Hector to engage. The Grecians fly. Ajax perceiving that by the favour of Jupiter the Victory inclin'd to the Trojans, prevails on Menelaus to go in search of Antilochus, in order to dispatch him with the News of Patroclus's Death to Achilles. Menelaus quits the Body of Patroclus with Regret. He passes the Ranks ; finds Antilochus ; gives him his Message, and in his stead places Thrasymedes at the head of the Pylians, then returns to assist Merion, in saving the Body of Patroclus. The Trojans charge them with great Fury. They are supported by the two Ajaces ; and in the mean time carry off the Body to their Ships.



T H E

THE
 ILLIAD
 OF
 HOMER.

BOOK XVII.



RAVE Menelaus, Atreus' Son, beheld When by the Trojan Arms Patroclus fell: Then to the foremost Ranks he threw himself, And stood before his Body to defend it; (a) As when some Heifer has brought forth her Young, The first she ever bore; with watchful care She walks around, and guards her tender Off-spring, And with

(a) *As when some Heifer.] Homer does not here compare Menelaus to any vi-* lent or fierce Creature, but to a Heifer, who is so full of Tenderness, especially for

loud Iowings speaks her best Affections: So stretching out his Spear and massy Shield, The Hero with his Arms the Trunk protect-ed, Prepar'd to kill whoever should oppose him; The Son of *Pantbus* when he saw th' Advantage, Approaching thus to *Menelaus* spake.

" O Son of *Atreus*, and from *Jove* descend-ed! Great King! retire, and leave *Patroclus'*
" Body, And let me spoil his Arms; I was
" the first Of all the *Trojan* Troops and their
" Allies, Who dipt a Jav'lin in that Warrior's
" Blood; Deprive me not of my just Right to
" Glory, Or I will strike this Moment and
" destroy thee.

To whom indignant *Menelaus* spoke.
" Gods! can such Boasting from such Weak-
" ness come? No Panther, Lion, or huge
" Savage Boar, Whose Fury is supported by
" their Strength, Could be more confident
" than *Panthus'* Son: So boasted *Hyperenor*,

her first Calf, that she will never abandon it; for this Poet, as *Eustathius* has very well observ'd, accommodating himself to the Occasion, means only here to describe the Affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the Manner in which he presented himself to defend his Body: And this Comparison is so much the more just and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of Goodness and

Mildness. He must have ver-y little Sense and Knowledge in Poetry, that thinks that this Comparison ought to be suppress'd. It is true that we shou'd not use it now-a-days, by reason of the Ideas which we have of the Creatures from which it is bor-row'd; but these Ideas not being in Homer's Time, they could not hinder him from making use of this Compari-son.

" but

" but not long": His Strength and youthful
 " Vigour soon forsook him, When to the
 " Fight he dar'd me, and insulted With Me-
 " naces, as tho' I'd been the meanest Of all
 " the Grecian Chiefs; his Skill in Racing
 " Scarce sav'd him, when I stretch'd him on
 " the Plain: Nor do I think he e'er return'd
 " to ease The fears his Father and his Wife
 " conceiv'd: You too shall follow him, if
 " you presume T' engage with me. But be
 " advis'd: retire Among your Troops, and do
 " not match with me, Least unexpected Mis-
 " chiefs should o'er-take you. Fools, when
 " the thing is done, are wise too late.

Thus he: *Euphorbus*; scorning his Advice,
 Thus answer'd. "Son of *Atreus*! I'll re-
 " venge The Slaughter of my Brother, which
 " thou boastest Ev'n in my Presence, and re-
 " pay his Death; For whom my Parents mourn,
 " and (b) his young Wife Ev'n in the Bride's
 " Apartment weeps his Loss: To Sorrow thou

(b) His Young Wife even
 in the Bride's Apartment.] The
 Text adds a thing with which
 our Language cannot be made
 to agree, for Homer says, You
 have made a Wife a Widow in
 the inmost Recesses of her new
 Apartment; to shew the Cu-
 stoms of the Wives of those
 Days, who kept themselves
 lock'd up in their Apartment
 without seeing any one, and
 never going out of it, but

upon religious Occasions,
 το ἐν μυχῇ θαλάσσῳ τισσῷ,
 says Eustathius, &c. In the
 Recesses of her new Apartment,
 she's a young marry'd Wo-
 man, and one that is withal ve-
 ry Prudent, who discreetly keeps
 her self in her Apartment
 without going abroad. But I
 know not which wou'd seem
 strangest now-a-days, this Ex-
 pression or these Manners.

" hast

" hast turn'd the Joys (*c*) of *Hymen*, But I
 " shall ease their Grief, when I have brought
 " Thy Head a Present, and resign'd thy Arms
 " To gentle *Pbrontis*, and to aged *Panthus*:
 " 'Tis now no time to talk; (*d*). let Strength
 " and Valour, And rough Encounter end the
 " Strife between us.

He spake; and with his Jav'lin smote the
 Shield Of valiant *Menelaus*, firm and solid,
 Not yielding to the Blow; whilst his weak
 Weapon Was blunted with the force: The Hero
 bore The Shock, then rousing with a Pray'r
 to *Jove*, Darted his Spear just as *Euphorbus*
 turn'd, Which struck his Throat, and pierc'd
 his tender Neck Quite thro': (*e*) he fell, and
 clashing his bright Armour Amaz'd the Trojan

(*c*) Of *Hymen*.] This is what *Homer* means by these two Words, *Δαλάμειον νύστον*, of her new Apartment. For it was the Custom to make new Apartments for young marry'd Women.

(*d*) Let Strength and Valour, and rough Encounter.] When we cannot translate litterally, we must endeavour at least to catch the Poet's Idea, and to give it as nobly as possible without digressing from it. This is what I always study to do, when I cannot follow *Homer*, and this is what I believe I have done here; *Homer* word for word says, But this Work (this Battle) will not be long without ma-

king a Tryal of Terror and Strength, and without being disputed. What is fine in the Greek wou'd not at all be so in our Langague, I have therefore taken the Idea, and have express'd it by another turn; the Learned will judge of it.

(*e*) He Fell.] *Homer* does not stop so long to mourn the Death of any Trojan as that of *Euphorbus*, and he does it to do more Honour to *Patroclus*, because it was *Euphorbus* that first wounded him. Besides he said at the end of the preceding Book, that the Plume of *Achilles*'s Cask was foil'd with Blood and Dust, and one wou'd think that he here means to

Troops:

Troops; his lovely Hair, Such as adorns the Graces, buckled up (f) In Gold and Silver Knots, was stain'd with Blood. (g) As when some tender Olive just exerting Its verdant Bows, in some sweet Solitude Grows by a River's side, till a rude Tempest Whirls round it, roots it from its Genial Bed, And leaves it dead, extended on the Plain: Such was the Youth and Beauty of *Euphorbus*, And such his Fall, whom *Menelaus* slew, And stript him of his Arms; (h) as when a Lion, Bred on the Mountains on his Strength relying, Selects

comfort his Reader, that is a Favourer of the Greeks, by shewing him *Euphorbus*'s Hair swimming in Blood. This is a Remark of *Eustathius*'s, which I think worthy of being quoted.

(f) *In Gold and Silver Knots.*] Here is a Trojan who uses Gold and Silver to adorn his Hair, which made *Pliny* say, that he doubted whether the Women were the first that us'd those Ornaments. *Est quidem apud eundem Homerum virorum crinibus aurum implexum: ideo nescio an prior usus à feminis caperit.* Lib. 33. Chap. I. He might likewise have strengthen'd his Doubt by the Custom of the Athenians, who put into their Hair little Grasshoppers of Gold.

(g) *As when some tender Olive.*] He compares a young

Handsom Soldier to an Olive rather than any other Tree, because the Olive constantly preserves its Beauty, and the Orientals did not think any Tree exceeded it for Beauty. Wherefore *David* promises as a Recompence of a good Man, Children which shall be round his Table like young Olive Trees, *Psalm 127.* and in *Ecclesiasticus*, Wisdom compares her self to an Olive Tree.

(h) *As when a Lion.*] From a Comparison of a tender and gentle Nature, Homer passes of a sudden to one of an impetuous and terrible Nature; and this Contraste makes here as great a Beauty as in Painting, where Contrarieties, judiciously placed, are wonderful; for it may be said that in Poetry and Painting Opposition is all in

a Bull the glory of the Herd, Then sets his Teeth (i) deep in his brawny Neck, Drinks up his Blood, and draws his reeking Entrails Forth from his Breast; the Shepherds and the Dogs Surround him at a Distance with loud Clamours, Not daring to approach: So stood the Trojans Aghast, nor durst encounter Menelaus, Who had with ease and glory born away Euphorbus' Arms. But jealous of his Glory, Phœbus incited Hector to engage him: And taking Menelæus's Shape, who to the War The stout Ciconians led, he thus began. "Hector! "in vain you follow, but can ne'er O'er take Achilles' Chariot, for his Steeds Are of immortal Race, nor will submit To bear the Rein from any other Hand Than his, to whom his Mother Goddess gave them. But see, Euphorbus, a most valiant Trojan, By Menelaus dies, bereft of Strength.

all. To conclude, the Exactness of this Image, wherein that which compares and that which is compared agrees in every part, manifests very plainly that when Homer makes any imperfect Comparisons, I mean such as only agree in only single Respect, it is not that he wants Genius or Strength to find others entirely exact, but because those very Comparisons which he makes have likewise their Beauty, as I have elsewhere made appear.

(i) Deep in bis brawny Neck.] I am very sorry that our Language is not capable of expressing it in a more noble Manner, but I chose rather to give it in vulgar Terms than not to give it at all. For this Particularity shews that Homer very well knew the Practice of brute Beasts. The Lion, as soon as he has siez'd a Bull, begins with breaking his Neck, because the Head of a Bull is the only Part that is to be fear'd.

He spake, and threw himself amidst the Slaughter. Then *Hector* found his Soul attack'd with Grief; And rowling round his Eyes amongst the Troops, Saw where *Euphorbus* lay, his Wound ejecting The Purple Blood, and *Menelaus* busie Unlading his bright Arms: He saw, but could not Sustain the Sight, then rushing thro' the Ranks, Rais'd a tremendous Outcry, like the noise Of crackling Flames, which cannot be extinguish'd; *Atrides* heard his Voice and was astonish'd, Then fighing inward to himself, thus spake.

" Unhappy *Menelaus*, to abandon Thy shining Prize, and quit *Patroclos* Body, Slain in my Quarrel, fighting to Revenge My injur'd Honour. Can I be so base, And not expect the *Grecians* should upbraid me? But tho' I scorn to fly, can I alone Sustain the shock of *Hector* and His Troops, Who soon will hem me in? for where he leads The *Trojans* follow: But my Doubts are Trifles, And I debate in vain; for where a Mortal Fights with a Hero by a God assisted, Death and Disgrace pursue the rash Attempt, For against *Jove* he Fights; then let not *Greece* insult me, (k) if from *Hector* I retire, Since *Jove* is on his side. (l) Yet could I hear My *Ajax* Voice, advancing to

(k) If from *Hector* I retire, since *Jove* is on his side.] Homer makes *Menelaus* great even in his Flight; he orders it so that this Prince does not retire from before *Hector* and all the *Trojans*,

which one wou'd thinke a pretty just Reason for retreating, but he makes him yield to *Apollo* himself, who Fights for his Enemy.

(l) Till child I hear my *Ajax* Voice.] I can never be

" assist

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" assist me, We two would join our Forces,
 " (m) and in spite Of an opposing God try the
 " Encounter, To save *Patroclus* Body, and re-
 " store it To great *Achilles*; this would ease
 " his Grief, And well attone the Slaughter of
 " this Day.

Whilst Doubts like these divide the Hero's Mind, The *Trojans* led by *Hector* were advanc'd; At last with Indignation he retreated, (n) And often turn'd his Head, and oft look'd back As he withdrew: So an old generous Lion, Unwilling leaves the Stall, by numbers forc'd Of Dogs and Herdsmen, arm'd with mighty Clubs, That raise loud Shouts and drive

tir'd with admiring Homer's Artfulness in illustrating the Valour and Glory of his Heroes. *Menelaus*, who sees *Hector* and all the *Trojans* rushing upon him, wou'd not retire if *Apollo* did not support them; and though *Apollo* does support them, he wou'd oppose even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very suitable to his Character; for *Ajax* was the bravest of the Greeks, next to *Achilles*.

(m) *And in spite of an opposing God.*] That is to say, not only against a Man animated by a God, but against that God himself. *Eustathius* upon this makes a Remark worthy of an Archibishop; he says that these

verses of Homer, *Let if I heard near me the Voice of the valiant Ajax, &c.* might come out of the Mouth of a virtuous Man, who seeing himself ready to be overcome by Temptations, and not finding himself sufficiently strong to resist them, might cry out: *Ah! if I heard near me the Voice of a real good Man, I shou'd not only resist this Temptation, but even the Devil himself.*

(n) *And often turn'd his Head.]* With what Address does Homer soften this flight, in order to excuse *Menelaus*? That Prince yields to a whole Army, and to an Army strengthen'd by *Apollo*, and yet he does not so yield but that from time to time he turns his Face, as if he were ready to stand it out.

him

him from his Prey: Thus *Menelaus* with Regret retir'd, And piercing through the foremost Ranks and Troops, Look'd round, and search'd the Plains for valiant *Ajax*; At length he found him to the Left, inciting His Men to stand the Charge, all fearful grown: For *Pbæbus* with new Terrors had amus'd them; To him he ran, and thus approaching spake.

" My dearest *Ajax*, let us haste and rescue
" *Patroclus'* Body, naked as it is, Perhaps we
" may convey it to *Achilles*: (o) For *Hector*
" has already seiz'd his Arms.

Thus he ; and *Ajax* with new Rage transported Follow'd the Hero to the foremost Ranks : But *Hector* priding in *Patroclus'* Spoils (p) Dragg'd him along the Plain, and would have lopp'd

(o) For *Hector* has already seiz'd his Arms.] Homer never does any thing without Reason: The Ancients have observ'd here that he causes the Arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector's* Power, to equal in some sort those two Heroes in the Battle wherein he is going to engage them. Without this, it might be urg'd that *Achilles* cou'd not have kill'd *Hector* if his Armor had not been made by the Hand of a God, and *Hector's* by the Hand of a Mortal; whereas they being both clad in Armor made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles's* Victory will be compleat, and in it's full Lustre. Besides this Reason, which is for Necessity

and Probability, there is another, which is only for Ornament; which is, that thereby Homer prepares the Episode in which he will describe the Fabrick of those new Arms, which *Vulcan* is going to make for *Achilles*; an Episode which containing allegorically the Fabrick of the World, will throw into his Poem an admirable Variety.

(p) Dragg'd him along the Plain.] Homer labours already beforehand to lessen in his Reader's Mind the Horror which he may conceive from the Cruelty that *Achilles* will soon exercise upon the Body of *Hector*. This Cruelty will be only the Pu-

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The Head from off the Carcass, and then thrown it A Prey to Vulturs and the Trojan Dogs; To him thus busie, *Ajax* with his Shield Before him born, like a vast Tow'r, drew near: At his Approach the valiant Chief withdrew Amidst the Throng, and reach'd his lofty Chariot: His Men convey'd *Patroclus'* Arms to *Troy*, The Ensigns of his Glory won that Day. Then *Ajax* o'er the mangled Body spread His spacious Shield, like some mad Lioness That guards her Whelps, when from the Forest side A Troop of Hunters rush to slay her Young: Her rowling Eyes proclaim her inward Rage, (q) O'er which with Anger knit, her Brows hang low'r-ing: So *Ajax* look'd, when hov'ring o'er *Patroclus*, Whilst *Menelaus* with full Strength sustain'd him. (r) And yet the sight of the

nishment of that which *Homer* here exercises upon the Body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he is persecuting off his Head, and designs to leave his Body upon the Ramparts, expos'd to Dogs and Birds of Prey.

(q) O'er which with Anger knit, her Brows hang low'r-ing.] It is in the Greek, He drops the Skin which is over his Eyebrows, and covers his Eyes with it. It is pretended that the Lion has above his Eyebrows a Skin which lets down when he is enrag'd, as if he wou'd not see the Danger. And this is what *Homer* here expresses,

as being perfectly well instructed in the Customs of irrational Creatures: but this Particularity wou'd not be ever beautiful in our Language, which wants noble Words to express these Details in a happy Manner. What I have put for it is shorter and says almost the same thing, and that too according to our own Manner.

(r) And yet the sight of the dead Coarse.] This Sentiment agrees mighty well with *Menelaus*, who sees *Patroclus* dead in his Defence, and *Homer* thereby conceals in some manner the too sen-

dead

dead Coarse redoubled His Grief, and oft he
turn'd to vent his Sighs.

Glaucus, mean while, the *Lycian* General,
With a stern Aspect thus upbraided *Hector*.

" *Hector*, thy Beauty and thy Mien are taking,
" Not so thy Courage; and I wonder much
" Whence thou, so prone to Flight, hast gain'd
" the Name Of a most valiant Leader: Think in
" time How to preserve your Self, your Town
" and Troops, Without our Aid; for not a
" *Lycian* Soldier Shall ever combat in defence
" of *Troy*, Whilst you Ungrateful thus requite
" our Valour. Which of our Men amidst the
" deadly Slaughter, When in Distress, was e'er
" reliev'd by you? Inglorious *Hector*! meanly
" to abandon *Sarpedon*, your Allie, your Friend,
" your Guest, Who when alive succour'd so
" oft your Town, Your Self, your Troops;
" yet you permitted him To be by *Grecians*
" plunder'd, and (s) by Dogs Devour'd.
" Now would the *Lycians* be advis'd, This
" Moment we would march into our Country,
" And let the Fate you merit fall on *Troy*. Had
" you that Bravery, which should inspire Those
" Men, who for their Country fight, with
" ease We might convey *Patroclus*' Body hence
" To *Ilium*, and present it to Old *Priam*:
" This would induce the *Greeks* to send us

sible Advantage *Ajax* has o-
ver him upon that Occa-
sion.

(s) By Dogs devour'd.]
Glaucus speaks thus, because

he does not know that *Sar-*
pedon's Body was carry'd off
to *Troy*, and that it was send-
ing embalm'd into *Lycia*.

" back (t) Sarpedon's Arms and Body in ex-
 " change; Achilles, who much lov'd him, and
 " whose Valour And numerous Host oblige the
 " Greeks to esteem him, Will soon engage the
 " Leaders to consent: But thou, afraid and
 " weak, wouldest not enconnter With valiant
 " Ajax, nor endure the Onset, And hast ac-
 " knowledg'd him the braver Man.

Him *Hector*, with Disdain regarding, an-
 swer'd. " Who can with Patience to thy
 " Words attend, *Glaucus*, so full of Insolence
 " and Fury? I once esteem'd thee as the wisest
 " Leader In all the *Lycian* Army, but I find
 " My Error, and with Reason now I question
 " Thy Sense and thy Discretion, who so falsely
 " Hast slander'd me, as if I fled from *Ajax*.
 " 'Tis not the Battle nor the numerous Foe
 " That can repell my Valour; but great *Jove*,
 " Whose Councils are above all human Wis-
 " dom, Oft fills the most Intrepid Heart with
 " Fear, And where he gives most Courage,
 " oft denies Success. But come and see, if I
 " have been Unactive, or deserve thy vile Re-
 " proaches, Unable to repel from dead *Patro-*
 " *clus* This *Greek*, who in thy Judgment far
 " exceeds me.

Thus he; then turning to the Troops. " Ye
 " Trojans! he cry'd, And *Lycians* and *Al-*
 " *lies*, fight on, And signalize your Valour
 " with fresh Slaughter, Whilst I retire to array

(t) Sarpedon's Arms and Body.] did not only use to exchange
 | Prisoners but Arms also.

" me

" me in the Arms Of dead *Patroclus*, who by
" this right Hand Was slain amidst the Throng
" of his own Troops.

He spake, and from the Field of Battel flew,
To overtake his Servants, at a distance (u)
Bearing *Patroclus*' Armour to the Town; But
ere they could reach *Ilium*, *Hector* came,
Then stripping off his own, he charg'd his Men
With the bright Load, and soon adorn'd him-
self In the Immortal Arms of great *Achilles*,
Which the Celestial Pow'rs to *Peleus* gave,
And he grown old deliver'd to his Son, Who
ere he reach'd that Age was doom'd to lose
them.

Him glittering afar in glorious Armour When
Jove perceiv'd, he shook his Head, and said :

" Unhappy Prince! who dost not see how
" near Death presses to o'ertake thee: Thou
" transported With Joy art clad in the Immor-
" tal Arms Of *Thetis*' Son, a Terror to all War-

(u) Bearing *Patroclus*'
Armour to the Town.] A
Difficulty may arise here, and
the Question may be asked
why *Hector* sent these Arms
to *Troy*. Why did not he
take them at first? There are
three Answers, and I think
them all plausible. The first,
that *Hector* having kill'd *Pa-*
troclus, and seeing the Day
very far advanced, was not
minded to take those Arms
for a Fight almost at an end.
The second, that he was im-
patient to shew to *Priam* and

Andromache those glorious
Spoils. Thirdly and lastly,
he perhaps at first intended
to hang them up in some
Temple. *Glanvius*'s Speech
makes him change his Reso-
lution, he runs after those
Arms to fight against *Ajax*,
and to take away *Patroclus*'s
Body from him. Homer never
fails to lay hold on the tender
Sentiments that any of the
Subjects he treats of can fur-
nish him with, and this has
a charming effect in his Poe-
try.

" riors.

" riors. His best and dearest Friend, re-
 "nown'd for Goodness And Valour, (w)
 " thou hast lately slain, and spoil'd him Of all
 " his Arms with Infamy, to thee Alas most fa-
 "tal Action! but thy Death Shall be with pre-
 "sent Glory recompenc'd, Since from thy
 " Limbs no more thy tender Wife, *Andro-*
 " *mache*, with pleasure shall unlade Thy shi-
 "ning Arms, returning safe from Battle.

He spake, and with a Nod confirm'd the Promise. At his Command the Armour clos'd round *Hector* (x) Well-fitted to his Limbs, as was his own. The Hero like the God of War appear'd, Breathing new Rage; a manly Force and Vigour Spread sensibly, and all his Veins enliven'd: Among the foremost Chiefs he stood environ'd, Shining afar, who took him for *Achilles*. He call'd the Leaders to a grand Assembly, *Mesthles* and *Glaucus*, *Ther-*
filus and *Medon*, *Asteropeus*, *Hippothous*, *Dise-*

(w) *Thou hast Slain.*] What a Funeral Elogium is this; and by whom made? By Jupiter himself.

(x) *Well fitted to his Limbs as were his own.*] The Arms made for *Achilles* cou'd not fit *Hector*. We see in Holy Scripture, that when *David* offer'd himself to fight *Goliath*, *Saul* gave that young Shepherd all his own Armour, but *David* having desired to try whether he could walk with those Arms, found that they encumber'd him, and

so laid them aside. 1 Sam. 17. Behold Nature in her perfect Simplicity: Behold Poetry too; as it disposes of Divinity, she has always Miracles in store, and still within Probability, for every thing is possible to God. God cou'd fit *Saul's* Arms to *David's* Shape; he does not do this Miracle, in order that he might do one altogether as great, but Poetry seeks for the most sensible Ornaments, and Homer has therein perfectly well succeeded.

nor, With *Phorcys*, *Chramius* and *Eunomus*,
The valiant Augur: These all gather'd round
him. To whom the Hero thus, (y) " Allies
" to *Troy*! Collected from the various Na-
tions round us: 'Twas not to People *Troy*
" we brought you hither, Already full of Men,
" but to assist us, And join our Forces to re-
" pel the *Greeks*, And save the *Trojan* Dames
" and Youth from Slav'ry. (z) For this our Peo-
" ple furnish your Provisions, And recompence
" your Services and Valour With Spoils, pro-
" portion'd to your high Deserts. For me,

(y) *Allies to Troy, collect-
ed from the various Nations
round.*] *Eustathius* has very
well explain'd the Artifice of
this Speech of *Hector's*, who
indirectly answers all *Glaucus's* Invectives, and humbles
his Vanity. *Glaucus* had just
spoke as if the *Lycians* were
the only Allies of *Troy*, and
Hector here speaks of the nu-
merous Troops of different
Nations, which he expressly
designs by calling them *Bo-
nderers upon his Kingdom*, there-
by in some manner to ex-
clude the *Lycians*, who were
of a Country more remote,
as if he did not vouchsafe
to reckon them. He after-
wards confutes what *Glaucus*
said, that if the *Lycians* wou'd
take his Advice they wou'd
go their ways home, for he
gives them to understand
that being hired Troops, they

are obliged to perform their
Bargain, and to fight 'till the
War was at an end.

(z) *For this our People fur-
nish your Provisions.*] In all
Ages the Prince drew from the
People wherewithal to main-
tain the Expences of War,
and pay his Allies - and to
this Use wou'd apply'd Tributes
and Taxes. *Ad hoc Tributa
præstamus*, says St. Austin, *ut
propter necessaria militi super-
dium præbemur*. Lib. 22. *Contra Faustum*. Cap. 74. But
here *Hector* does more than
receive the ordinary Tri-
butes, he oppresses, he exhausts
his People, because his En-
emies being the Masters of all
the adjacent Parts, he cou'd
only draw from the *Trojans*
wherewithal to defay the
Charges he was oblig'd to
be at in their Defence and
his own.

" my,

“ my Gratitude and liberal Hand Merit the
 “ Thanks and Praise of ev’ry Soldier. Do you
 “ perform your part, and be prepar’d To’ ex-
 “ pose your Lives with ours, to Dye or Con-
 “ quer, (a) For that’s the chief Condition of
 “ the War. Whatever Soldier in the Troops
 “ affists me To win *Patroclus*’ Body in the
 “ Combat, Shall be with me a Partner in his
 “ Spoils, And share the Glory of his Death
 “ with *Hector*.

He spake; and all the Troops with Spears erect Began a furious Onset on the Greeks, Hoping to win the Body from brave *Ajax*: Vain hope to many, who in numbers fell Beneath his Sword; as they drew near, the Hero Turning to *Menelaus*, thus began. “ My dearest Friend, how shall we shun the Danger, Surrounded by whole Troops? Fain I would save *Patroclus*’ Body from the Dogs and Vulturs, Expos’d a Prey, but now (b) my greatest care Is to preserve my Life and yours; for see, *Hector*, with all the Trojan Troops advances, Like a black Cloud just breaking on our Heads: Then haste, and call the *Grecians* to assist us.

(a) For that’s the chief Condition of the War.] The true Sense of these Words, οὐδὲ πολλούς δεσμούς, I take to be Such is the Bargain of War. They who hire Troops ought to pay and maintain them, and such hired Troops ought to Fight without sparing themselves, and to submit to

whatever the Necessity of War requires of them.

(b) My greatest Care is to preserve my Life and yours.] This is certainly true, that a live Man is more valuable than a dead one; and it is much better to save *Ajax* or *Menelaus*, than the Body of *Patroclus*.

Thus he ; and *Menelaus* straight obey'd,
Raising his Voice, and rous'd the drooping
Troops.

" Ye Greeks and Grecian Leaders and Al-
lies, Companions in the Banquet to our
King, Great *Agamemnon*, who rewards your
Valour: Commanders of the People, whom
dread *Jove* Trusts to your care: (c) All
Honour is from *Jove*: The Battel thickens,
and the Noise rowls this way, Forbidding
me to call the Heroes forth Each by his Name;
who does not see with Horror The Shame
that will o'ertake us, if we suffer *Patroclus*'
Body, on the Walls of *Troy*, To lie expos'd
a Prey to Dogs and Vulturs?

He spake, and *Ajax* Son of *Oileus* Obey'd
him first, and for the Fight prepar'd; Valiant
Idomeneus, and faithful *Merion* Who bore his
Arms, stood forth to follow *Ajax*. Who
could the Numbers tell of mighty Captains,
All in the Combat mixt, to share the Glory?

The *Trojans*, marching under *Hector's* Con-
duct, Began the Charge, and rais'd a dreadful
Shout: As when two Rivers, swoln with Rain,
encounter Just where they join the Sea, the
Waves drive back Far into Land, the hollow

(c) All Honour is from
Jove.] This I take to be the
Sense of *ἐν δὲ Δίδε τιμή*, &c.
it is God who bestows Roy-
alty, Command, Power. Quo-
niam dominatur excelsus in
Regno hominum, & cunctaque

voluerit dabit illud, Dan. 4.
14. Those who have receiv'd
from him this Sacred Cha-
racter, ought therefore to
employ it upon every thing
that is Great and Good.

Shores resound: With such a Noise the *Trojans* made their Onset, Whilst round *Patroclus'* Trunk the *Grecians* gather'd, With equal Courage, joining Shield to Shield, Like a firm brazen Rampart: But great (*d*) Jove Cover'd their Helmets with a Sable Cloud: (*e*) For as he did not hate *Patroclus* living, He would not suffer him, when dead, to be The Food of Beasts and Birds, and therefore rous'd The *Grecian* Forces to attempt his Rescue. At the first shock the *Trojans* push'd their Foes, But not a Man was slain; tho' all retir'd And left the Body, (*f*) which the Victors dragg'd Along the Plain; but soon the *Greeks* renew'd The Fight, for *Ajax* led them on, himself Companion of their Danger; who for Valour And Manly Grace, except the Son of *Thetis*, All other *Greeks* excell'd: He pierc'd the Ranks, And

(*d*) *Jove cover'd their Helmets with a Sable Cloud.]* As Jupiter honour'd *Sarpedon's* Death by raining down a shower of Blood, he here Honours *Patroclus's* Death by drawing a dark Cloud over the Combatants, and this Cloud is nothing but the Dust occasion'd by the Tumult of the Battel. Thus you see how Poetry magnifies and embellishes every thing.

(*e*) *For as he did not hate Patroclus living.]* That is to say, he liv'd him. Jupiter cou'd not but love such a Hero as *Patroclus*, who to a

proved Valour added a great deal of Goodness, for that is Jupiter's own Elogium of him. All valiant Men are not loved of God; but those who to their Valour join Goodness, those are such as he loves.

(*f*) *Which the Victors dragg'd along the Plain.]* Homer does not add this Particularity barely for the varying of his Poem, but to prepare his Reader to see *Achilles* exercise upon *Hector* the same Inhumanity that a Trojan here acts upon *Patroclus*, and thereby to lessen the Atrocity of the Thing.

drove

drove the *Trojans* back, who then were busie,
 Dragging *Patroclus* to their Walls in Triumph.
Hippothous, the valiant Son of *Lethus*, Fasten'd
 a Cord, and drew him by the Legs Along the
 Field, resolv'd to shew himself, By some im-
 portant Service done to *Hector*: But he was
 punish'd for the bold Adventure, Nor could
 his best Companions, tho' most willing, Bring
 him Relief: For *Ajax* rushing in, Smote him
 upon the Helmet with such force, The Cask
 gave way, and thro' the deadly Wound His
 Brains rush'd out, immixt with Purple Blood:
 He fell depriv'd of Strength, and lost his hold
 Of the dead Coarse, but tumbling lay beside
 it, Far from his Native Soil, fruitful *Larissa*,
 Not living to requite his tender Parents For
 all their Care in nourishing his Youth, Cut off
 by cruel *Ajax* in his Prime. *Hector*, inspir'd
 with Vengeance for his Death, His Lance at
Ajax threw, who watch'd the Blow, And
 stooping shunn'd it; but the Weapon, thirsting
 For Blood, on *Schedius* fell, the valiant Son
 Of *Iphitus*, the bravest of the *Phocians*, (g)
 Who reign'd in *Panope*, a wealthy City, O'er

(g) Who reign'd in Panope.] *Panope* was a small Town twenty *Stadia* from *Charonea* on the side of Mount *Parnassus*, and it is hard to know why Homer gives it the Epithet of famous, and makes it the Residence of *Schedius*, King of the *Phocians*; when it was but nine hundred Paces in Circuit, and had no Palace, nor Gymnasium, nor

Theatre, nor Market, nor Fountain, nothing in short that ought to have been in a Town which is the Residence of a King. *Pausanias* gives the Reasons of it in his *Phocicks*; he says, that as *Phocis* was exposed on that side to the Inroads of the *Bacilians*, *Schedius* made of *Panope* a sort of Cittadel, or Place of Arms; and as for

numerous Subjects: In the Throat it struck him, And to his Shoulder pierc'd: He fell to Earth, His pondrous Trunk and clashing Arms resounded.

Whilst *Phorcys*, the sage Son of *Pheonops*, press'd To rescue the dead Body of *Hippothous*, *Ajax* inflicted a prodigious Blow, That pass'd his Breast - plate, and his manly Stomach, Thro' which his Entrails issued, and with them His Soul; he fell, and graspt the Earth, expiring.

By such Exploits *Ajax* grew terrible To all his Foes: The foremost Ranks gave back, Ev'n *Hector* was amaz'd: The Greeks victorious Shouted to Heav'n, pursuing their Advantage, And dragg'd the Trunks of *Phorcys* and *Hippothous* Out from the slain, and spoil'd them of their Arms.

That Day the *Trojans*, by their Foe repuls'd, Must have retir'd within their Walls for Safety, And the brave *Greeks* by manly Force and Courage, In spite of *Jove's* dread Counsels, bore away The Honour of the Field, had not *Apollo* Encourag'd brave *Aeneas* to the Fight, Taking the Shape of (b) *Peryphas* the Herald, the Son

the Epithet, he tells us, that this Poet calls *Panope famous*, as he calls it in his *Odyssey* καλλίχορον, a Place wherein are beautiful Choirs of Dancers; because the Athenian Women used to have Dancings there every Year, when they went to *Parnassus*, to celebrate the

Feasts of *Bacchus*, as shall be more at large explain'd in the 11d Book of the *Odyssey*.

(b) *Peryphas the Herald.*] Eustathius from hence conjectur'd that this *Epytus* was an Herald, and that his Son *Peryphas* follow'd the same Profession, according to the

of

of *Epytus*, a Sage grown old, Together with his Sire, yet full of Prudence And Courage : Thus disguis'd, *Apollo* spake. (i) " *Aeneas*, is it possible to save Your *Troy*, altho' great *Jove* decrees its Ruin ? I've seen those Heroes who have forc'd the Fates To yield to Numbers, Strength and Fortitude, And that was their Relyance. You, alas ! Would force ev'n *Jove* to ruin you, (k) in spite Of his own Counsels ; for 'tis plain he's partial, And rather would bestow the Victory On *Troy* than *Greece* ; whilst you, devoid of Courage, Forfeit his Bounty by a shameful Flight.

Custom in those times ; for anciently the Children follow'd the Trade of their Fathers, which perhaps was not a bad Custom in-point of Policy. The Offices of the Heralds were to regulate Sacrifices, and all other Ceremonies, to mediate Alliances and all other Treaties, to summon Assemblies, to impose Silence on the People, &c.

(i) *Aeneas*, is it possible to save your *Troy*?] This is one of the finest and strongest Passages in Homer, and one of those that have been most disfigured by the Translation ; yet it is not obscure, and *Apollo* therein speaks with a Clearness and Eloquence worthy of that God. What cou'd be imagin'd more strong and more capable of animating

the Troops, than to say to them, *I have seen Armies gain by their Strength and Valour Victories against the Decrees of Destiny it self*; and you, to whom Destiny is favourable, and for whom Jupiter himself fights, you by your Cowardice loose all these Advantages. I do not believe that human Wit can carry it further, and 'tis these Touches that Demosthenes study'd in Homer, and which he so well knew how to imitate.

(k) In spite of his own Counsels.] What Homer says here of Jupiter's Orders being capable of Constraint, ought to be explain'd by the double Destiny which Homer has acknowledg'd, and which I have already mentioned. And there is nothing in it that is not conformable to

Struck with such piercing Words, *Aeneas* stood, Regarding well the Herald, but soon saw The God in that disguise, then fill'd with Joy Thus he began. “*O Hector, Trojan Chiefs, And you Allies, with what Disgrace we suffer The Greeks to drive our Troops along the Plain; And conquer'd by our selves and our own Fears, Retire, and seek our Safety in our Walls? Just now a God was sent from Jove, t' assure me He was propitious to the Arms of Troy: Only let us be worthy of his Aid, And once more try the Battle, nor permit The Grecians undisturb'd to bear away Patroclus' mangl'd Body to their Ships.*

He spake, and forward rush'd before the Ranks, Advancing to the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* follow'd; And first *Aeneas* smote *Leocritus, Arisbas'* Son, Companion of the War To *Lycomedes*, who beheld his Fall With Pity and Revenge; then threw his Spear At *Apisaon*, Son of *Hippasus*, In fair *Peonia* bred, in all that Nation The most renown'd, except *Asteropeus*; It pierc'd his Liver, and he tumbled dead. Struck with Compassion for his Death, the valiant *Asteropeus* rush'd forward to revenge

sound Theology, which teaches that God sometimes revokes his Decrees; witness King *Hezekiah*, to whom the Prophet *Isaiah* threatens Death, and bids him set his House in Order to prepare for it. That Pious King by his

Prayers and Tears changes that Arrest of Death, and obtains five Years more of Life, 2 Kings 20. Here then the Decrees of God are forc'd, for God, who is the Master of them, revokes them.

him,

him, And break the firm Battalions of the Greeks, Who stood unmov'd about Patroclus' Body, Joining their Shields, and lifting up their Spears. *Ajax* thro' all the Ranks his Orders gave, To keep their Ground, and neither to retire Nor to advance, but (1) to surround the Body, And foot to foot sustaining their Companions, Abide the furious Onset of the Trojans; What he commanded, all the Greeks obey'd. Then Streams of Purple Blood bedew'd the Plain, And many Heroes fell on either side, Of Greeks, and Trojans, and Confederates. But tho' the Greeks stood firmly, and sustain'd Each other, yet their Men in numbers fell, Tho' far inferior to the Trojan side. Both fought with martial Fury, not unequal To the most raging Fire; a pitchy Cloud Spread round them, so obscure, the Sun and Moon Were hardly safe, and fear'd to lose their Beams, Whilst round Patroclus' Trunk both Armies battled. In all the other Regions of the Plain, 'Twas rather Skirmishing than real Combat, The Air was clear, no Darkness from the Field Or from the Hills arose, but the bright Sun Darted his Beams and Glory undisturb'd; The Troops by turns reliev'd the Combatants, Sometimes they met, and sometimes fought at distance, With care avoiding one anothers Darts. But where the Fight was

(1) But to surround the Body.] For now the only business is to save the Corps of that Prince, and e-

very thing ought to concur to that End. This Order of Ajax's is very Wise, and like an experienc'd Captain.

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hottest, Noise and Tumult, And Darkness mixt
the Squadrons, undistinguish'd, And added to
the Horror and the Slaughter: In which the
most Adventurous soonest fell.

Mean while, two Heroes in the open Plain,
Antilochus and *Thrasymedes*, fought, Who had
not yet receiv'd the fatal News Of brave *Patroclus'* Death, but fancy'd him Engag'd in
Combat 'midst the thickest Troops.; Them-
selves unable to renew the Fight, By rallying
their Troops, at distance skirmish'd Along the
Plain, as *Nestor* had commanded, When
from the Fleet he sent them to the Field.

But still the sharp Contention for the Body
Of brave *Patroclus*, with fresh Rage con-
tinu'd: The Combatans with Dust, and Sweat,
and Blood, Their Legs, their Feet, their Eyes,
and Hands disfigur'd, Renew'd the Fight: the
Greeks to save the Body, The other side to drag
it to their Walls. (m) As when the Curriers,
in a Circle standing, Stretch with main Force

(m) *As when the Curriers.*] A more noble Comparison could not so well have express'd the Action that *Homer* means to describe, of several Warriours disputing for a dead Body, and which each of them is for carrying off. The Antients have mightily commended the Clearnes and Energy of this Image, εὐλεπτὸν οὐρανὸν εἶναι, says *Enstathius*, *opus*, &c. Tho' this Image be low and common, yet does it not fail to shine for its

Evidence, as the Antients have judg'd of it, for it clearly exposes to the Sight, what it is to represent. If now-a-days it does not appear so fine as it is, the fault partly lies in our Conception, which can hardly descend to what is barely natural, and 'tis partly the fault of our Language, which having nothing but plain Words to express these Images borrow'd from the Arts, cannot ennable them by the Style: Whereas *Ho-*

the

the Hide of some huge Bull Besmear'd with Fat ; each tuggs his brawny part, Then with fresh tin-
ture dawbs th' extended Surface : So to each
side both Armies dragg'd the Body, The Tro-
jans to convey it into *Ilium*, The Grecians to
their Ships ; the Slaughter thicken'd, And Death
shew'd all his Rage : (n) Not Mars himself, De-
lighting in the exercise of War, Nor Warlike
Pallas, tho' both join'd their Fury, Cou'd shew
a nobler Trial of fierce Combat : Such was
the hot Contention, which great Jove Decreed
in honour of *Patroclus*' Death.

Mean while *Achilles* in his Ships remain'd,
Not knowing that his dearest Friend was slain,
Who at a distance lay near *Ilium*'s Walls. The
Hero, not expecting such a Loss, Waited to see
him with his Spoils return, And full of Glory :
Well he knew, *Patroclus* Was not ordain'd to
sack the Walls of *Troy*, For to her Son fair
Thetis had disclos'd So much of Jove's De-
crees, but yet conceal'd, In Pity to his Grief,
that dire Event, That he should lose *Patroclus*
in the Fight.

mer had a wonderful Advan-
tage by his Language, which
furnish'd him with figurative
Words and an admirable Har-
mony. It appears by this
Passage that in Homer's Time
their *Leather-Dressers* had
that done by Men, which
ours now-a-days do by Stakes
upon which the Hides are ex-
tended upon the Earth.

(n) Not Mars himself —
nor Pallas.] A greater En-

comium cannot be given to a
Fight, than to say that nei-
ther *Mars* nor *Pallas* cou'd
find any fault with it; it may
be said, that this Praife is
very exact; for nothing can
equal either the Ardour, or
Order of the Combatants,
nor the Clearens in which
Homer sets before our Eyes
all that passes. We do not
read but see it.

But still with mutual Rage, the Greeks and
Trojans Urg'd one another on to fresh Adventures ; At length a Noble *Grecian* thus began.
 " Can we for Shame retire and seek our Ships ?
 " Much rather let the yawning Earth devour,
 " And swallow us up quick, ere with Dishonour We leave the *Trojans* Masters of the
 " Body, Or let them bear *Patroclus* to the
 " Town.

With equal Bravery a *Trojan* Chief Stood forth, and animated thus his Troops. " Here
 " let us die upon *Patroclus* Body, And not a
 " Soldier be so base to fly.

These Words inspir'd the Troops with double Courage : The Horrour and the Slaughter still increas'd, Whilst thro' th' unbounded Regions of the Air The Noise of clashing Armour reach'd the Skies.

Thus whilst they fought, at distance from the Plain Th' Immortal Steeds of great *Achilles* stood, Who when they found *Patroclus* left behind, By *Hector* slain, whom next their Warlike Master They willingly obey'd, (o) with flowing Tears They mourn'd his Loss ; nor could *Automedon*, Tho' oft he us'd the Rein, and oft his Hand, And sometimes sooth'd and

(o) *With flowing Tears*
they mourn'd his Loss.] Fable gives to Beasts all the Sentiments of Men, it makes them Weep, Reason, and Speak ; much more had Homer the Liberty in his Fable to make the immortal Horses

of *Achilles* weep. This Poet animates every thing, the Heavens, the Sea, Forests, Jav'lins, Stones ; everything has Manners in his Verses, and this renders his Poetry so lively, that every thing after it appears languishing

some-

sometimes menac'd them, Prevail to drive them onward to the Fleet, Or to the field of Battle: they unmov'd (p) Stood, like a Column on some Sepulcher, Fix'd to the Ground; they droop'd their brawny Heads; Their Manes were stain'd with Dust, and from their Eyes Huge drops of Tears fell, and bedew'd the Plain, Such was their Love and Sorrow for Patroclus! (q) Great Jove with Pity saw their mournful State, Then shook his awful Head, and thus began.

" Unhappy Steeds! why were you made a Present To Peleus, he of Mortal Race, and you Immortal, free from Death, and from Decay? Was it to make you share the Miseries Of Man, than whom of all that Move and Breathe, (r) There lives not a more wretched helpless Creature? But be appeas'd,

and flat. Virgil has imitated this Passage of Homer, when in speaking of Pallas's Horse, he says:

*Post bellator equus positis insig-
nibus Aethon
It lacrymans, guttisq; bume-
flat grandibus ora,*

(p) *Stood like a Column on some Sepulcher.]* Homer alludes to the Custom they had in those Days of putting Columns upon Tombs, on which Columns there were Chariots with two or four Horses. This furnish'd Homer with this beautiful Image, as if these Horses

Chariot

meant to remain there, to serve for an Immortal Monument to Patroclus.

(q) *Great Jove with Pity.]* I think this is very fine, that Homer shou'd make Jupiter to be touch'd at the Affliction of these immortal Horses. The Poet very well comprehended that God's Goodness extended over every thing, not only over Men but Beasts.

(r) *There lives not a more wretched Creature.]* He must certainly be very wretched, since he makes that wretched which is not of a Nature to be so.

" for

" for *Hector's* not decreed To triumph in that
 " Chariot, which you Draw; That Honour
 " I'll refuse him: Is it not Enough, that he
 " has won *Achilles'* Arms, (s) And prides
 " him in those Spoils? Let that suffice; To
 " you I'll send new Strength and matchless
 " Courage, That you may bear *Automedon* in
 " safety From the fierce Combat to *Achilles'*
 " Tent: Since'tis already fix'd by my Decrees,
 " (t) The *Trojan* Troops should Conquer, and
 " repell The *Grecians* to their Fleet, till the
 " bright Sun Descends into the Ocean's watry
 " Bed, And Night with mantling Clouds o'er-
 " spread the Skies.

He spake, infusing all the Strength he promis'd them, Whilst the enliyen'd Horses rais'd their Heads, Shook off the Dust, that gather'd on their Manes, (u) And bore the Rapid

(s) *And Prides him.*] For he did not gain these Arms in fair War, since he only kill'd *Patroclus* after *Euphorbus* had wounded him.

(t) *The Trojan Troops should conquer.*] It is worth observing with what Art and Economy Homer conducts his Fable, and brings on the Catastrophe. *Achilles* must hear of *Patroclus's* Death; *Hector* must fall by his Hand: This cannot happen if they still fight around the Body of *Patroclus* under the Walls of *Ilium*. Therefore, to change the Face of Affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raise

the Courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulse and chase the *Greeks* again as far as their Fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth, tho' without Arms, and thereby every thing comes to an Issue. He that translated it, *I will be still favourable to the Greeks*, was very far from perceiving the Art of the Poem, and *Homer's* Address. 'Tis a very gross Fault, which the Sequel only might have prevented him from being guilty of.

(u) *And bore the Rapid Chariot into Battle.*] This was against his Will, for the

Chariot

Chariot into Battle Amidst the thickest Throng
of Greeks and Trojans. *Automedon*, beset with
inward Grief, Gave way to Valour and Impe-
tuous Rage, And rush'd upon the Foe like a
swift Hawk, Chasing the frightened Doves; some-
times he push'd The Ranks, then nimbly shunn'd
the growing Danger : But as he was alone
within the Chariot, His Arms were useless,
which he could not wield At the same time,
and guide the flowing Reins. *Aleimedon*, La-
erces' valiant Son, Saw him at last, and came
behind the Chariot, Then thus. " What God,
" *Automedon*, inspiring Pernicious Counsel,
" has depriv'd your Mind Of all its wonted
" Wisdom, that alone You drive thus fur-
" oully into the Battle, In great *Achilles'* Cha-
" riot? Is it thus, You would revenge *Patro-*
" *clus*, and recover His Arms, which *Hector*
" now in Triumph wears.

To him *Automedon*. " No other Greek In
" all the Troops can boast an equal Art With
" thee, to tame the Fury of these Steeds, By

Horses ran away with him,
as he himself will soon ac-
knowledge: These Horses do
of themselves, and alone,
what they were us'd to do
when they bore *Achilles* to
the Fight. Thus this Par-
ticularity is not added as a
Rashness, or Madness in *An-*
temedon. Homer thereby makes
the Elogium of these Horses,
or rather that of *Achilles*,
as our Troops one Day made
that of one of the greatest

Leaders France ever had ;
That General was just kill'd;
the Army was in a Consten-
nation seeing it self depri-
ved of their Leader, under
whom that could not be
vanquish'd, and not knowing
what Course to take, in sight
of the Enemy ; strait the
Soldiers cry'd out, *Let Pyeball*
loose, (this was the Name of
that great Man's Horse) be
will lead us where we ought
to go.

" Birth

" Birth Immortal: None beside *Patroclus* Was
 " famous in that Art, who now lies slain;
 " Therefore do thou ascend into my Seat, And
 " take the Reins, whilst I on Foot engage.

Thus he: *Alcimedon* obey'd his Words, And
 mounting the swift Chariot, (w) took the
 Reins; *Automedon* alighting, join'd the Com-
 bat: *Hector* beheld them, and address'd him-
 self To brave *Aeneas*, fighting by his Side.

" *Aeneas*, Trojan Prince, see, where the
 " Steeds Of Great *Achilles* mingle in the Bat-
 tle, Under the Care of two weak Chario-
 teers; With ease we may attempt to make
 them Prize: Then join your Force with
 mine, yon feeble Greeks Will soon retire,
 unable to resist us.

Anchoris' valiant Son obey'd his Words,
 Glad of th' occasion to exert his Valour: Then
 both advanc'd together, with their Shields Sha-
 ding their manly Shoulders: With them march'd
Chromius, and graceful *Aretus*, both big With

(w) Took the Reins.] There was but one Driver, since *Alcimedon* was alone upon the Chariot; and *Automedon* was got down to fight: But in Poetry, as well as in Painting, there is often but one Moment to be taken hold on. *Hector* sees *Alcimedon* mount the Chariot before *Automedon* was descended from it, and thereupon judging of their Intention, and seeing them both as yet upon the Chariot, he

cries, *Aeneas*, &c. and he calls them both Drivers, in Mockery, because he saw them take the Reins one after the other, and as it were saying, that this Chariot had two Drivers, but never a Fighter. 'Tis one single Moment that makes this Image. In Reading the Poets one often falls into great Perplexities, if one does not rightly distinguish the Moment in which they speak.

a vain Hope to slay *Automedon*, With his brave Friend, and seize *Achilles'* Steeds; Unhappy Youths! not destin'd to return, Both without Loss; whose fond ambitious Hopes The Spear of stout *Automedon* would tame: Who having pray'd to *Jove*, perceiv'd new Strength And Vigour in his Limbs, then to his Friend And Charioteer *Alcimedon* he spake.

"Keep near me with the Chariot, whilst I
"fight: (x) And let me feel the glowing
"Breath behind me Of the Immortal Steeds:
"For see, bold *Hector* Comes on us, resolute,
"when we are slain, To seize *Achilles'* Horses,
"mount his Chariot, And break the firm Bat-
"talions of the Greeks, Or in this Enterprize
"to meet his Death.

He added not; but to th' *Ajaxes* call'd
And *Menelaus*, "Ye renowned Leaders!
Let other Heroes with their Spears defend
Patroclus' Body, but do you make haste, And
succour us who live, help to sustain us,
Against the two most valiant Chiefs in *Troy*,
Aeneas and Stout *Hector*, now advancing;
Th' Event is with the Gods, let *Jove* decide
it, But on my part no Courage shall be
wanting.

He spake, and threw his Lance, which smote
the Shield Of *Aretus*, and pierc'd the yielding

(x) *And let me feel the Glowing Breath behind.]* For he will always be at the Head of those Horses, lest *Hector* should find means to get between them, and thereby make himself Master of

them, by making his Companions attack him, and throwing himself upon *Automedon* who alone upon that Chariot would not be able to make any great Defence.

Brass,

Bras's, Thence near his Belt ran deep into his Belly: As when a Hunter with some massy Weapon Lays at a savage Bull, that tries to gore him: He wounded stamps, then with a dreadful Noise Tumbles to Earth; so stamping with the Pain, The Hero fell, and thro' the gaping Wound His Soul went out, Death clos'd his Eyes in Darkness. Then *Hector* at *Automedon* discharg'd His Spear, who stooping forward, shunn'd the Blow: The Spear far off fell quiv'ring to the Ground. Just as the Heroes drew their Swords to meet Each other in the Combat, both the *Ajax* Drew near, obliging *Hector* and *Aeneas*, With *Chronius* to retire, and leave the Body Of *Aretus*: Then with a Look like *Mars*, *Automedon* despoil'd him of his Arms, And priding in his Victory, thus spake. "Tho' far inferiour Thou to
" great *Patroclus*, Yet in my Mind I find my
" Grief abate, Since I have sent this Victim to
" his Manes.

He spake, and laid the Armour in his Chariot, Cover'd with Blood, then mounted to his Seat With the stern Visage of some savage Lion, Just reeking from the Slaughter of a Bull.

Mean while the Battle o'er *Patroclus*' Body Grew hotter still, with Blood and dreadful Slaughter. *Minerva*, from the Skies dispatch'd by *Jove*, Came down to rouse the Courage of the Greeks, Quite spent with long fateague; as, when fair (y) *Iris* Extends her Bow along the

(y) Iris extends her Bow.] | extraordinary Rainbows for a
For the Ancients took these | sign of War or Tempest, in

painted Air, Portending War or Tempests to the World, Driving the Lab'lers from their wonted Task, And Cattle to the Shade ; just so the Goddess, Hid in a livid Cloud, came down to Earth, And join'd the Grecian Troops ; near Menelaus She stood, and thus incited him to Battle, Assuming *Phœnix* Voice, and Look, and Shape.

" O Son of *Atreus* ! yours will be the Shame,
 " If great *Patroclus*' Body be expos'd To Dogs
 " and Vulturs, at the Walls of *Troy* ; There-
 " fore renew the Battle, and lead on Your
 " Troops to shed their last Remains of Blood.
 To him *Atrides* thus. " Renown'd for
 " Wisdom, And sage Experience, by old Age
 " confirm'd ; Would *Pallas* with new Force
 " and Strength inspire me, And guard me from
 " the Darts - that shour around me, Soon I
 " would try to save *Patroclus*' Body ; For
 " whom no *Greek* with Grief like mine is
 " pierc'd : But *Hector*, like consuming Flames,
 " destroys On every side, and *Jove* with Glo-
 " ry crowns him.

Thus he: *Minerva*, pleas'd to hear the Hero
 Invoke her Deity with Pray'r before All other Gods, infus'd new Strength and Vigour
 Thro' all his Limbs, and gave him Confidence
 In War, (z) such as the Fly, bold in Attacks, Untam'd and petulant, exerts; oft bea-

like manner as Comets. | better to any thing than to
Pallas, who descends from that Meteor.
 Heaven to rekindle the Com- | (z) Such as the Fly.] If
 bat, cou'd not be compar'd Homer had said, and inspire

ten From his firm hold, as oft he turns and fastens, Till he has gorg'd his thirsty Throat with Blood: Such a desire of Slaughter and Revenge The Goddess gave to Menelaus' Soul, Who straight advancing o'er Patroclus Body, Aim'd his long Spear, and scatter'd Death a-round.

Among the Trojan Troops there stood a Chief, Podes, Eetion's Son, valiant and rich, Belov'd by Hector, in whose private Pleasures He often shar'd, to whom he made his Court: Him Menelaus, as he turn'd from Fight, Smote near the Belt; he fell in clashing Armour, Whilst Atreus' Son dragg'd him with mighty Force To his own side; Apollo then drew near To Hector, in the Shape and Looks disguis'd Of Phanops, Son of Asius, who dwelt In fair Abydos, near the Hellespont, Then thus. "O Prince, will ever Grecian Soldier Be frighted at thy Name, or dread thy Prescence, Who sees you fly from Menelaus? once thought None of the bravest Warriors; from whose Spear

him with the Strength of a Fly, it would have been ridiculous because of the Smallness of the Animal; but he says the Boldness of a Fly, for the Fly of all Creatures is the most bold and obstinate. There is no Meanness in this Comparison; a Hero may be compar'd to a Fly, as a wise Man is compar'd to an Ant; for the Action and not the Animal ought to be consider'd, and 'tis that renders

the Comparison noble. Lukan, in the Elogium he makes of the Fly, has not forgot this Passage. Besides, the Fly is a Creature that Poetry can very easily ennable. M. de la Fontaine has done so, by calling it Daughter of the Air; Homer has embellish'd divers Places of his Poem with several Comparisons all borrow'd from the Fly, and the Ancients prais'd him for it.

" You

" You shamefully retire, and let him rescue
 " Patroclus' Body from amidst your Troops;
 " Already he has slain Eëtion's Son, Podes,
 " your Friend, ev'n at the Army's Head.

These Words with deep Resentment stung his Breast, He grasp'd his Arms, and to the Van advanc'd; (a) Then Jove held forth his mighty shining Shield, Fam'd *Egis*, rouling round the Top of *Ida* A pitchy Cloud, from whence he flung his Lightning, And sent his rattling Thunder thro' the Plains, Turning the Greeks to Flight; whilst to the Trojans He bent his Aid, and crown'd them with Success.

Bæotian Peneleus began the Rout, Whom, as he fac'd the Troops, *Polydamas* Smote on the Shoulder, and oblig'd to turn. *Hector* on *Leitus*, *Alectrion*'s Son, Incessant rush'd, and struck him on the Hand, And forc'd him to retire; but as he try'd On every side t' escape impending Fate, Disabled and dismay'd, *Hector* pursuing Had slain him, but *Idomeneus* stepp'd in, And dealt a Blow on *Hector*'s manly Breast: His Armour stood the Shock, but the weak Spear Broke near the Point; the Trojans shout for joy. Then *Hector* tow'r'd *Idomeneus* advancing Flung his long Lance, to reach him in his Chariot; Near him it flew, but lighted on *Cæranus*, Who from the Town of *Lyctum*

(a) Then Jove held forth his mighty shining Sbield.] What Poetry! and how short is my Translation of the Number and Harmony that Homer has thrown into these

four Verses! The Poet here shews very clearly that Jupiter's *Egis* is nothing but Clouds big with Storms, Thunder, and Lightning.

came to *Troy*, With stout *Meriones*, and bore his Arms, and drove His Chariot: (b) *Merion* fought that Day on Foot, And by his Death had added to the Triumphs Of *Hector* and the *Trojans*, but *Cæranus* Came timely to his Aid, and brought his Chariot To rescue him from Death, himself was slain By *Hector's* Hand; between his Cheek and Ear The Spear went in, dash'd out his solid Teeth, And clove his Tongue in twain; he tumbling left His Seat and dropt the Reins, which *Merion* stooping Took up, and mounting his high Chariot, thus Spake to' *Idomeneus*. “ Haste, let us “ fly To reach our Ships, for Victory has left “ The *Grecian* Troops. *Idomeneus* obey'd, And fill'd with Terrors, from the Battle drove.

(b) *Merion* fought that Day on Foot.] Of all the Passages of Homer this is the most knotty and obscure. The Obscurity proceeds from this, viz. After having put in the 611th Verse, the Accusative *κοίπαρον*, without a Verb to govern it, he adds a Parenthesis of five Verses, which takes the History higher, and which explains how this *Coiranus* come to be there, to lose his Life. The only way to clear up this Passage, is to suppose the Verb *σύταξε* wounded, after the Accusative *κοίπαρον*; the word *πτέρ* ought to be understood of *Merion*, and not

of *Coiranus*: for it was *Meriones* that would fight on Foot, and *Coiranus* brought him his Chariot very seasonably, for he sav'd his Life by losing his own. If one wou'd make ones self merry at the perplexity of the Interpreters, one need only read their Translations. *Enstathius*, who well perceiv'd the Disorder of this Passage, gives to understand that *Homer* affected this Obscurity to proportion his Diction to the Disorder and Confusion of the Battle he speaks of: but I rather believe he thought that very clear, which to us seems very obscure.

Ajax

Now Ajax and the Warlike Menelaus
Perceiv'd, that Jove had alter'd his Decrees, De-
claring for the Trojans; then the Son Of Te-
lamon his valiant Troops bespake.

" There's none so stupid, but with ease may
" see, That Jove will give new Glory and
" Success To Hector and the Trojans; for
" their Darts, Whether from weak or war-
" like Hands they come, Give Wounds or
" Death; (c) whilst ours are thrown in vain,
" And only wound the Earth; What then re-
" mains? But to advise how we may save the
" Body, And to our Fleet retire, to cheer our
" Friends, All glad at our return; who now
" from far Behold us lab'ring against Hector's
" Valour, Expecting ev'ry Moment we should
" yield, And leave the Fleet a prey to Trojan
" Flames. Fain I would find some trusty
" Greek to bear The News to great Achilles,
" who perhaps Knows nothing yet of his Pa-
" troclus' Death. (d) But I look round in
" vain; both Men and Horses Are hid in
" Clouds and Night; O Jove! dispel The
" Darkness, and renew the Day and Light:
" And if we must be slain, let the Sun see
" it.

(c) Whilst ours are thrown
in vain.] This is common
in Fear; as it takes away
the Strength, so it hinders
the Soldiers from being good
Marksmen.

(d) But I look round in
vain.] For they mult not
send the first Comer, but a
Man that may be agreeable
to Achilles.

Thus

Thus he ; great Jove in Pity to his Grief
 (e) Remov'd the Cloud, and clear'd the shining Air : The Sun returning, on the glitt'ring Troops Shed his thick Beams ; then thus to Menelaus The Hero spake. " Look round you, thro' the Ranks , If you can find Antilochus, the Son Of aged Nestor ; let him be dispatch'd (f) This Moment to Achilles, to acquaint him, That he, whom most he lov'd, is slain in Battle.

He spake; the Hero took his sage Advice, And left Patroclus' Body with regret : So from the Herd unwillingly retires The hungry Lion,

(e) Jove remov'd the Cloud.] To make the Beauty of this Passage of Homer appear, I shall only set down Longinus's Words, who writes thus, Chap. 9. I shall not tire you if I relate a Passage of the same Poet, when he speaks of Men, to shew you how much it was Homer's Custom to raise himself even to the most heroic Sentiments, when he describes the Character of a Hero. Thick Darkness and an obscure Night had in a Moment cover'd the Grecian Army, and binder'd them from fighting ; then Ajax, not knowing what Course to take, cries, Great Jove, dissipate this Obscurity which covers the Greeks, &c. This is a Sentiment truly worthy of Ajax, he does not pray for Life, that Prayer is too unworthy of a Hero ; but because in that thick Darkness he cou'd not employ his Courage to any glorious

Purpose, and being vext that he must stand there with his Arms a-cross without being able to fight, he only begs that the Day may appear, as being well assur'd of putting an End to it worthy of his great Heart, tho' Jupiter himself shou'd happen to oppose his Efforts. In effect, Homer in this Passage is like a favourable Wind which seconds the Ardour of the Combatants, and he is agitated with the same Fury, &c. Thus you see how a great Critic examines Poetry, and makes the Beauties of it visible.

(f) This moment to Achilles.] Ajax chuses Antilochus preferably to the rest, because he was Achilles's best Friend and Companion, and because he was fitter than any body to comfort him at the same time that he carries him this Sorrowful News.

having

having spent the Night In Combat with the Rusticks and their Dogs : Oft he exerts himself to win his Prey, By Hunger press'd, but show'rs of Arrows flying, And Torches, which to him more dreadful seem Than Arrows, force him, pining with Disdain, To fly for refuge to the Neighb'ring Forest : Thus *Menelaus* from the Field withdrew, For much he fear'd the drooping *Greeks* would quit *Patroclus*' Body ; as he turn'd, he spake To *Merion* and th' *Ajaces*. “ Valiant Leaders, “ (g) Think on *Patroclus*' Goodness and “ sweet Temper, (h) Admir'd by all when “ living ; see, he lies Expos'd to rude Indigni- “ ties ; do you Save his Remains, in pity to his “ Merit.

Thus he ; then ranging forward, threw his Eyes Along the Ranks with piercing Quick-ness, like An Eagle, among Birds the most dis-cerning, That tho' high tow'ring in the Clouds, can spy, Close in a thick-set Brake, a fearful

(g) Think on Patroclus' Goodness and sweet Temper.] This is a fine Elogium of *Patroclus*, Homer dwells upon it on purpose, least *Achilles*'s Character shou'd be mistook, and to shew by the Praises he bestows here upon Goodness, that *Achilles*'s Character is not a Character commendable for Morality. *Achilles*'s Manners, entirely opposite to those of *Patroclus*, are not Morally good, they are only Poetically so, that is to say,

they are well mark'd, and discover before hand what Resolutions that Hero will take. As hath been at large explain'd upon Aristotle's Poeticks.

(h) Admir'd by all when living.] It is in the Greek, he had learnt to be Good-natur'd to all the World during his Life. And it is pretended, that the Philosophers took from hence the Opinion, that Virtues might be learnt as well as Sciences.

Hare,

Hare, Then stooping seizes, and devours his Prey : Thus *Menelaus*' sparkling Eye-balls rowl'd Among the Grecian Troops, at length he spy'd Old *Nestor*'s Son, amidst the thick Battalions, Cheering his Men, and fighting on the Left ; To him approaching, thus the Hero spake.

" *Antilochus*, draw near and learn the News,
" Fatal to Greece : Would I were not to tell
" it ! Jove has decreed the Vict'ry to the Tro-
" jans ; *Patroclus* (*i*) in our Troops the bravest
" Man, Beloved by all the Leaders, is no
" more. Do you this moment to the Fleet
" repair, And tell *Achilles* of his fatal Loss,
" That he may come and aid us, to retrieve
" His naked Trunk, for *Hector* has his Arms.

Thus he ; *Antilochus* with Horror thrill'd At the sad News, awhile he stood unmov'd With Grief ; the Tears ran trickling down his Cheeks : At length, as *Menelaus* bad, prepar'd To run, and (*k*) gave *Laodocus* his Arms, Who drove his Chariot : Thro' the Field he fled, Still weeping by the way ; but *Menelaus* Staid not to aid the *Pylian* Troops, oppress'd With numerous Foes, and (*l*) weaken'd by the Absence

(*i*) In our Troops the bravest Man.] *Patroclus* was not the valiantest of all the Greeks, for he was not so valiant as *Ajax* or *Diomed* ; but by the Greek Troops Homer here means the Myrmidons, the Troops of *Thessaly*.

(*k*) Gave Laodocus his Arms.] He gives him his

Arms, not that he might thereby make the more haste, for he might have gone in his Chariot ; but he leaves his Chariot and Arms, that the Enemy might not be aware of his coming, but might take *Laodocus* for him.

(*l*) Weakened by the absence of *Antilochus*.] How artful

Of

Of stout *Antilochus*, to fill whose room (*m*)
He order'd *Thrasymedes* to sustain them: Himself returning to *Patroclus*' Body, And to both
Ajax thus address'd his Speech.

" *Antilochus* is gone to bear the News To
" great *Achilles*; but in vain we think, Tho'
" much enrag'd at *Hector*, he will come (*n*)
" Naked without his Arms into the Battle;
" Therefore let us redouble all our Strength,
" To save *Patroclus*' Body, and our selves,
" And Troops, from *Hector* and the furious
" *Trojans*.

He spake: Without delay, the valiant Son
Of *Telamon* reply'd. " No better Counsel
" Could any Leader give: Do you and *Me-*
" *lion* Take up the Body, I and my brave
" Brother, Advancing, will support you, and
" receive The shock of *Hector* and his firm
" Battalions: Already we have try'd it, and
" have stood.

Thus he: Then the two Heroes join'd their
Strength, And lifted up the Trunk, and bore
it off: Which when the *Trojans* saw, with
furious Onset They rush'd upon the *Greeks*,

is this, to praise *Antilochus* by
the Mischiefs that his Ab-
fence is going to bring upon
his Troops!

(*m*) He order'd *Thrasymedes*
to sustain them.] *Menelaus*, im-
patient to repair to *Patroclus*'s
Body, does here the Duty of
a good General, not to leave
these Troops without a Lea-
der capable to make amends

for him he had taken away
from them.

(*n*). *Naked without his
Arms.*] This is an ingeni-
ous way of making the Va-
lour of *Achilles* appear great-
er, who, tho' without Arms,
goes forth, contrary to the
Expectation of *Ajax* and
Menelaus.

like hungry Hounds That, swifter than their
Hunters, fly t' assault A wounded Boar, to
to make his Flesh their Food: But as he turns
to meet them with his Tusks, Affrighted they
retire, and are dispers'd: So rushing on the
Greeks, the *Trojans* ply'd Their Spears and
Swords; but when the valiant Brothers Ad-
vanc'd to meet them, all astonish'd stood, Pale
and dismay'd, nor durst pursue the Charge To
gain their Prize; whilst from the Field of Bat-
tle They bore *Patroclus'* Body to the Fleet;
The dreadful Rout pursu'd them in the Rear,
(o) With such Confusion, as attends wild
Flames Devouring some great Town, the tot-
t'ring Houses Sink into Ruin, whilst the flut-
t'ring Winds Spread Desolation round: Such
was the Fury And Rage, with which the *Trojan*
Troops and Squadrons Chas'd the retreating
Grecians to the Fleet.

The Heroes bore the Body to the Trench:
(p) As when two toiling Oxen draw
some Beam, From a steep Mountain, thro' a

(o) *With such Confusion as attends wild Flames.*] In pro-
portion as the Battel and
Danger encreases, Homer's I-
magination grows warm, and
'tis this produces that crowd
of Comparisons and Images,
alone capable of setting be-
fore our Eyes the Objects
which that Poet forms to
himself, and which he means
to represent.

(p) *As when two toiling Oxen.*] Homer is admirable
in the Images he gives; this
here is an admirable Description. The *Greeks* in Confu-
sion, *Merion* and *Menelaus*
bearing the vast Corps of
Patroclus, and the two *Ajaces*
who alone make the Rear
Guard, and who sustain all the
Efforts of the *Trojans* led on
by *Hector* and *Aeneas*.

rugged

rugged Way, (q) Or a tall Mast: They sweat, and strive and strain Their utmost Strength: So these, with equal Labour Convey'd their Load: Whilst the two *Ajax* stood The Shock of all the Troops, firm and unmov'd: As when a Mound, that runs along a Mead, Resists the flushing Inlet of a Stream, And guides it in its proper Source and Channel, Not yielding to the Waves: So the two Heroes Repell'd the *Trojan* Force, tho' mighty *Hector* And stout *Eneas* still pursu'd the Chace. As when a flock of Cranes or noisie Geese Gather at sight of a devouring Hawk, Routing with cruel Rage the lesser Birds: So press'd by *Hector* and *Anchises'* Son, The *Grecians* fled astonish'd thro' the Plain, And as they fled, along their deep Intrenchments They strow'd their Arms, yet still renew'd the Combat.

(q) *A Beam or Mast.*] Eu-
stathius observes that Homer
chooses a Mast and a Beam as
the two most necessary things

to Men, the Beam for the
support of a House, and the
Mast of a Ship for Naviga-
tion and Commerce.





A R G U M E N T O F T H E E I G H T E E N T H B O O K.



CHILLES is seiz'd with inexpressible Grief at the News of Patroclus's Death. Thetis makes a Journey from the Bottom of the Sea to comfort him. She engages him to refrain the Battle 'till she had brought him a new Sett of Armour, which she was then going to intreat Vulcan to make for him. The Hero, unarm'd, by Order from Juno, presents himself in full View of the Trojans near the Intrenchments. His Presence dismays the whole Army. They retire, and lose a great many of their best Commanders in the Retreat. The Myrmidons bear off Patroclus's Body, which they wash, and fill up his Wounds with Perfumes. Vulcan is employed in ferging a new Sett of Armour for Achilles.





Achilles hearing the news of Patroclus's Death, is grievously lamenting him, is comforted by Thetis, who exhorts him not to Fight, till she brings him New Armour.

B. 28.

JK 2018 Jan





THE
I L I A D
O F
H O M E R.

B O O K X V I I I .



HILST Greeks and Trojans with redoubled Fury, Raging like Fire, renew'd the dreadful Combat, *Antilochus* to great *Achilles* bore The fatal News; who to his Ship confin'd, Foreboding in his anxious Mind, revolv'd The sad Event that had already happen'd; For sighing, thus he vented his deep Sorrow. " Alas! why is it that I see the Greeks Retiring to their Fleet? has Fate brought on me What my prophetick Soul so long presag'd? My Mother *The-tis* warn'd me of the Mischief, And said,

" (a) the bravest of my *Myrmidons* Should
 " in my Life-time perish by the *Trojans*. (b)
 " I fear *Patroclus* has confirm'd those Words,
 " And is no more; rash Youth! in vain I
 " gave him Strict Charge, when he had sav'd
 " the Fleet from Fire, To quit the Fight, and
 " (c) not engage with *Hector*.

To him thus pensive, *Nestor's* valiant Son
Antilochus drew near, and told the Message.
 " Alas! great Son of *Peleus*! you must hear
 " Sad Tidings: Wretched I, who must pro-
 " nounce them! (d) Your dear *Patroclus* lies
 " among the Slain; This Moment they are

(a) *The bravest of my Myrmidons should in my Life-time perish.*] *Thebis* had made this Prediction to him, without naming the Person whom it threaten'd.

(b) *I fear Patroclus has confirm'd those Words.*] The Greeks being routed, *Achilles* conjectures that *Patroclus* is dead, for *Patroclus* being alive it was impossible for the *Trojans* to obtain so great an Advantage. This is a great Elogium for *Patroclus*; but there is something here still more worthy of Consideration; it ought to be observ'd with what Art *Homer* feigns *Achilles* thus disposing himself to hear the dreadful News of his Friend's Death: the Poet thereby prevents the terrible Consequences which that News might have occasion'd to so

fierce and intractable a Temper as that of *Achilles*; since notwithstanding his being prepar'd he gives such a loose to his Grief, what might he not have done if that News had been declar'd to him at a time when he did not expect it.

(c) *And not engage with Hector.*] *Achilles* did not name *Hector* in the Orders which he gave to *Patroclus*, he only bade him, beware lest some God shou'd descend, &c. giving thereby to understand that no Man cou'd of himself have overcome *Patroclus*, and here he judges that he who kill'd him cou'd be no Body but *Hector*, but *Hector* seconded by a God.

(d) *Your dear Patroclus lies among the Slain.*] I cannot do better in this Place than translate *Eustathius's* Re-

" fighting

" fighting for his Body, Naked he lies, for *He-*
" *tor* has his Arms.

Thus he; a Cloud of Sorrow, black and horrid, Involv'd the Hero's Soul and Face with Darkness. With furious Hands he

mark, for it is very excellent and solid. This Speech of Antilochus, says he, ought to serve as a Model for the Brevity with which so dreadful a piece of News ought to be deliver'd, for in two Verses it comprehends the whole Affair, the Death of Patroclus, the Person that kill'd him, the Contest for his Body, and his Arms in the Possession of his Enemy. Besid's, it shou'd be observ'd that Grief has so crowded his Words, that in these two Verses he leaves the Verb *ἀμφιμάχονται*, they fight without its Nominative, the Greeks or the Trojans. Homer observes this Brevity upon all the like Occasions. The Greek Tragic Poets have not always imitated tis Discretion of Homer's. Eupirides is he that has most fail'd therein, by making long Recitals upon the most melancholly Occasions; Homer alone ought to be follow'd. In great Distresses there is nothing more ridiculous than a Messenger who begin: a long Story and pathetick Descriptions; he speaks without being heard, for the Person to whom he addresses himself has no time to attend him; the first Word which discovers to him his Misfortune has made him deaf to all

the rest. Thus far the good Archbishop of Theffalonica. It were to be wish'd that many of our Tragic Poets had profited by this Remark, and seen the Beauty and Necessity of Homer's Briefness upon these Occasions; for the greatest Part have committed inexcusable Faults in this Respect. Homer, by the Strength of his happy Genius, knew what was decent, or perhaps he had seen Models of what was truly beautiful in some Books of the holy Scripture; for this Brevity is therein divinely observ'd, of which I shall give a very plain Example: The Israelites had been beaten by the Philistines; a Man who was escap'd from the Battle goes to give an account of this fatal News to Eli, and says: *Fugit Israel coram Philistinum, & ruina magna facta est in populo; insuper & duo filii tui mortui sunt Ophni & Phineas, & arca Dei capta est.* Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also great Slaughter among the People, and thy two Sons also, Hophni and Phineas are dead, and the Ark of God is taken; 1 Sam. 4. 17.

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(e) strow'd the filthy Ashes Upon his grace-
ful Head and purple Robe, And rowl'd him
in the Dust: The Captive Maids, Whom his
own Valour and his Friend's made Prize, Ran
from the Tent, and mingled in his Sorrows;
With mournful Groans and Cries they beat
their Breasts, And funk beneath the load of
pressing Grief. *Antilochus* was Partner in their
Woe, And floating in his Tears, hung on the
Arms Of *Peleus'* Son, (f) least his excess of
Sorrow Should push him on some desperate
Attempt Against himself; but it burst forth in
Groans, And dreadful Outcries, full of wild
Despair.

His Mother *Thetis*, tho' remov'd far off
Deep in the low Abysses of the Sea, Whereby
old *Nereus* her great Sire she fate, Heard his
Complaints, and echo'd to his Cries. The Nmaids,
her Attendants, took the Signal, And gather'd
round her, *Glance*, and *Thalia*, *Cymodoce*, *Ne-
sea*, *Spio*, *Thoa*, The lovely *Halia*, and *Cymo-
thoe*, *Actaea*, *Limnorea*, and *Melita*, Amphi-

(e) Strow'd the filthy Ashes.] That is to say, he took the Ashes off the Hearth. The Picture which Homer makes here seems to me admirable; Achilles's Character is therein very well pursued.

(f) Least his excess of Sorrow shou'd push him on some desperate Attempt.] I take this to be the most natural Sense that can be given to Homer's Verse. *Eustathius* gives it another Meaning, which seems

to me to be very wide. He says, *Antilochus* must be understood to hold Achilles's Hands to hinder him from casting any more Ashes upon his Head; and that Achilles sigh'd for fear lest *Hector* shou'd cut off *Patroclus'* Head; I think this very flat, and a certain Sign that it cannot be Homer's Thought; besides, the Text is not capable of such a Meaning, without suffering extream Violence.

b. w. o. t. b.

thea,

thae, *Jara*, and *Agave*, *Dato*, *Pherusa*, *Proto*, *Dynamene*, *Callianira*, and *Dexamene*, *Amphinome*, and *Panope*, and *Doris*, *Nemertes*, and the famous *Galatea*, *Apsendes*, *Clymene*, *Callianassa*, *Janassa*, *Mera*, *Orytba*, *Janira*, And fair *Amathia*, with her flowing Hair, With others from the Ocean's depths uprising; Who fill'd the fair Apartment of the Goddess, All sharing in her Grief, they beat their Breasts. To whom the Goddess thus her Woes reveal'd. "Hear me, ye
 " Sister *Naids*, whilst I tell The sad Occasion
 " of my deep Distress; Alas! Unhappy me
 " a wretched Mother! I brought a Hero forth,
 " renown'd for Valour, (g) Who like an O-
 " live grew in fertile Ground, Set by some care-
 " ful Hand; to *Troy* I sent him To practise
 " Arms, thence never to return, And see the
 " Palace of his Father *Pelous*. Yet whilst he
 " lives, in Sorrow he consumes The Day,
 " nor can I help him, tho' a Goddess. But I
 " will fly, and learn the mighty Cause Of his
 " Distress, what 'tis disturbs his Soul, Whilst
 " safe from Battle in his Fleet he lies.

This said, she left her Watry Seat; the *Naids*
 All weeping follow'd her, the Waves gave
 way To let them pass; then to the *Trojan* Shore

(g) Who like an Olive
 grew.] *Thetis* says here that
 she had the Care of her Son's
 Education, and this is the
 Duty of all Mothers. More-
 over, what *Thetis* says here
 is not contrary to the Re-
 port that *Achilles* was put

into the Hands of *Chiron*;
 for that Goddess does not
 here explain the Means she
 made use of for his Educa-
 tion, and it appears at the
 end of the eleventh Book that
 that Centaur had instructed *A-
 chilles* in a great many things.

Swiftly they swam, where stood *Achilles*' Ship
 With the *Theffalian* Fleet, that throng'd
 around him. To him amidst his Sighs his aw-
 ful Mother Appear'd, and caught him in her
 Arms, then mingled Her Tears with his, and
 thus at last began. "Why is my Son in Tears?
 " What fatal Sorrow Reigns in thy Mind?
 " Conceal it not from me. Thy Pray'rs to
 " *Jove* were heard: At thy desire The *Greeks*
 " are by their stronger Foes repuls'd, Reduc'd
 " to ask thy Aid in their Distress.

Thus she: *Achilles* with a Sigh reply'd. "My
 " dearest Mother, *Jove* indeed has granted
 " That part of my Request: but what will that
 " Avail my Grief, since my *Patroclus* lies Slain
 " in the Field? dear to me as my self, Whom
 " more than all the *Greeks* I lov'd and ho-
 " nour'd. (b) My strong, my shining Arms
 " are *Hector's* Prize, The Present of the Gods,
 " to *Peleus* sent, When they permitted you to
 " fill his Arms; Tho' he a Mortal, You of
 " Race Divine. Would he had chose a Wife
 " among his Equals, Whilst You below, with
 " your Immortal Naiads, Had sported with the
 " Waves; but now (i) embracing A Mortal,

(b) *My strong, my shining Arms are Hector's Prize.*] The Affliction which *Achilles* shews that those divine Arms are in the Possession of *Hector*, is well placed here, for it grounds and prepares the Consolation which *Thetis* is going to give that Hero,

by promising him new Arms more beautiful than the former.

(i) *Embracing a Mortal, in a Mortal's Grief you share.*] I have express'd the Sense which is suspected, for it is easy to see that in the 88th Verse *τύδια*, &c. there

" in a Mortal's Grief you share: And shall be
 " wail my Fall, who well you know Am fa-
 " ted never to return from Troy. My Life
 " and all its Commerce is become My Plague:
 " nor can I bear it, till I reach The hated
 " Soul of *Hector* with my Spear, And on his
 " Head revenge *Patroclus*' Death.

To him his Mother, weeping, thus reply'd.
 " Alas, my Son! your Grief brings on your
 " Fate; For after *Hector*'s Death you soon
 " must fall.

Then thus *Achilles*, groaning in his Soul.
 " Let me this moment die, since Fate deny'd
 " me The Honour to relieve my dearest Friend.
 " Far from his Native Soil he fell, (k) in
 " vain Imploring my Assistance and my Aid.
 " And since I never shall revisit Greece, Or
 " Peleus' Court, nor could protect my Friend,
 " and my Companions in the Battle slain, From
 " *Hector*'s Sword, but here among the Ships
 " Remain an idle burden to the Ground, Tho'
 " I am thought most terrible in Battle, Nor

is a Reticence, and that there
 is wanting, you have marry'd a
 Mortal for, &c. λείτες γά
 απόδ, χωρῆς τὸ ἵνεβλαθες εὐρῆ
 ἡ περιχθόης αὐτοστοι, &c. En-
 fathius.

(k) In vain imploring my
 Assistance.] The Ancients
 thought there was a great
 deal of Difficulty in this
 Passage, which they read ve-
 ry differently; see *Eustath.*
 p. 1133. As for my part I
 think the Sense may be ex-
 plain'd in two Words; οὐέος
 δύοιος αἰπές αλκήρας γναθός.
 δύοιος is for εἰσιν, he beg'd
 be implor'd, and αἰπές is the
 Genitive of the Word αἴπα,
 which signifies Death. There
 is a very natural Sentiment
 in these Words of *Achilles*.

yield

" yield to any other Chief in Valour, (l) In
 " Counsel far inferior own'd to many: —
 " Then let Contention and let Anger cease,
 " Both from the Gods and Men: tho' oft
 " they force The wisest of Mankind into Ex-
 " cess, And render them Implacable and Fu-
 " riouſ. (m) Revenge is sweet as Honey to
 " the Taste, And gathers in the Breast like
 " mantling Smoak. Me Agamemnon has pro-
 " vok'd to Rage: But since 'tis past, let me
 " forget th' Affront, And stifle my Resentment,
 " and suppress My Rage, which to Necessity
 " must yield. I go to find the Mard'rer of
 " my Friend, And meet that Fate which Jove
 " and all the Gods Have on my Head decreed:

(l) *In Council far Inferior own'd to many.*] There is here a manifest Reticence, and therefore I have added these Points Achilles meant to have added, why then shou'd I desire to live? or something like it; but he leaves his Discourse interrupted, and passes to the occasion of his Misfortunes. This Reticence does very well here; the Ideas ought to be confounded in such a Man as Achilles, and in such a Circumstance too. To conclude, in those Heroick Times there were but two ways of gaining Esteem, Valour in War, and Eloquence in Councils. And therefore you see that Achilles, after having justly attributed to himself the highest degree of Va-

lour, adds with some sort of Disdain or Contempt, *for as for Eloquence I leave it to others.* Which gives a pretty remarkable stroke to that Hero's Character; a Man like Achilles shou'd make small account of Words, and give all to Action and Valour: *nihil non arroget armis.*

(m) *Revenge is sweet as Honey, and gathers in the Breast like Smoke.*] It appears by this Passage that Homer perfectly well knew the Nature of Anger. It is nothing but the Fermentation of Blood which at first is excited like a small Vapour. But this Vapour thickens and increases by little and little till it has darken'd the whole Brain, and masters all the Faculties of the Soul.

" not

a (n) not Hercules Himself, tho' dearer to
 " his Father Jove Than all his other Sons,
 " could conquer Fate: By which, and Juno's
 " deadly Hate, he fell; So shall I fall, if
 " Fate has so decreed. Yet e'er I fall, Re-
 " nown shall be my Share: And this right
 " Hand shall force some Trojan * Dame To
 " weep like me, bedewing her fair Bosom,
 " and sighing to the Winds. The Foe shall
 " find, How much my (o) Absence from the
 " Battle weighs; Therefore perswade me not,
 " I stand resolv'd To Fight, tho' you my Mo-
 " ther should oppose it.

Thus he: then Thetis. " (p) 'Tis a good
 " Design, I own it, to (q) assist your droop-
 " ing Friends; But how can you engage, whose
 " Arms the Trojans Have won, and Hector

* He speak this of Andromache.

(n) Not Hercules himself.] Achilles, like a Man full of Glory, and the Son of a Goddess, takes none but fine Models; he chuses Hercules who was the Son of Jupiter, and who had fill'd the Universe with the Noise of his immortal Actions. These are the Sentiments of a real Hero.

(o) My Absence.] It is but Seventeen Days, but that's a long while for such a Man as Achilles, who languish'd for fighting; for desire of a thing makes a Day seem an Age, which gave Occasion to the Greek Pro-

verb, οἱ μοχούρτες, &c. Those who desire any thing, grow old in a day.

(p) It is a good Design.] A Goddess cannot oppose the doing of what is honourable and glorious; Thetis is here the true Pattern of a generous Mother, whose Son has taken to the Trade of War. She ought to consent to every thing that may acquire him Glory; she shou'd oppose nothing but his Temerity.

(q) To assist your drooping Friends.] But Achilles cannot succour his Friend, nor save his Life since he is dead.

" years

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" wears the shining Spoils, Exulting in the
 " Prize; but long he shall not boast his Suc-
 " cess, for Fate is just behind him. Only do
 " you restrain, till my Return; To Morrow, at
 " the rising of the Sun, I'll bring you better
 " Arms of *Vulcan's* Making.

Thus spake the Goddess, parting from *Achilles*; Then turning to her *Naids*, " Go, she said, Down to the Seas below, to aged *Nereus*, There tell him my Success: Whilst I repair To *Vulcan*, to intreat him, for my Son With his own Hand to forge Immortal Armour.

She spake: The *Naids* plung'd into the Ocean: The Goddess to *Olympus* took her Way.

Mean while the *Greeks*, pursu'd by valiant *Hector*, Fled to the *Hellespont*, to reach their Ships: *Patroclus'* Body was not yet convey'd To any safe Retreat, remote from Danger: For *Hector*, raging like a mighty Flame, With Troops and Chariots follow'd in the Rear; Three times he seiz'd the Legs of dead *Patroclus*, With dreadful Shouts inciting his brave *Trojans*: As oft the Warlike *Ajax* made him

It seems therefore more proper for the Goddess to have said, If it be glorious to assist one's Friends, and to save their Lives, it is likewise glorious to revenge them. But this she was cautious not to say; she does not enter into that Spirit of Revenge with which her Son is animated; it wou'd have been too contrary to Mora-

lity for a Goddess to have authoris'd Revenge: she on the other hand endeavours to inspire him with Sentiments more worthy of him and her self, by insinuating that it will be glorious for him to relieve the *Greeks* in the Extremity they are reduced to.

quit

BOOK XVIII. OF HOMER. LLI

quit His Hold : Yet more enrag'd, sometimes he rush'd Among the thickest Throng, and sometimes stopt To call his dingring Squadrions on to Battel. As Troops of Rusticks, that surround a Lion Rending his Prey, attempt in vain to drive him : So nor could both th' *Ajaces* with joint Valour Remove brave *Hector* from *Patroclus'* Body : And he had seiz'd the Prize and bore it off, But *Iris* from *Olympus* took her flight, By *Juno* sent, apart from all the Gods And *Jove* himself; she to *Achilles* came, Then thus. " Arise, O most " renown'd in War, Great Son of *Peleus*, " and relieve *Patroclus*; For him the Armies " combat near the Fleet : The *Greeks* to save " his Body, and the *Trojans* To drag him into " *Ilium*; *Hector* leads them, Hoping to smite " his Head from his fair Trunk, And fix it on " the lofty Tow'rs of *Troy*. Then rise, nor " shamefully behold your Friend Eaten by " Dogs: The Infamy is yours.

To whom *Achilles*. " (r) Which of all " the Gods, O *Iris*, has dispatch'd you on this " Message?

Then *Iris*. " *Juno* sent me, Wife of *Jove*: " Nor he, nor any of the Gods beside, Are " conscious to this Embassie. Then thus, The Son of *Peleus* answer'd. " How can I Engage

{q) Which of all the Gods
has sent you?] *Achilles* is amazed, that a Moment after
the Goddess his Mother had

forbid him fighting, he shou'd receive a contrary Order from the Gods: Therefore he asks what God sent her.

et in

" in Fight ; (s) since *Hector* has my Arms ?
 " *Thetis* forbade me to begin the Combat Till
 " her Return, who now at high *Olympus* Sol-
 " licits *Vulcan*, to supply my Loss With Ar-
 " mour of his Making. (t) There's no Greek
 " In all the Troops, except the valiant Son Of
 " *Telamon*, whose Arms will fit my Limbs :
 " And he, as I believe, is now engag'd In the
 " first Ranks, to rescue dead *Patroclus*.
 Thus he : Thus lovely *Iris* soon reply'd.
 " We know your Arms are by the *Trojans*
 " seiz'd, But, naked as you are, march to the
 " Field, And (u) near the high Intrench-

(s) Since *Hector* has my Arms.] There are here two Reasons which make against *Achilles*'s going to Battle. The first, that it is Foolhardiness to go naked against arm'd Men, and against *Hector* who has Divine Armour ; and the second, that *Thetis* requir'd of him to stay 'till she return'd. If *Patroclus* fared so ill for having disobey'd *Achilles*'s Orders, what will not befall *Achilles* if he disobeys *Thetis*'s Order ! But can such an impetuous Temper as that of *Achilles* contain it self in so exact a Decorum ? We shall presently see what Means *Homer* finds for this.

(t) There is no Greek whose Arms will fit my Limbs.] It is here objected against *Homer*, that since *Patroclus*

took *Achilles*'s Armour, *Achilles* might have taken *Patroclus*'s ; but, besides that *Patroclus* might have given his Armour to his Squire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans*, by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles* ; this Objection may be likewise very solidly answer'd by saying that *Homer* has prevented it, since he made *Achilles*'s Armor fit *Patroclus*'s Body not without a Miracle, which the Gods wrought in his Favour. Furthermore, it does not follow that because the Armour of a large Man fits one that is smaller, the Armour of a little Man shou'd fit one that is larger.

(u) Near the high Intrenchments show your self.] A Hero

" ments

" ments show your self: Perhaps the *Trojans*,
 " frightened at your Presence, May leave their
 " Prize, the *Greeks* renew their Courage: At
 " least you'll give some Respite to the Com-
 " bat.

This said, the nimble *Iris* soon withdrew: *Achilles* rose, and round his manly Shoulders (w) *Minerva* threw her Shield, her painted *Aegis*, And with a shining Cloud adorn'd his Head, That sparkled Flames; as (x) when the curling Smoak Ascends the Skies, from

as *Achilles*, and who has just lost the Man he lov'd best in the World, is not likely to refuse shewing himself to the Enemy, for the single Reason of having no Armour. Grief and Despair in a great Soul are not so prudent and reserv'd; but then on the other side, he is not to throw himself in the midst of so many Enemies arm'd and flush'd with Victory. Homer gets out of this nice Circumstance with great Dexterity, and gives to *Achilles*'s Character every thing he ought to give it, without offending either Reason or Probability. He feigns, with Reason, that it was *Juno* that sent this Order to *Achilles*; for *Juno* is she who has the Care of Princes and Kings; 'tis she who inspires them with what they owe to their Dignity and Character.

(w) *Minerva* threw her *Aegis*.] 'Tis impossible to imagine sublimer Poetry. Ho-

mer, in speaking of *Diamond* arm'd, compar'd him to the Dog-star; but here, in speaking of *Achilles* unarm'd, the Poet outdoes himself; it is *Pallas*, who her self composes a marvellous Armour for *Achilles*. That Hero all glittering with Fire is cover'd with the Immortal *Aegis*, and with a Cloud of Gold, so that Homer thereby has the Secret of making a God of him, and representing him in some manner like *Jupiter* himself, who bears the *Aegis*, gathers the Clouds, and darts the Lightning; for the three Names of *Jupiter* are *Διός*, *Ιπέρηματος*, and *αὐτοπτής*.

(x) *The curling Smoke.*] For Fites in the Day time appear nothing but Smoke, and in the Night time Flames are visible, because of the Darkness. And thus it is said in *Exodus*, That God led his People in the Day time with a Pillar of Smoke, and in the

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som

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Some large (*y*) Island Town Besieg'd by Foes, that had consum'd the Day In dreadful Combat: When the Night comes on, The Watch-Tow'rs hang their flaming Signals out, To call the Neighbouring Forces to their Succour: So from *Achilles*' Head the Fire ascended, When near the high Intrenchment he appear'd, Not mingling with the Greeks, for much he fear'd To disobey his Mother; but he call'd With a loud Voice, and (*z*) *Pallas* join'd her Outcries; Filling the *Trojan* Troops with dread and tumult: So the (*a*) Shrill Trumpet pours a dreadful Echo, and animates the Soldiers to the Charge:

Night time with a Pillar of Fire. Per Diem in Columna nubis, & per Noctem in Columna ignis.

(*y*) *An Island Town.*] Homer here makes choice of a Town placed in an Island, because such a Place being besieg'd has no other Means of making its Distress known than by Signals of Fire; whereas a Town upon the *Terra-firma* has other Means to make known to its Neighbours the Necessity it is in.

(*z*) *Pallas join'd her Outcries.*] It was neither natural nor probable, that the sole Voice of *Achilles* shou'd scare the *Trojans*, and put them to flight; therefore Homer joins *Pallas's* Voice to his. As much as to say, that God upon that occasion render'd *Achilles's* Voice much stronger than it naturally was; or rather he gives to *Pallas* the

Outcry made by the whole Grecian Army when they saw *Achilles*.

(*a*) *So the shrill Trumpet pours a dreadful Sound.*] I have already observ'd, that when the Poet speaks as from himself, he may be allow'd to take his Comparisons from things which were not known before his Time. Here he borrows a Comparison from the Trumpet, as he has elsewhere done from Saddle-Horses, tho' neither the one nor the other were us'd in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan War*. *Virgil* was less exact in this respect, for speaking of the Sacking of *Troy* he says:

Exoritur e'amorque virum clangorque tubarum.

On a sudden are heard the Cries of Men, and the Sound of Such

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Such was the Voice of *Peleus'* valiant Son ;
The *Trojans* were astonish'd, and their Courage
Abated at the Sound ; their frightened Steeds, (b)
Foreboding Danger, turn'd, and bore their Chariots
Back towards *Troy*, nor could the Charioteers
Manage the Reins : Themselves with
equal Horror Beheld the Flame that from *Achilles'* Crest
Shone terribly, illumin'd by *Minerva*. Three times from the high Rampart
Peleus' Son Utter'd his Voice ; three times the
trembling Squadrons Gave back, and in con-
fusion spread the Plain. Twelve of their Chiefs
amidst the dire Confusion Were over-turn'd,
and dy'd between the Wheels Of their own
Chariots, or untimely rush'd On their own
Arms. Mean while the *Grecian* Troops A-
midst the showring Arrows sav'd the Body Of
dead *Patroclus*, bore him from the Field, And
laid him on a Bed : Around his Friends Stood
weeping, and *Achilles* with the rest Mingled
his Tears, renewing his Distress At sight of
him he lov'd ; whom late he sent In warlike
manner with his Arms and Chariot Forth to
the Field, in worse Array returning.

Trumpets. As *Virgil* wrote at a time more remote from those Heroick Ages, perhaps this Liberty may be excused. But I am of Opinion, a Poet had better confine himself to Customs and Manners, like Painters, and that it is equally a fault in either of them

to ascribe to Times and Nations any thing that they were unacquainted with.

(b) *Foreboding Danger.*] Homer here gives to the Horses of the *Trojans* a kind of Understanding and Foreseeing.

And

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And now, by Juno's dread Command, (c) the Sun Unwillingly descended to the Ocean; As he withdrew, the Greeks gave o'er the Combat: The Trojans too retir'd, and freed their Steeds From the stiff Rein; then all the warlike Leaders, Deferring their Repast, to a grand Council Assembled in Confusion: deadly Terrors Had seiz'd their Minds; Achilles, by his Presence, So long retiring, and so soon return'd, Fill'd them with Fear; not one of all the Chiefs Offer'd to fit; then the Sage Son of Pantheus, Polydamas, whose Mind with prying Insight Things past, and future saw, who long had follow'd Hector in Arms, they two of equal Age, One common Birth-day shar'd, but Hector was Most fam'd for War, Polydamas for Counsel: Thus to the Trojan Chiefs address'd his Speech.

" In free Debate what Measures to pursue,
 " Is all our present Care; (d) For me, I judge
 " No other way so safe, as to draw off Into
 " the Town, and not expect the Morning
 " Here in the Plains, nor stay so near the

(c) *The Sun unwillingly descended to the Ocean.]* This therefore is the Night of the seventeenth Day since Achille's Anger, and of the sixth since the Battles recommenc'd. This Day is well fill'd, for it begins with the Eleventh Book, and takes up those Seven last Books, and one half of this.

(d) *For me I judge it safe to draw off.]* This Advice of Polydamas was very prudent; Homer therein makes appear the Wisdom of a great General. Therefore Alexander the Great us'd to say, he learnt his Trade in the Works of this Poet.

" Fleet,

" Fleet (e) Far from our Walls; when Pe-
 " leus' Son, enrag'd At *Agamemnon*, from the
 " Fight withdrew, 'Twas not so hard a task
 " to beat the *Grecians*; Then willingly I should
 " have pass'd this Night Incamping near the
 " Fleet, which might next Day Surrender to
 " our Arms; but now the sight Of Great *A-*
 " chilles fills my Soul with Terror: So vio-
 " lent he is, he will not bear To be restrain'd
 " within these Plains, so lately The Field of
 " Battle, where both *Greeks* and *Trojans* Try'd
 " one another's Strength, and shar'd the Slaugh-
 " ter; But will attempt our Walls, and me-
 " nace Slav'ry To all our *Trojan* Dames:
 " Then let us haste, By my Advice, and lodge our
 " weary Troops Behind the Ramparts, and
 " the Walls of *Troy*. The (f) Night has
 " forc'd *Achilles* to retire, And to defer his
 " Rage; but with the Morning He'll soon re-
 " turn in Arms, and if he find us Incamping,
 " make (g) some *Trojan* feel his Presence.
 " Happy are those who then can fly to *Ilium*,
 " When Numbers shall be left a prey to Dogs
 " And Vulturs; let the Gods avert that Evil,
 " And may I never hear such deadly Tidings.

(e) *Far from our Walls.*] Here is another Passage which clearly proves that old *Troy* was a great deal further from the Sea than new *Troy*.

(f) *The Night has forc'd Achilles to retire.*] In those Times they did not use to attack Places or fight Battles in the Night.

(g) *Make some Trojan.*] By this *some body* he means *Hector*, who will be slain by *Achilles*. *Polydamas* is not willing to give a more plain Description of him, for fear it might prejudice his Design.

" But

" But if we take the Counsel I have given ;
 " Tho' much dismay'd, we may in Safety pass
 " The Night, and fortifie the Gates and Walls
 " With Barriers, firmly join'd, place all our
 " Guards, and Man our Tow'rs ; that with
 " the Morning Light, All ready for a vigorous
 " Defence, We may expect the Greeks ; then
 " if Achilles Should issue to attack us, he may
 " find His Measures fail, and with Regret re-
 " turn Back to his Ships, when he has tir'd him-
 " self, And his immortal Steeds, in coursing
 " round Our Walls ; for Valiant tho' he is
 " and Warlike, He shall not force our Walls
 " nor ravage Troy, But sooner leave his Car-
 " cass for our Dogs.

Thus he : Thus *Hector* with a furious Look
 Regarding him, reply'd. " Polydamas, When
 " you advise us to return to *Troy*, Your Coun-
 " sel ill agrees with *Hector's* Soul : Have not
 " our Troops been Pris'ners long enough In
 " our own Tow'rs ? Once we could boast of
 " *Troy*, Renown'd for Wealth, but now her
 " richest Spoils (*b*) To *Phrygia* and *Mæonia*
 " are convey'd, Since Jove pursu'd us with
 " consuming Anger. Yet he, whose Counsels
 " Mortals cannot fathom, To Day has crown'd

(*b*) To *Phrygia* and *Mæonia* are convey'd.] As well
 by reason of the Convoys
 which were necessarily to
 be sent for with ready Money,
 as by reason of the great Al-
 lowances which were to be
 given to the Auxiliary Troops

who came from those Coun-
 tries. *Hector's* Meaning is,
 that since all the Riches of
Troy are perish'd, it is no
 longer necessary to spare
 themselves, or shut them-
 selves up within their Walls.

" me

" me with Success and Glory ; Then whilst
 " the Greeks block'd up within their Ships
 " Are fled, why are these vain imprudent Words
 " Wildly dispers'd among victorious Troops,
 " Disdaining such Advice, which I oppose?
 " Therefore attend my Orders : Let the Men
 " Refresh themselves, then place the usual
 " Guard, And all the Night continue under
 " Arms. (i) If any for their Treasure are a-
 " fraid, Let them produce it, (k) for the
 " Troops to share, Rather than leave it to the
 " Greeks a Prey. When the bright Morning
 " shall restore the Day, We'll march and pour
 " our Fury on the Fleet; And (l) if Achilles
 " is indeed resolv'd Once more to Fight, the
 " Danger shall be his, For I'll not shun but
 " meet him in the Combat ; And try if Mars,
 " (m) who often tames the Victor, Will
 " yield the Conquest to his Sword or mine.

(i) *If any for their Treas-
sures are afraid.*] *Hector* says
 this with an Eye to *Polyda-
mas*, as accusing him of be-
 ing Rich, and of not open-
 ing the Advice he had given,
 for any other end than to
 preserve his great Wealth ;
 for Riches commonly make
 Men Cowards, and the De-
 sire of saving them has often
 occasion'd Men to give Ad-
 vice very contrary to the Pub-
 lick Welfare.

(k) *For the Troops to
share.*] He adds this malici-
 ously, as it were to irritate
 the Troops, and put them

upon pillaging *Polydamas's*
Treasure.

(l) *If Achilles is indeed
resolv'd.*] *Hector* is not wil-
 ling to believe that it was
Achilles who appear'd on the
 Edge of the Ditch, for he is
 loath that his Enemy alone
 and unarm'd shou'd have the
 Glory of making the *Trojans*
 fly.

(m) *Who often tames the
Victor.*] All this is true,
 and *Hector* speaks better than
 he thought to do ; 'twas he
 who had just before been
 Conqueror, and he is going
 to be Conquer'd and Slain.

Thus

Thus he ; the *Trojans* all applaud his Sentence : Rash *Trojans* ! blinded by *Minerva's* Arts, Not to discern their Good ; whilst all gave ear To *Hector's* most pernicious Words, (o) but slighted The Sage Advice of wise *Polydamas*.

Whilst with repast the *Trojans* cheer'd their Men, (p) The *Greeks* consum'd the Night in Tears and Sighs, All mourning round the Body of *Patroclus*. *Achilles* join'd their Sorrows, in his Arms Embracing the cold Bosom of his Friend : As when a Grisly Lioness returns From ranging in the Forest for her Prey, And finds her Whelps destroy'd by some bold Hunter ; Raging with Grief, she searches up and down To trace her Foe, and fills the Vale with Cries : So mourn'd *Achilles*, raging with Revenge, And vented thus his Woe amidst his Troops.

(o) But slighted the sage Advice of wise Polydamas.] Homer here very well describes the Blindness of Men ; the most pernicious Counsels often seem to them to be the best. Whence proceeds this ? He gives you the Reason ; it is because God deprives them of their Understanding, and delivers them over to a Spirit of Stupidity.

(p) The Greeks consum'd the Night in Tears.] The Epic Poem ought to inform its Readers not only what passes in the Day-time, but

likewise whatever happens in the Night ; for the Night is likewise comprised in the Time which that Poem takes up, and contributes no less than the Day towards the compleating of the Action. Homer wonderfully well teaches this Practice ; the Nights in this sort of Poetry, are like the Intervals between the Acts in the Dramatic kind. The Spectator must be instructed in whatever happens in those Intervals, otherwise the Poem is imperfect.

“ The

" Ye Gods ! with what vain Hopes and
 " Promises I fed *Menaeius*, my *Patroclus'* Sire,
 " When to the War I led him, and engag'd
 " He should return in Safety to *Opunta*, Laden
 " with Spoils ? but *Jove* with his Decrees
 " Thwarts the Desires of Man ; Relentless
 " Fate Ordains we two should mingle our
 " rich Blood With *Trojan* Streams, nor shall
 " my Mother *Thetis*, Nor *Peleus* e'er receive
 " me to his Palace, But hostile Earth con-
 " ceal me in its Womb. Yet since, my dear
 " *Patroclus* ! I survive thee, Here I engage
 " not to perform the Rites To thy lov'd *Manes*,
 " till the Head of *Hector* (q) The dreadful
 " Hero, who in Battle slew thee, With all
 " his Arms, is laid upon thy Tomb : Twelve
 " of the noblest Youths of *Trojan* Race By my
 " right Hand shall fall a Sacrifice To my Re-
 " venge, and to *Patroclus'* Shade ; Till then,
 " thy Body on the Bed extended Shall lie in
 " State aboard the Fleet, and there My *Trojan*
 " Captives, Spoils of bloody War, (r) From
 " Wealthy Cities brought, both Night and Day
 " Shall wait, and bathe thee constantly with
 " Tears.

Thus spoke great *Thetis'* Son ; and gave Command To his Attendants to prepare the Water,

(q) *The dreadful Hero.*] He calls *Hector* a Hero, and this Commendation is well placed here, for it falls back upon *Patroclus* and *Achilles* too.

(r) *From wealthy Cities.*] He calls these Cities Wealthy, thereby to heighten his Ex-

ploits ; for the Richer a Town is, the better it is Defended ; and at the same time Homer gives us to understand that the Wealth of a Town is often the Cause of its Ruin, for it is the Bait which allureth the Enemy.

And wash the Body of his Slaughter'd Friend,
 Ghastly with Dust and cover'd o'er with Blood.
 Nor were th' Attendants in Obedience slow,
 (s) But plac'd the Vessel o'er the furious
 Flames: Vex'd with impetuous Heat the Water
 rose, Hiss'd on the Fire and bubbl'd o'er the
 Brim: Then o'er his Limbs they pour'd the
 smoaking Stream, Infusing Odiferous Per-
 fumes And costly Ointments in his gaping
 Wounds; Then laid him on a Bed of State,
 array'd In Robes of curious Art, and o'er the
 Robes A Veil extended exquisitely wrought,
 Which vy'd in Whiteness with the fleecy Snow.
 The Myrmidons watch'd o'er him all the Night,
 Sharing the Tears and Sorrow of *Achilles*.

Mean while to *Juno* thus, his Wife and Si-
 ster, *Jove* spake with Indignation. "Well
 " I see Your Arts have won *Achilles* to the
 " Combat: The Greeks are all your Fav'rites
 " and (t) your Sons.

Stung with these Words, the Goddess thus
 reply'd. " Why is it you reproach me, Son

(s) *But plac'd the Vessel.]* The
 Ancients observe to us in these
 ten or twelve Verses the Art
 of *Homer*, who being to de-
 scribe things of a very mean
 and ordinary Nature, has suc-
 ceeded therein to admiration,
 because he finds the Secret
 of heightning them by the
 Beauty of the Epithets, by a
 short and close turn of Phrase,
 and by a wonderful Harmo-

ny which he throws into his
 Poetry. These are the Beau-
 ties which his Tongue fur-
 nish'd him with, and which
 are wanting to ours.

(t) *Your Sons.]* This is
 a sharp Rebuke, as if *Juno*
 had been false to his Bed.
Juno is very sensible of the
 Bitterness of this Reproach,
 and returns a very good
 Answer to it.

" of

" of Saturn? What I have done the meanest
" of all Mortals Might for his Friend en-
" gage; much more will I, The first of God-
" desles by Birth and Marriage, Sister and
" Wife to him who Rules the Gods: The
" Trojans, whom with Justice I abhor, Have
" injur'd me, and shall not I requite it?

Whilst they debated thus, the Goddess *Thetis*
At *Vulcan's* bright immortal Seat arriv'd, Co-
ver'd with Brass, which the Lame God had
fram'd; She found him at the Forge, plying
the Bellows, And sweating with the Toil: His
present Task Was Twenty Tripods, made of
massy Gold, Which for some stately Palace he
design'd, (u) Each Tripod mounted was on

(u) Each Tripod mounted
was on living Wheels,] Some
Criticks, not knowing the
Nature of the *Eposse*, and
of the Marvellous, which ought
to reign therein, have laugh'd
at this Passage of Homer. *Juli-*
us Scaliger among others
says; *Vulcan makes Tripods*
which walk of themselves, why
does not he make Kettles that
will boil Meat of themselves? These two Lines are sufficient
to shew the little Taste *Scaliger*
had for fine Poetry. *M. Dacier* has very well ju-
stify'd Homer, and set in its
full Light this Poet's Art, in
explaining these words of
Aristotle's Poetics, Chap. 26.
When Men accuse the Poets of
having said any thing impossi-
ble, they should examine such
Impossibility with respect to
Poetry, with respect to what is
Best, and with respect to pub-

lick Fame. For he shows
that these three Respects
serve to justify Homer; that
of Poetry, since it is made
appear that such Impossibili-
ties are what the Epic Poem
requires, and even that they
should be carry'd as far
as the Unreasonable, pro-
vided the Probable be not
banish'd from it; Secondly,
as to what is Best, it is pro-
ved that the Thing is more
wonderful and more excel-
lent this way, and that O-
riginals ought always to have
the Pre-eminence. And lastly,
as to publick Fame, it is
demonstrated that the Poet
only follow'd an Opinion
that was receiv'd and foun-
ded upon the Omnipotence
of God. You need only see
the whole Remark, and you
will wonder at *Scaliger's* Cer-
titude.

living Wheels, That of it self it might attend
the Banquet, And to its Place return without
Assistance, Mirac'lous Artifice ! The Work al-
most Was finish'd, for the God was then em-
ploy'd (w) In fitting to the Sides the molten
Handles, Which with rich Flow'rs and Figures
he emboss'd: (x) Revolving in his Mind the
curious Frame, Just as the Goddess to his Pa-
lace came. (y) *Charis*, his Beauteous Spouse in
Rich Attire, To meet her ran, and gave her
lovely Hand, Then thus, " Fair Goddess !
" whom I much esteem, What happy Cause
" has brought you to our Palace, So great a
" Stranger here ? Let me conduct you, And
" treat you with the Dainties of the Place.

Thus she ; then led her to a rich Appart-
ment, And on a Throne and Foot-stool finely
wrought With Silver Studds, seated the lovely
Goddess, Then call'd to *Vulcan* at his Forge,
and said, " Come hither, Spouse ! for *Thetis*
" asks your Aid.

Thus she ; thus the Mechanick God reply'd.
" That Goddess has oblig'd me to esteem her :

(w) *In fitting to the Sides
the Molten-Handles.*] That is
to say, the Handles were
set on, and not forg'd with
the Tripod.

(x) *Revolving in his Mind
the curious Frame.*] This is
the Meaning of those two
Words in their full Force,
*εὐνέ πανδιστή, περιτις
præcordiis* : Homer thereby
means that *Vulcan* had no
Pattern before him ; for a
God ought not to take from
any but himself the Patterns

of whatever Works go out
of his Hands.

(y) *Charis his Beauteous
Spouse.*] Homer gives to *Vul-
can* for a Wife the beautiful
Charis, to shew the Graceful-
ness and Beauty of the Works
which *Vulcan* wrought with
Fire. From what Homer says
here it may be inferr'd, that
in his time the Art of Smi-
thry was arriv'd to a very
great Perfection, for Men
generally take their Ideas
from what is in being.

" For

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" For when (z) my Mother, angry at my
 " Birth, Because I was Deform'd, resolv'd to
 " hide me In some low Abyss, I had suffer'd
 " much By my unhappy Fall, but (a) gentle
 " *Thetis*, And (b) fair *Eurynome*, old Ocean's
 " Daughter, Sav'd me from Harm : With
 " them Nine Years I stay'd In a remote deep
 " Cave, employ'd in forging (c) Buckles
 " and Bracelets, and such curious Toys As
 " Women wear : The Ocean and its Waves

(z) *My Mother, angry at my Birth, because I was Deformed.*] Homer here describes those Worldly Mothers who having ill-favour'd Children do no longer preserve a Mother's Tenderness towards them, and seek only to conceal them.

(a) *Gentle Thetis.*] In reading these Fictions it is very natural for one to desire to penetrate a little into the secret Meaning of them. This obliges me sometimes to speak a Word or two upon these Allegories. By this here Homer meant that *Vulcan*, or the Fire, the Son of *Jupiter*, that is of the *Aether*, and of *Juno*, that is of the Air, being fall'n from Heaven to the Earth, cou'd not have been there preserv'd, or have produc'd his beautiful Works, if the Earth and Sea had not concurr'd to save him; for the two Elements Wet and Dry are equally ne-

cessary to him, both for his Preservation, and his Operation.

(b) *And Fair Eurynome.*] This Goddess was ador'd in *Arcadia*; she had a Temple near the Town of *Phigale* up-on the Confluence of the two Rivers *Neda* and *Limax*. This Temple was open'd but once in a Year, and at that time Sacrifices were made in publick and private. In that Temple was seen the Statue of *Eurynome* fasten'd with Chains of Gold. From the Middle upwards she was shaped like a beautiful Woman, and from the Middle downwards she had the Figure of a Fish.

(c) *Buckles and Bracelets.*] It may be collected from this Passage that in Homer's Time Women did already wear all sorts of Ornaments, and this is conformable to what the Prophet *Isaiah*, (who lived a hundred or a hundred and

" Rowl'd over me, nor Gods nor Mortals
 " knew Where I lay hid, only *Eury nome* And
 " *Thetis*, who so generously sav'd me. Then
 " since the Goddess to my Seat is come, I'll
 " haste and try to recompence her Favours :
 " Do you prepare the Banquet to refresh her,
 " Whilst I dispose my Bellows, and lay by
 " My present Task, and all my shining Tools.

Thus spake th' Immortal Smith, and left his
 Anvil, (d) All black with Smoak and Cin-
 ders : Lame he was, But of Gigantick Mien ;
 he threw aside His Bellows, and the Tools with
 which he work'd (e) Laid in a Silver Chest,
 then with a Sponge Wip'd his black Hands and
 Face, his brawny Shoulder And hairy Bosom,

fifty Years after Homer) re-
 ports of the Finery of the
 Daughters of Jerusalem, ch. 3.
 To conclude, when Homer reigns
 that Vulcan in his Exile was
 employ'd in making these
 womanish Ornaments, while
 he was yet a Child, he means
 thereby that those who are
 to excel in any Art, do give
 Tokens of it even in their
 Infancy.

(d) All black with Smoke
 and Cinders.] This Picture,
 which cannot be drawn in
 our (the French) Language
 but in ordinary and vulgar
 Terms, is of an infinite No-
 bleness in the Greek. There
 is not a Word in the Orig-
 inal but what is harmonious
 and great. What a Disad-
 vantage is this to my Trans-
 lation! But, as I have said

in the Preface, my only De-
 sign is to make Homer intel-
 ligible, and what I cannot e-
 qual I am content to give
 the Sense of.

(e) Laid in a Silver Chest.]
 This Place is Remarkable,
 for it shews that all Vulcan's
 Tools were Portable. We
 shall have occasion for it to ex-
 plain a Passage of the *Odysssey* ;
 but there is here likewise some-
 thing worthy to be observ'd,
 viz. the Love Vulcan has for
 his Art ; he leaves his Forge
 but for a Moment, and he
 locks up all his Tools with
 as much Care as if he was
 going a Journey. This is the
 Mark of a good Workman ;
 from one who neglects the
 Instruments of his Art, ex-
 cept nothing that is beauti-
 ful or grand.

then

then put on a Robe, Grasping his massy Scepter, and went forth, Attended (f) by two Female Slaves, both form'd Of Gold so lively, that they seem'd to breathe, And by the Favour of great Jove they spake, And thought, and in their Master's Art excell'd, Admir'd by Men and Gods; thus with his Train The God drew near to *Thetis*, and saluted Her lovely Hands, then plac'd himself beside her, Upon the shining Throne, and thus began.

" O Goddess, much belov'd and much esteem'd, Why is't that you, a Stranger to our Palace, Are come to visit us? unfold the Cause: You'll find me ready to obey your Orders, If ought within my Pow'r can do you service.

Thus he: thus *Thetis*, all in Tears, reply'd.
" O Vulcan! none of all th' Immortal Pow'rs
" Was ever plagu'd like me, to whom great

(f) Attended by two Female Slaves of Gold.] Here is another marvellous piece of workmanship of Vulcan's; two Statues of Gold, which look'd as if they were alive, and walk'd with him, and work'd with him. What is humanly impossible becomes both possible and probable thro' the Omnipotence of the Gods. But we ought to take Notice of the Management of Homer, when he speaks of these miraculous Works of Vulcan. He begins with the Tripods which walk of them-

selves; afterwards, his Reader's Mind being already familiariz'd to the Miracle, he introduces two animated Statues of Gold, and then proceeds to the Fabrication of the prodigious Buckler. For my part I confess, call it a Woman's Weakness or Folly, as you will, I think that Homer has mix'd so much Probability with all these miraculous Places, that I am perfectly deceiv'd by them, and cannot help fancying that I actually see the Things he describes.

" Fove No Ease affords, but loads me with
 " Afflictions. From all the *Naids* of the Sea
 " he chose me, To be expos'd to *Peleus'* ha-
 " ted Arms, A Mortal he and I of Race Di-
 " vine: Who now oppress'd with Age and
 " Sorrow pines Within his Palace, whilst the
 " Son of *Saturn* Pursues me with new Cares.
 " A Son I bore By *Peleus*, the most valiant a-
 " mong Men : I nurs'd him like an Olive,
 " which some Planter Setts by a River-side in
 " fertile Ground: To *Troy* I sent him to en-
 " gage in Arms, Whence he must never to
 " my Arms return, Or to his Father's Palace:
 " Nor is this The utmost of my Grief ; for
 " all his Life, Short tho' it be, my Son con-
 " sumes in Sorrow, Whilst I must not relieve
 " him. The Good *Greeks* Gave him among the
 " Spoils a lovely Slave, In Honour of his Va-
 " lour, which the King, False *Agamemnon*,
 " from his Arms detains : Long he bewail'd
 " her Loss, and in revenge Refrain'd the Bat-
 " tle, whilst the Joyful *Trojans* Rally'd their
 " Forces, and besieг'd the *Greeks* In their own
 " Fleet, retiring from the Battle. Then to
 " *Achilles* straight some chosen Warriors Re-
 " pair'd, with costly Presents to invite him
 " Back to the War, he obstinate refus'd, But
 " (g) in his room his dear *Patroclus* sent
 " With all his Troops, who at the *Scean* Gate

(g) *But in his room his Dear Patroclus sent.]* There is in this place an infinite Address, but so conceal'd that I perhaps had never perceiv'd it of my self, if *Eustathius* had not pointed it out to me. *Thetis*, to compass her De-

" All

“ All Day maintain’d the Fight, and having
 “ strow’d The Plains with Slaughter and with
 “ Blood, had sack’d The Walls of *Troy*, (b) but
 “ *Phœbus* interposing, Smote the young Hero
 “ at the Army’s Head, Then gave the Glory
 “ of his Death to *Hector*. For this unhappy
 “ Son, who soon must Die, I come an hum-
 “ ble Suppliant to your Knees, And beg you
 “ to exert your Art, and make him A Breast-
 “ plate, Shield, and Buskins, Crest and Hel-
 “ met, And a whole Sett of Armour, to supply
 “ Those which his Friend in Battle lost to *He-*
 “ *ctor*, Whose Loss he now bewails in deep
 “ Despair.

To her the Godlike Artist thus reply’d. “ O
 “ Goddess, cease to weep, forget your Fears;

sign, recounts every thing to the Advantage of her Son; she therefore suppresses the Episode of the Embassy, the Prayers that had been made use of to move him, and all that the Greeks had suffer’d after the Return of the Ambassadors, and artfully puts together two very distant things, as if they had follow’d each other in the same Moment. *He declined*, says she, *to succour the Greeks, but he sent Patroclus*. Now between his refusing to help the Greeks and his sending Patroclus, terrible things had fallen out; but she suppresses them, for fear of offending

Vulcan with the recital of *Achilles*’s inflexible Obduracy, and thereby create in that God an Aversion to her Son. This Observation seems to me to carry a great deal of good Sense in it.

(b) *But Phœbus interpos-*
ing.] *Thetis* says that *Patro-*
clus was kill’d by the Hand
of Apollo himself, on the
one side to heighten the Glo-
ry of Patroclus, as if none
but a God were capable of
Conquering him, and on the
other side to stir up Vulcan’s
Jealousie, and thereby pre-
vail with him to employ his
whole Art in making the
best Armour.

" Would I could (*i*) hide *Achilles* from his
 " doom With the same Ease, as I shall forge
 " his Arms, (*k*) Such as the World shall
 " Gaze at and Admire.

Thus he: then to his Forge in haste retir'd,
 (*l*) Ordering the Bellows to perform their
 Task, Which into twenty Furnaces inject The
 sounding Breath, and sometimes gently blow
 And sometimes raise a Tempest in the Fire,
 Just as the God would have it; then he threw
 Huge Bars of Tin and Brass into the Flames,
 With Gold and Silver Ingots; his bright An-
 vil Was fitted to its Stand, the pond'rous Ham-
 mer His right Hand held, his Left the shining
 Pincers; And first he forg'd the Shield, im-
 mensē and solid, Imbellish'd with rich Work,
 and hemm'd it round With three Gold Bor-
 ders, and a Silver Chain; Five Plates of Met-
 tle, one above another, He fix'd, in which with
 Art divine were wrought Wonders to feed the

(*i*) *Hide Achilles from his doom.*] To hide is Vulcan's be-
 loved Word, for he had been
 twice preserv'd by being hid.

(*k*) *Such as the World shall Gaze at and Admire.*] Homer did
 not foresee that those Arms
 wou'd draw upon him the
 Censure of some unlucky
 Criticks; but tho' he had
 foreseen it he wou'd no less
 have promis'd himself this
 Admiration of all Ages; his
 Arms have always been ad-
 mir'd, and always will be. It is

the most beautiful Episode and
 the greatest Ornament that
 Poetry ever employ'd, and
 Virgil was very sensible of
 it.

(*l*) *Ordering the Bellows to perform their Task.*] Homer
 does not say, caused his Bel-
 lows to work, but order'd his
 Bellows to work, as if these
 Bellows were animated and
 capable of Understanding:
 Thus you see in Homer eve-
 ry thing has Life and Man-
 ners.

Eye,

Eye, and charm the Mind. (m) There he describ'd the Heav'ns, the Earth, and Seas, The restless Sun, the Moon, her Orb compleat, And

(m) *There he describ'd the Heav'ns, the Earth, the Seas.*] It is the Fortune of these Arms of Achilles to occasion Quarrels and Debates. There have arisen even in our Days great Disputes upon this Subject amongst the Criticks. *Julius Scaliger* was the first and only one, who in the Sixteenth Century presumed to condemn this Episode as vicious, both in the Manner and in the Argument or Design, and he was follow'd by other Authors who were as Ignorant as himself in the Nature of Epic Poetry. Many Ancient Criticks, who had more Sense than *Scaliger*, made it their Business to illustrate the *Addresse* and Wisdom of Homer in the Fabric of this Buckler; but especially a Woman nam'd *Damo, Pythagoras's Daughter*, who was yet more commendable for her great Wisdom than for her profound Learning, wrote a very copious and very Argumentative Commentary upon it. I cou'd wish Time had not destroy'd that Work; it might have serv'd me as a Model for the Remarks which I have undertaken upon this Author; for as to this Episode, *M. Dacier* has so well defended it

in his Commentary upon *Aristotle's Poetics*, that nothing further can be desir'd. He has demonstrated that Homer, in describing this Buckler, ought not to have spoken any otherwise than he does, and that the Argument or Subject is so far from being extravagant, or the Buckler from being too much crowded with Work, it is on the contrary very sage, very regular, very distinct, in a word the Work of a very great Poet. *Virgil* made the same Judgement of it, since in an Age as Foreign to the *Grecian* Manners as ours, he did not omit to give his Poem the same Ornament, and has even loaded his Hero's Buckler with more Matter. I therefore refer my Reader to the Remarks on the Poetics, for I shall only Glance at them here. At present I only desire the Reader to observe the Wisdom of Homer in the Choice of the Time and Place which he makes to bring in the Description of this Buckler, that is in the Interval of a Night when the two Armies are separated, and when they expect the Morn to begin the Fight.

all the Stars, that grace the spangled Sky,
 The *Pleiades*, the *Hyades*, and *Bear*, Which
 Mortals call the *Wain*, that makes a Circle
 Still pointing to *Orion*, as it turns,
 (n) A Constellation, which alone disdains To
 visit the wet Ocean with its Beams. (o)
 Two Cities in another Plate were figur'd: In
 one, a Nuptial Feast was drawn, the Bride
 Seem'd to be led along the crowded Streets
 From her Apartment, compass'd round with
 Torches: Some sung to *Hymen*, others join'd
 the Dance With Pipes and Harps, whilst all the
 Virgin Train Throng to behold the Rites and

(n) A Constellation which alone disdains to visit the wet Ocean.] Some Ancient Critics attempted to prove by this Verse, that Homer was very ignorant in Astronomy, since he was of Opinion that the Bear was the only Constellation which did not bath it self in the Ocean; that is, which did not set at all, and which was ever visible: For, said they, this is common to it with all the other Stars of the Arctic Circle, as with the lesser Bear, the Dragon, the greatest part of *Cepheus*, &c. Aristotle has answer'd this false Criticism, by shewing that in this place the Word *only* signifies *the principal, the most known*, for what is the most known is always the *only or alone*. Strabo has justify'd Homer another way in

his first Book, by shewing that under the Name of the Bear that Poet comprehends the whole Arctic Circle, and that People are deceiv'd when they accuse him of Ignorance in his knowing but one Bear when there were two, for the lesser Bear was not marked in his Time: See the Observations upon Aristotle's Poetics.

(o) Two Cities in another Plate were figur'd.] The Ancients pretended that these two Cities were *Athens* and *Eleusinum*. In *Athens* the Weddings or Nuptial Ceremonies, because Marriage was instituted at *Athens* by *Cecrops*, and in *Eleusinum* the Warlike Preparations. Homer's aim is to represent in this Buckler the whole Universe, with all the different Occupations of Mankind.

Jong

long Procession. On t'other side, a *Forum* and Assembly Were seen ; (p) in which two Men their Causes pleaded About a Fine, exacted for Manslaughter : He who had done the Fact (q) affirm'd the Payment ; This he, who was of kin to the Deceas'd, Deny'd ; both on their Witnesses relying : The People were divided into Parties, The Heralds ranging them on either side: Midst these, (r) the Ancients, Judges of the Cause, (s) Sat round on Seats of white

(p) *In which two Men their Causes pleaded.*] There is nothing more simple or more natural than the Description of this Buckler, and I do not see therein one single Word which *Homer* might not have said, even tho' this Buckler had been meerly the Workmanship of a Mortal ; for there is a great deal of difference between the Figures in a Picture, and a Description of that Picture. The Difficulties that have been made upon these two Pleaders are idle and impertinent ; has not *Pliny* said the same of *Nichomachus*, that he painted two Grecians who pleaded one after the other ? There is nothing in that, but what may be said of this Art, which ought to shew what it conceals, as an Ancient very well said of Painting, *ostendat qua occultat*. If we were to explain a Piece of *Raphael* or *Poussin*, we must necessarily

animate the Figures as *Homer* animates them here, and make them speak and act conformable to the Design of the Painter.

(q) *Affirm'd the Payment.*] It appears by this Passage that in those early times Banishment was not the Punishment for Murther, but a pecuniary Amercement ; Banishment came afterwards into use. This pecuniary Amercement was establish'd at *Athens* for the Murther of *Alirrhotius*, the Son of *Neptune*, and it used to be paid to the Relations of the Deceased, that they might drop the Prosecution.

(r) *The Ancients.*] It is probable *Homer* does in this place describe the manner of rendring Justice even in his time. It was not done by young Men, but old.

(s) *Sat round.*] The place where they administer'd Justice was a Circle, because that Figure is the most spa-

resplen-

resplendent Marble : (t) The Heralds bore their Scepters, 'till they rose To give their Judgment one by one in Order, Then each his Scepter took, the Badge of Justice; (u) Before them lay two Talents of bright Gold, To be adjug'd to him whose Cause was best, By solid Proofs and Evidence maintain'd.

Around the other City were describ'd (w) Two Armies, in a Warlike Siege employ'd; One menaces the Town, to lay it low In Ashes, and to ravage and destroy it, Unless they send and save themselves from Ruin, By yielding up a Portion of their Wealth And Spoils: The other Party with Disdain Reject this Offer, and prepare to catch Their Foes by Ambuscade;

cious, and holds most People. Therefore *Sophocles* said, *καὶ δικαιὰ οὐρανὸς ἀγοράς*. Homer calls it *Sacred*, because of the Justice that was administered there.

(t) *The Heralds bore their Scepters.*] This Ancient Custom I think worth observing. The Judges had not their Scepters in their Hand while they were sitting to hear the Causes, but they took them from the Heralds when they were going to give their Opinions. This was, 'tis likely, to make the Judges more attentive when they were going to give their Opinion.

(u) *Before them lay two Talents.*] These Talents were not design'd for the Judges, but to either of the two Par-

ties who won the Cause; for it was the ancient Custom, before it came to a Hearing, to oblige the Parties to consign a certain Sum which was to go to him that got the better. It appears by a Passage in *Socrates's Apology* in *Plato*, that this Sum was a thousand Drachms, that is a hundred Crowns. And this in all probability is what Homer calls here two Talents of Gold, for it must not be understood of real Talents.

(w) *Two Armies in a Siege employed.*] The Ancients pretended that Homer express'd himself in this Place after so equivocal a manner, that this Passage is capable of three Explications, all

whilst their brave Youth, And Women, and old Men defend their Walls, As under cover they prepare to March, *Pallas* and *Mars*, in Arms of Gold array'd, Gloriously gay appear, and lead the Van, Their Mien Majestick worthy of a God.

Now to a River Side the Troops are drawn, Where all the Herds and Cattle quench their Thirst, And there in silence cover'd with their Shields, Halting abide, and send their advanc'd Guards To watch the Herds and Flocks, which soon came down With Swains and Shepherds, Piping as they go, To taste the Stream: On whom the Squadrons rushing The Sheep and Oxen seize, and kill the Rusticks: At this Alarm, their Foes engag'd in Council, Fly to their Steeds, and try to save their Flocks; Just by the Rivers side both Armies meet, Felling each other with their pointed Spears: Discord and Tumult, and relentless Death Mix in the Rout: Fate deals her Terrors round Array'd in Blood, some she resigns alive To Slavery, and others

different from each other, as may be seen in *Eustathius*, p. 1159. For my part, I think the Poet has spoken very clearly and very naturally, it seems to me that what passes before *Troy* it self, is of wonderful use for the explaining this Picture; for there are seen before the Walls the two Armies, that of the Besiegers, and that of the Besieged; the one offer'd to

withdraw upon certain Conditions, which the other refused. The Women, Children and old Men have been seen guarding the Walls and the Battlements, a sure sign that the Troops of the Place were without, for otherwise wou'd the Women, the Children and the old Men have been upon the Battlements? Obscurity is none of Homer's Vice.

fell

fell to Earth: Here one is dragg'd along the dusty Plain, And there another pants beneath his Wounds: (x) The Figures seem'd to move and breath and live. (y) The Artist in another Part had drawn A fertile Field divided in three Parts: In which the Plowmen turn'd the clodded Glebe, And at each Furrow's End (z) from the deep Bottle Receiv'd a hearty Draught, then to a new Turn'd the bright Share, expecting their Reward; The Earth, tho' form'd of molten Gold, look'd black, As newly plow'd, such was the Artist's Pow'r! (a) Hard by appear'd a Champaign, to some Hero In honour of his Victories allotted, And spread with stand-

(x) *The Figures seem'd to move.]* Homer seems to have foreseen that there wou'd be Interpreters, who, taking his Expressions too literally, might actually believe that these Figures were animated and alive, and that they perform'd all sorts of Motions, and therefore he added, *as if they had been Men who were really alive.* This is sufficient to undeceive them, and to shew that Homer only speaks here as any other Man ought to do, who is describing and explaining a Picture. He gives to his Figures Motion which they have not.

(y) *The Artist in another place had drawn a fertile Field, in which the Ploughmen, &c.]* After Homer has painted what is transacted within Cities during Peace, and during

War, he comes to Agriculture, which consists in Tillage of Land, in the Culture of Vines, and in the Pasture and feeding of Flocks. The Poet runs over these three Parts, whereof he makes delightful Descriptions.

(z) *From the deep Bottle receiv'd a hearty Draught.]* These Ploughmen fare well; Homer therein paints the Manners of his Time, Manners which shew a happy Age.

(a) *Hard by appear'd a Champaign.]* Here we see a Hero who does not disdain to see his Harvest got in, and to be in the midst of his Reapers. This is very conformable to the Manners of the Ancient Patriarchs, such as they are describ'd to us in Holy Scriptures.

ing

ing Corn : The Reapers ply Their Hooks, and fell the Ears in equal Ranks : Near them the Binders tye the Sheaves : Behind, The Boys collect the Grips, and knit the Bonds ; Midst these the Landlord walks, and views the Sheaves : Standing in rows, with secret Satisfaction : Beneath an Oak the fatted Oxe is slain, Which to the Rural Gods his Servants offer ; Meanwhile the Maids prepare a course Repaste, And gnead the pliant Dough to feed the Workmen.

Next was describ'd a Vineyard, hung with Grapes Of beaten Gold ; but dy'd with Purple deep : The Bougns on Silver Props supported hung, Whilst with a Hedge of Tin the Field was guarded, Divided by a slender Path, (b) thro' which The Boys and tender Virgins bore their Baskets, Laden with Fruit : (c) A Youth amidst them play'd On his soft Lyre, and join'd

(b) *Thro' which the Boys and tender Virgins.*] Homer here describes the Vintages as they were in his time in Greece. See my Remarks upon the Odes 50 and 52 of *Aacreon*.

(c) *A Youth amidst them play'd on his soft Lyre.*] It is in the Greek, *In the middle of them a young Boy plays charming Tunes upon his Guitar, the Flax harmoniously answers his Voice.* Upon which the Scholiast writes, that at first the Strings of Musical Instruments were of Flax, and not of Gut,

because they wou'd have thought it an Impiety, and displeasing to the Gods, if they had apply'd the Guts of Beasts to that use. I know not whether this be certain ; what Sound cou'd they get from a String of Flax ? I shou'd rather think, that the Greeks call'd the Cords *Aior, Thread*, because they were drawn out in length in a fine Manner like a Thread. We our selves now-a-days say, when we speak of our Cords made of Gut, that they are *bien, ou mal filees* (well or ill

his

his warbling Voice, Follow'd by Troops of Dancing jovial Swains.

Not far from hence was seen a Herd of Oxen, Fram'd out of Tin and Gold, that from their Stall March'd to their Pasture, by some running Stream, Whose Banks were clad with Vocal Reeds resounding. Four Herdsman, out of shining Mettle fashion'd, Accompanied their Herds, and round their Feet Nine Dogs ran frisking: Then two Lions seiz'd A mighty Bull, who roar'd beneath their Gripe: They drag him thro' the Plain, and undisturb'd Devour their Prey; in vain the Rusticks halloo Their Dogs upon the Foe, who dare not fasten, But oft turn back, and fly and bark at distance.

Neat these the God had form'd a Golden Vale, In which a Flock of Sheep appear'd to graze, With straggling Huts, and Cottages, and Folds.

(d) Close by, with great variety and grace, Was seen a Dancer rang'd in a threefold Figure,

(brended in French.) The same Scholiast adds, that λίνον might not signifie here a String de lin (quasi Linnen in English) but an Ancient Song which had been long before made upon Linus, Apollo's Son, who was devour'd by his own Hounds: In which Case it should have been translated, and he agreeably sings the Song of Linus. Herodotus speaks of this Song in his eleventh Book, where he says that they sung it in Egypt; as likewise in Phen-

cia and at Cyprus, but under another Name.

(d) Close by was seen a Dance.] There wou'd have been something wanting to this Picture of Civil Life, if Homer, after having mention'd Peace, War, and Agriculture, had not finish'd this latter part with the Description of a Dance, or a Festival, which is the ordinary Recreation of those who have been at Work. Homer therefore in this Place gives us a Dance.

(e) Such

(e) Such as the *Gnossian Dædalus* invent'd, For fair *Ariadne's* use; the Youths and Virgins, Joining their Hands together, mimbly mov'd; The Nymphs wore Golden Crowns, and were array'd In shining Silks, the Youths in costly Robes, With glitt'ring Swords that hung in Silver Belts; So justly and so swiftly they turn'd round, (f) No Wheel beneath the Potter's Hand moves faster, When it is try'd, and whirls impetuous round. (g) Sometimes they form'd the Circle hand in hand, And sometimes turn'd and doubled, mingling Ranks; The numerous Specta-

(e) Such as the *Gnossian Dædalus invented.*] It is pretended that before *Theseus*, the Maidens and the Bachelors never us'd to Dance together; they were always separate Companies. But after *Theseus* had saved from the Labyrinth and from the Minotaur the young Bachelors and the young Maidens, whom the *Athenians* had sent by way of Tribute, *Dædalus* invent'd and put in Practice this mixt Dance which *Homer* here speaks of.

(f) No Wheel beneath a Potter's Hand.] These last Words, which a Potter tries, are not added impertinently: A Wheel which a Potter tries, has a much more rapid Motion than when he works; for besides that the weight of the Stuff lessens its Rapidit y, the Workman

spares his Motion that he may not spoil his Work.

(g) Sometimes they form'd the Circle Hand in Hand.] These young Men and Maids, who sometimes Dance in a Ring and sometimes otherwise, how cou'd they be represented by the graving Tool? This is the Objection of some Criticks. A very difficult thing indeed! As if the Workman was not at Liberty to represent his Figures in different Postures. All the other Objections, as to the Soldiers going in Ambuscade; as to the young Man's singing to his Guitat; as to the Bull's Bellowing when the Lion devours it, and as to the Consorts, all these are Childish: Banish such Expressions, and you must never speak of Painting.

tors gaz'd with Pleasure, Surpris'd with their Activity and Skill; Two Tumblers flung themselves amidst the Dance, And with a Song began their active Sports.

(b) All round the Border of the solid Shield,
The Ocean ran, and clos'd the wondrous Land-skip.

Thus when the Shield was finish'd, he apply'd His Care to form the Breast-Plate, which surpass'd The purest Flames in Splendor: (i) Then he forg'd The Helmet strong and fit, and full of Beauty, Which he o'ershaded with a Crest of Gold; The Buskins out of bending Tin were labour'd.

(b) *All round the Border of the Shield, &c.*] Homer had here a fair Field to amplify his Description, by introducing upon this Sea Ships, and by Painting naval Engagements, Ship-wrecks, &c. but among the Occupations of Men he wou'd not put Navigation, because it always did more hurt than good to Mankind, and because they might very well be without it; for this Description is not only the Work of a Poet, but that of a great Philosopher, who together with all the Riches of Art, together with Order and Verisimility, had the Skill to mingle the grave and the profound. And he is so

far from being blameable that on the contrary he deserves very great Commendations, for having executed with so much Order, and with so much Harmony, and with so few Figures, so great a Design as that of representing the whole Universe, and every thing therein that makes the Occupation of Mankind during War and during Peace. To conclude, it appears by this Passage that Homer knew the Earth was surrounded by the Ocean.

(i) *Then he forg'd the Helmet.*] Homer does not stop to give a Description of the Cuirass and the Head-piece, because he has already done it in other places.

Thus

Book XVIII. OF HOMER. 141

Thus when the glorious Armour was compleat, (k) He bore it to the Goddess; she incessant Swift as a Hawk, from steep *Olympus* flew, And to her Son convey'd th' Immortal Present, Who with impatience waited her Return.

(k) *He bore it to the Goddess.*] The Poet does not lose any Time in reporting the Thanks which *Zeus* might have given to *Vulcan*. He omits whatever is superfluous or of no use, and always proceeds to what is most urgent,



ARGU-

ARGUMENT

OF THE

NINETEENTH BOOK.



HETIS presents the Armour to her Son, which Vulcan had made him, and lays them at his Feet : The Clashing, as they fell, terrifies the Myrmidons. Achilles is charmed with the Beauty of the Work.

He expresses his Fear to his Mother, least the Body of Patroclus should turn to Corruption during his Absence. Thetis engages to save it from Corruption; and commands him to assemble the Greeks. He coasts round the Shore, and summons all the Generals. When the Council met, he declares that his late Resentment is at an end. Agamemnon addresses to him, owns the Fault, and lays it on the Goddess of Discord, whom Jupiter had thrown down from Heav'n, and tells Achilles, that he would make him all those Presents which Ulysses had lately promis'd in his Name. Achilles leaves this to his own Choice, but advises to draw out immediately and engage the Enemy. Ulysses gives his Judgment for the Troops to Refresh themselves. Achilles opposes



Thetis brings Achilles new Armour w^{ch} she p̄cūrd Vulcan
to make for him; & upon w^{ch} he wavos his Anger agaist Ag
ammon, & prepares to reuenge the Death of his Friend. B. 19.



ARGUMENT.

opposes it. Ulysses insists, and without expecting Achilles's Answer, gives Orders for a Re-past: Whist himself, with Seven other Commanders, go to Agamemnon's Tent, bring the Presents, and lay them in the midst of the Assembly. Agamemnon kills a Victim, and throws it into the Sea. The Presents are convey'd to Achilles's Tent. The Grief and Lamentation of Briseis over the Body of Patroclus. The Generals press Achilles to Eat, which he obstinately refuses. He leaves the Assembly, and continues his Sorrow for the Death of his Friend. Jupiter sends Minerva to relieve him. He arms himself, and with Automedon mounts his Chariot. He speaks to his Horses to encourage them, and Reproaches them with the Death of Patroclus. Xanthus, one of his Steeds, excuses the Fault, and foretells the same Fate to his Master. Achilles is entag'd at this Prediction, tho' he owns the Truth of it, and in that Passion drives on, at the Head of his Troops.

orded but signs and the
old baoles noM bus abo
ent or whilr Vay : Dz:
the best Aunous polc. But
I leal s Aunous polc. But
no longe per son histori
hllergot. The
but baoles doff w: d: d: d: d: d: d:
all baoles doff w: d: d: d: d: d:
em: A red pl goldspur. Crows
a: d: d:



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HOME R.

BOOK XIX.



HE (^a) Ruddy Morning from the Sea arose, And both to Gods and Men restor'd the Day : When *Thetis* to the Fleet the Armour bore, But found her Son stretch'd on *Patroclus'* Body, Oppress'd with Grief ; his *Myrmidons* stood round, And join'd his Tears. The Goddess pass'd the Crowd, And near approaching, in her Arms

[⁽ⁿ⁾ *The Ruddy Morning.*] the Seventh since the Battles This is the Eighteenth Day | recommenced. from *Achilles's* Wrath, and |

em-

embrac'd Her Son, then thus began. " My
" dear *Achilles* ! Tho' great your Loss and
" Sorrow, yet since *Jove* Decreed, that brave
" *Patroclus* should be slain : Leave him to rest
" upon the mourning Bed, (b) And come re-
" ceive your Arms, the Work of *Vulcan*,
" Which he presents you: Arms so bright and
" glorious, As never mortal Hero yet put
" on.

Thus she, and threw the Armour at his
Feet: (c) Which as it fell rung terribly, and
gave A Clashing that dismay'd the *Myrmidons*,
And forc'd them to retire; so bright it shone,

(b). Come receive your Arms.] 'Tis not Poetry only which has had this Idea of divine Arms being sent to a Hero, we have a very remarkable Example of it in our Holy Books. In the Second Book of *Maccabees*, Chap. 16. *Judas* sees in a Dream the Prophet *Jeremias* bringing to him a Sword as from God, and saying to him : *Accipe sanctum gladium munus a Deo, in quo dejicies adversarios populi mei Israel. Take this holy Sword, a Gift from God, with the which thou shalt wound the Adversaries.* Tho' this was only a Dream or a Vision, yet still it is the same Idea. This Example is likewise so much the more worthy of Observation, as it is very posterior to the Age of

Homer, and as thereby it is seen that the same way of Thinking continued a long time amongst the Oriental Nations.

(c) Which as it fell rung terribly.] After the marvellous Description which Homer has made of these Arms, he gives a yet greater Idea of them in saying that the very Noise which they make in falling frightens the *Thessalians*, insomuch that they durst not look upon them. How much more terrible will they be when they are upon *Achilles*? This alone is a Preparative for all the Prodigies we shall see him perform; Homer always keeps within the Bounds of Probability.

And dazl'd all the Troops: (d) *Achilles* only
 Could bear the Sight, which in his lab'ring
 Soul Rally'd his Courage, and renew'd his
 Rage. His Eyes like Lightning spark'd, (e)
 and fresh Joy O'er spread him, handling the
 Immortal Present. When he had fill'd his
 Mind and fed his Senses With all the Curious
 Work, turning to *Thetis*, He thus address'd
 her. " This is *Vulcan's* Present (f) And his
 " Immortal Work, no Human Artist Such
 " Armour could invent; I fly to try it : But
 " (g) much I fear, the Worms and wandering
 " Vermin, When I am gone, will seize Pa-
 " troclus' Body, Infect his Wounds, and fill
 " him with Corruption, Ere I return to give
 " him Fun'ral Rites.

(d) Achilles only could
 bear the Sight.] How beau-
 tiful is this Opposition, and
 how well does Homer catch
 the Features of a Hero!

(e) Fresh Joy o'er-spread
 him.] Eustathius was in the
 right to Note here the Art-
 fulness of Homer, in mingling
 the Passions that make the
 most sensible Contrast. He
 here makes upon the Visage
 of Achilles an admirable
 mixture of Joy, Grief, Rage,
 Vengeance.

(f) His Immortal Work.]
 Homer in this place perfectly
 well justifies the Prodigies
 he has just describ'd, by the
 infinite difference there is
 between the Works of Men

and those of the Gods. This
 Passage alone ought to de-
 stroy all the insipid Criticisms
 that have been made.

(g) But much I fear, &c.] I never in my Life met with
 a more gross and more un-
 reasonable Criticism than that
 which Julius Scaliger
 makes here, in ridiculing
 what Achilles says to Thetis.
 His words are these. Had A-
 chilles no little Scoundrel of a
 Slave to drive away these Flies?
 A very pretty Objection! If
 Scaliger had had but the least
 Taste for fine Poetry, this
 which Homer casts into this
 place wou'd have made him
 laid down his Pen. To ju-
 stify this Poet, and to shew

To

To him the Goddess. “ Banish from your Mind That Care, and make it mine: I will atlead And guard him from the swarming Animals, That prey upon the Slain, and bring Corruption; His Body shall remain whole Years untouch’d, His Beauty still increasing: But go you, Assemble all the Leaders of the Greeks, And tell them, you are reconcil’d at last To Agamemnon; then renew the Fight, Exerting all your Courage and your Strength.

the Beauty of this Passage, I shall only make use of the Remark of Father Bossi in his excellent Treatise upon Epic Poetry, Book 3. Chap. 10. When we would speak of the Sciences and Arts like a Poet, says he, we conceal those things under Names and Actions of Persons Feign’d and Allegorical. Homer will not say that Salt has the Power to preserve dead Bodies, and hinder the Flies from engendring Worms therein; he will not plainly say that the Sea presented Achilles with a Remedy against Putrefaction: but he will make of the Sea a Deity; he will say that the Goddess Thetis comforted Achilles, and told him she would go and Perfume Patroclus’s Body with an Ambrosia, which will preserve it

a whole Year without Corruption. Thus it is that Homer teaches the Poets to speak of the Arts and Sciences. It is seen by this Example that Flies are the Cause of Corruption, and of the Worms which engender in dead Flesh; Therein is seen the nature of Salt, and the Art of preserving the Coarses without Corruption. But all this is exprest Poetically, and with all the Conditions necessary to such Imitation, which according to Aristotle is essential to Poetry. The whole is reduc’t to Action; the Sea is made a Person, who speaks and acts, and this Protopopaea is accompany’d with Passion, Tenderness, and Interest. In short, there is nothing therein but what is endu’d with Manners.

She spake, infusing in his Soul new Life
And Vigour; then immingling sweet *Ambrofia*
And *Nectar*, thro' *Patroclus'* Nostrils pouring
The Balm, preserv'd his Trunk from noisome
Smells.

(b) Mean while *Achilles*, coasting round
the Shore, Call'd the Commanders with a
dreadful Voice. His Sight drew all the Navy;
they who ply The Oar, and they whose Care
is to inspect The Stores and the Provisions,
with the Pilots, Ran to behold him, joyful at
his Presence, Who had so long from Arms
and War withdrawn.

Divine *Ulysses*, and brave *Diomed*, Came to
the Consult, leaning on their Spears, And took
their Seats, still halting with their Wounds.
At last came *Agamemnon*, still in Pain, Not
yet recover'd of the Wound which *Goon*,
Antenor's Son, late gave him in the Battle.

When all the Chiefs had fill'd the high As-
sembly, *Achilles* from his Seat arose, and
spake. "O Son of *Atreus*! (i) see the great
" Advantage Which your and my Resentment
" have produc'd, That rag'd so long, and
" prey'd upon our Minds; A little captive

(b) Mean while Achilles
Coasting.] Achilles does not
make use of Heralds to con-
vene an Assembly of the
Greeks, he is too impatient,
he goes himself.

(i) See the great Advan-
tage.] Homer, ever mora-
lizing, shews here by a sen-

sible Example, that nothing
is more prejudicial to a Par-
ty than Dissention among the
Heads of it, and that no-
thing is so advantageous to
it as their Union; and this
indeed is the whole Subject
of the Poem.

BOOK XIX. OF HOMER. 149

" Girl the only Cause. (k) Would she had
 " perish'd by Diana's Hand, When at Laryssa's
 " Siege I made her Prize ! How many Gre-
 " cian Lives that one had sav'd, Who now
 " lie slain in Dust on yonder Plains? The Tro-
 " jans led by Hector, and encourag'd By my
 " Retreat, have made the best Advantage Of
 " our Dissention, fatal to the Greeks. For
 " me, tho' full of Grief, yet I'll forget What's
 " pass'd, and to Necessity resign My Quarrel.
 " Hence I banish Wrath and Anger: 'Tis not
 " for me, a Mortal, to conceive Revenge
 " that ne'er shall die: Therefore prepare For
 " War, and let our Troops march out to meet
 " The Trojans; let us see if once again They
 " will encamp all Night so near our Fleet:
 " And let that Hero (l) stretch himself at
 " Ease, Who shall defend himself from Pe-
 " leus' Son.

(k) *Wou'd she had perish'd by Diana's Hand.]* That is, wou'd to God she had dy'd a sudden Death; for the sudden Deaths of Women were ascrib'd by the Ancients to *Diana*, and those of Men to *Apollo*. It may further be observ'd here, that *Achilles* speaks as a Man who was by no means fond of his Captive.

(l) *Stretch himself at Ea'e.]* It is in the Greek, *will bend the Knee*, which has deceiv'd the Interpreters, who fancy'd that *Achilles* meant that he who shou'd escape from

him wou'd thank the Gods with his whole Heart, by falling on his Knees. But *Achilles* does not in the least intend to make those *Barbarians* so Religious. To *bend the Knee*, in *Homer*, signifies nothing but to sit, to rest ones self, as I have already elsewhere observ'd. *Eustathius* testifies the same thing: *Note that Homer always puts to bend the Knee, to signify to sit, the contrary to standing up; those who came after Homer have made use of it to signify to Pray, to Supplicate, to Adore, &c.* *Hesychius* has

Thus he: The Greeks with sudden Joy were
fill'd, Because Achilles' Anger was appeas'd.
Then Agamemnon from his Seat began, (m)
Not standing in the midst, but kept his Throne.

" Ye Greeks, the Followers of Mars, at-
tend, Whilst without rising from my Throne
I speak; (n) Nor interrupt me with con-
fus'd Discourse, Or mingled Murmurs, such
as drown all Words, Tho' by the clearest
Orators pronounc'd. To great Achilles I
direct my Speech; But let the other Greeks
(o) recal the Words Which they condemn-
ing me have often us'd, While they pour'd
forth their loud Reproaches on me: Yet

not forgot to set down this
first Signification: γόνος κι-
μάται, says he, ανατάσσει,
to bend the Knees signifies to rest
ones self.

(m) Not standing in the
midst.] The Weakness, occa-
sion'd by his Wound, hindred
him from standing up; and
the Confusion and Tumult
did not suffer him to wait an
Opportunity of speaking till
he was in the midst of the
Assembly.

(n) Nor interrupt me.]
There is not perhaps a Pa-
ssage that has more exercis'd
the ancient Interpreters. You
may see Eustathius, who re-
ports all their Sentiments in
p. 1172. As for me, after a
thorough Examination of e-
very thing they have said,
and the present Posture of

Affairs, I adhere to the Read-
ing of εἰσώτας, the Adverb,
which signifies in repose, in
silence, instead of the Geni-
tive εἰσάρτος, upright, re-
rest; for 'tis certain Aga-
memnon speaks fitting, εἰ-
σίς from his Seat, as Homer
had just before said, The
Greeks, transported with Joy
at the sight of Achilles, made
a great Noise, and began fresh
Murmurs against Agamem-
non, by charging on him all
their Misfortunes, and all
their Losses, and this is what
obliges the King to begin his
Speech in this Manner.

(o) Recal the Words.] I
have here follow'd Eusta-
thius, who has very well ex-
plain'd this whole Passage:
οὐδέδις δὲ επειτά, &c. says
he, The Greek οὐδέδις is here

" was not I to blame, but Jove, and Fate,
 " And fell *Erynnis*, who inflam'd my Mind
 " With Anger, and engag'd me to detain His
 " lovely Captive from *Achilles'* Arms. What
 " could I do? (p) the Daughter of great Jove,
 " Ate, the Goddess of Revenge, inspir'd me,
 " (q) Who never from her curs'd Designs
 " desists; But scorning with her Feet to touch
 " the Earth, Flies round the Heads of Men,
 " instilling Strife And arming Parties to each
 " other's Ruin. (r) She spar'd not Jove
 " himself, her Sire; tho' he Be universal King
 " of Gods and Men. Juno his Subject, by
 " her Sex deceiv'd him, That Day, when fair
 " *Alcmena* was deliver'd Of great *Alcides*,
 " in renowned *Thebes*, When *Saturn's* Son
 " thus boasted to the Gods.

put to shew Consent; where-
 fore Homer adds, and own
 your Speeches; that is, Agree
 with me in calling to remem-
 brance the Language you have
 us'd against me. He does not
 repeat their Speeches, but only
 gives the Substance.

(p.) *The Daughter of great*
Jove, Ate.] The Goddess Ate
 was a Daemon of Discord and
 Malediction; thrown down
 from Heav'n to Earth, as Ho-
 mer tells afterwards. This
 Apology of Agamemnon is
 very Artful; he accuses him-
 self, but at the same time he
 lays the Blame on the God-
 dess of Discord, who may
 well triumph over Men, since

she makes Jupiter himself
 feel her Power.

(q) *Who never from her curs'd*
Designs desists.] The Ancients
 did, therefore, own a De-
 mon created by God him-
 self, and totally taken up in
 doing of Mischief.

(r) *She spar'd not Jove*
himself.] It looks as if the
 Authors of this Fable wou'd
 thereby shew that the Devil
 sometimes performs things
 which make him seem stron-
 ger than God; tho' 'tis cer-
 tain nothing comes to pass
 without Providence or con-
 trary to its Laws, and that
 this Spirit of Discord has no
 Power any further than as

“ Hear me, ye Pow’rs! attend my firm
 “ Decrees; *Illythia*, who presides o’er human
 “ Births, Is gone this Day to bring into the
 “ World A Hero, who shall spread his Em-
 “ pire far, And govern all Mankind, from me
 “ descended.

“ To him thus *Juno* answer’d, with design
 “ To snare him. “ Son of *Saturn*, you deceive
 “ The Gods, nor will perform your Pro-
 “ mises. Now then confirm it with your
 “ strongest Oath, That he, who shall be born
 “ this Day, shall reign O’er all Mankind, de-
 “ scended of your Blood.

“ Then *Jove*, not reaching the close Treachery,
 “ By his most solemn Oath confirm’d his Pro-
 “ mise. Rash Act! that often griev’d his God-
 “ like Mind; For *Juno* from *Olympus* straight
 “ descended, And flew to *Argos*, where the
 “ teeming Wife Of *Stheneleus*, the Son of
 “ *Perseus*, lay, (s) Then in her seventh
 “ Month; whom soon the Goddess, Before
 “ her Time, deliver’d of a Son; But kept *Alc-*
mena back, and stopt her Labour; Then
 “ straight to Heav’n returning, thus bespake
 “ Her Brother and her Spouse. “ O *Jove*,
 “ whose Arm Scatters the Thunder, hear the
 “ News I bring; A Son to *Stheneleus*, and
 “ *Peleus*’ Grandson, Is born this Day, descended
 “ of your Blood: Worthy to reign in *Argos*,
 “ and to wear Those Honours, your Decrees

it pleases God to give it | here that for Big-belly’d Wo-
 him. men the seventh Month is
 (s) Then in her seventh as good a Term as the Ninth.

Month.] Homer acknowledges

“ have

" have destin'd for him. Thus she, the God
" was smit with sudden Sorrow; (t) When
" catching Ate by the hated Head, He swore

(t) When catching Ate by the hated Head.] There have been great Disputes about this Verse: *Αντίκα δ' οὐλήν Ἀτην κεφαλῆς κιπαρωθακάμοις*, to know whether Homer means that Jupiter took that Goddess by the Head, by the Hair, or whether he took her upon his Head. Eustathius has declar'd himself for the latter. It is more probable, says he, that the Poet means Jupiter's Head, because that Goddess, who was accustom'd to tread upon the Heads even of the Gods, did afterwards walk upon those of Men, when she was thrown down. But this Reason does not seem to me to be solid, for, to walk upon the Heads of Men, it is not necessary she shou'd have walk'd upon the Heads of the Gods. The Passage is very clear, Homer says that Jupiter took that Goddess by the Head, *οὐλής κεφαλῆς*, which is the same thing with what he said of Minerva, in the first Book, that she took Achilles by the hair, *χαρδῆς δὲ κόμης ἐλέκτειωρα*. If he had been minded to say that Jupiter took her upon his Head, he wou'd have added a Preposition to determine such a

Meaning, and wou'd never have giv'n him the Epithet *λιπαροπλοκάμοιο* which suits only the Head of a Goddess, not the Head of the Sovereign of the Gods. But this is not the most important part of this Passage; the most material thing in this Passage is the Fiction it contains, a Fiction very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the Pagans knew that a Demon of Discord and Malediction was in Heav'n and afterwards precipitated to Earth, which perfectly agrees with holy History. S. Justin will have it that Homer attain'd to the Knowledge thereof in Egypt, and that he had ev'n read what Isaiah writes, chap. 14. *Quomodo cecidisti, &c.* How art thou fallen from Heav'n, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning, how art thou cut down to the ground which didst weaken the Nation? But our Poet cou'd not have seen the Prophecy of Isaiah, because he liv'd 100, or 150 Years before that Prophet; and 'tis this very Anteriority of time which makes this Passage the more observable. Homer therein bears Authentick Witness to the Truth of the Story of

" (u) she never should return to Heav'n To
 " vex the Gods; then whirl'd her round, and
 " flung her To Earth, where now she plagues
 " unhappy Mortals. Oft was the God in
 " Pain, and curs'd that Fury, (w) To see his
 " Son with endless Labours tir'd, Which by
 " *Eurystheus'* Tyranny he bore.

" Thus *Jove* himself, and thus was I mis-
 " led; Whilst *Hector* slew our Men with
 " deadly Rage, And drove them to the Fleet,
 " I was implacable, Nor could suppress my
 " Anger, but was drunk With Passion, and
 " possess'd by some wild Fury, Which *Jove*
 " permitted; but I now perceive My Fault,
 " and will with costly Gifts repair The Injuries

an Angel thrown from Hea-
 ven, and bears this Testimo-
 ny above an 100 Years be-
 fore one of the greatest Pro-
 phets spoke of it; for can it
 be doubted that this Idea is
 drawn from Truth itself?

(u) *She never shou'd re-*
turn to Heav'n.] *Eustathius*
 observes here, that *Homer*
 admonishes his Readers with
 a great deal of Art not to
 give Credit to the Fable
 which makes Discord to
 reign in Heaven among the
 Gods, but to give it an Al-
 legorical Sense, for he af-
 firms that Discord no longer
 appear'd in the Mansions of
 the Immortals from the Day
 that it was thrown down
 from thence. This pernici-
 ous and evil *Dæmon* ranges

throughout the Earth, al-
 ways seeking to do Mis-
 chief.

(w) *To see his Son with end-*
less Labours tir'd.] The An-
 cients were fully persuaded
 of the absolute and indepen-
 dent Sovereignty of Kings;
 and *Homer* very solidly es-
 tablishes this Truth by the
 plain Example of *Hercules*,
 who though he was *Jupiter's*
 Son, paid nevertheless Obe-
 dience to *Eurystheus* who
 was only the Grandson of
 that God, because *Eurystheus*
 was a King. *Hercules* being
 born his Subject submitted
 to his Commands, and exe-
 cuted all his Orders, tho' ne-
 ver so sev'le. No Birth, no
 Merit can dispense with this
 Law.

" which

" which in my Rage I did To great *Achilles*.
 " Therefore, mighty Warrior! Haste to the
 " Fight, (x) and lead your Squadrons on; I go
 " to send you all the Spoils and Riches, Which
 " in my Name *Ulysses* (y) Yesterday Engag'd
 " to give you, to appease your Anger. Tho'
 " you are eager to renew the Combat, Yet
 " ere you can depart, my Slaves and People
 " This Moment shall convey them from my
 " Ships, Before your Eyes, and lay them at
 " your Feet.

Thus He: Divine *Achilles* thus reply'd.
 " Great Son of *Atreus*! Leader of the
 " Greeks! The Gifts you offer me with so
 " much Justice, (z) 'Tis in your Pow'r to
 " send or to detain; For you are Lord of all:
 " But now's the Time For Battle and for War,
 " without delay, Too precious to be spent in
 " idle Talk; We must retrieve the Losses of
 " the Greeks. " Then let us march, and
 " when the Troops behold me Felling the

(x) Lead your Squadrons
 on.] This is very dexterous for
 the asswaging *Achilles*: *Agamemnon*
 seems to yield to
 him the whole Authority of
 the General. But this was
 not till after he had himself
 given him Orders: *Haste to*
the Battle.

(y) Yesterday engag'd to
 give.] In the Embassie which
 he together with *Ajax* per-
 form'd to *Achilles*, the Night
 between the 16th and 17th.

Therefore *Agamemnon* says
 very well, which *Ulysses* Yester-
 day engag'd to give.

(z) 'Tis in your Power to
 send or to detain.] *Achilles*
 neither refuses nor demands
Agamemnon's Presents. The
 first wou'd be too Contempt-
 uous, and the other wou'd
 look too Selfish. It wou'd
 seem as if *Achilles* fought
 only for Pay like a Merce-
 nary, which wou'd be utterly
 unbecoming a Hero, and dis-

" *Trojans*

" Trojans with my bloody Spear, Let each
" Man follow me and my Example.

Then rose *Ulysses* from the Bench, and spake. " Divine *Achilles*, tho' your valiant Soul Burnswith Impatience to begin the Battle: Yet whilst the Men are spent with Toil and Hunger, If they are led to fight, the Trojan Troops With Ease may bear the Shock, and long maintain The Fight, nor will your single Arm decide it: Therefore command the Men aboard the Fleet Refresh themselves a while; for Bread and Wine Are Strength and Valour to the weary Soldier. How can a Warrior, press'd with meager Famine, Endure the Toils of Battle, till the Sun Has run his Course, and hastens to the Ocean? For tho' his Courage fail not, yet his Strength Will soon decay, for Thirst and pinching Want Will tame him, and his Knees and feeble Joints Sink down, unable to sustain their Load; Whilst he, whose Soul is cheer'd with sprightly Wine And strong Repast, can all Day long endure The Combat, nor will leave the dusty Field, Whilst any Foe remains; for his brave Mind Is fill'd with fresh Recruits, his Strength increases, And through his Limbs the vigorous Juices flow. Then be advis'd, and let the Troops partake Their due Refreshments: But (a) let *Agamemnon* Mean

honourable to that Character. Homer is wonderful as to the Manners.

(a) Let Agamemnon mean while produce his Presents.] This Advice of *Ulysses*, who

" while

" while produce his Presents, in the sight Of
 " all the Greeks, to let *Achilles* see The Ho-
 " nour he intends him, and restore His Cap-
 " tive, by a solemn Oath affirming, That he has
 " never to her Bed ascended, Or tasted the sweet
 " Favour of her Sex ; To free *Achilles*' Mind
 " from Jealous Fear : Then let him treat him
 " at a splendid Banquet, Performing all the
 " Rites, which may procure The Satisfaction
 " to his Honour due. And you, O Son of
 " *Atreus* ! for the future Temper your Con-
 " duct, and restrain your Paffion, (b) Nor
 " think it an Indignity, that Kings Should con-
 " descend to do their Subjects Justice.

He spake, and *Agamemnon* thus reply'd.
 " With Pleasure, wise *Ulysses*, I have heard
 " Your good Advice, with Reason and with
 " Judgment Pronounc'd ; What you propose
 " I will perform. I am prepar'd to take that
 " solemn Oath, Nor shall with perjur'd Lips
 " invoke the Gods. Only let great *Achilles*,
 " tho' Impatient To march into the Field and
 " try the Combat, Awhile refrain, and you

is for having the Presents brought thither instantly, is very subtle and very sensible. He wou'd leave no handle to the Difference between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, but wou'd have the Greeks owe all the Obligation to *Agamemnon*, by seeing what he Sacrifices to appease him. And in this he wastes no useful Time, for it all happens whilst

they are preparing the Sacrifice necessary to confirm that Union.

(b) *Nor think it an Indignity.*] A truly Divine Maxim ! All Injuries ought to have Reparation, this is the Law; therefore no body is exempted from obeying it, and it is glorious for those who bear the Scepter of Justice to submit thereto.

" assent:

" assembled Greeks Stay till the Presents from
 " the Fleet are brought ; And we by mutual
 " Leagues have sign'd our Friendship. Yours
 " be the Charge, *Ulysses*, to command Some
 " of our (c) chief Attendants to convey
 " The Captives and the Presents from our
 " Ships, All that by you I promis'd to *Achilles* ;
 " Whilst by my Order, to the Sun and Jove,
 " *Talthybius* shall perform the (d) Sacrifice.

Then thus *Achilles* spake. " O *Agamemnon*,
 " Let us defer these Rites, till we return From
 " Battle, and this mighty Fury cools That
 " rages in my Breast : Our valiant Greeks Lye
 " scatter'd on the Plains, by *Hector* slain, When
 " Jove with Glory crown'd his bloody Arms,
 " Whilst you invite me to the Wine and Ban-
 " quet. Fain I would lead our Squadrons to
 " the Field, Tho' tir'd and hungry ; when the
 " Day is done, We may with Joy and Feast-
 " ing spend the Night, Already fated with
 " Revenge and Slaughter. For me, till then
 " no Wine nor Nourishment Shall touch my
 " Lips, since I have lost *Patroclus*, (e) Who
 " now lies stretch'd before my lofty Tent, A-

(c) Chief Attendants.] *A-*
gamemnon will not have these
 Presents brought by the com-
 mon Soldiers, but by the Prin-
 cipal Officers, to do the more
 Honour to *Achilles*.

(d) The Sacrifice.] *Kairos*
 does not signify here a wild
 Bear, as the Interpreters were
 of Opinion. They had not
 time to go a hunting to take

a Boar alive, it means a Hog.
 And *Eustathius* gives the Rea-
 sons which obliged them on
 this Occasion to make choice
 of this Victim. See him,
 p. 1183.

(e) Who now lies stretch'd
 before my lofty Tent.] It is in
 the Greek, lies extended in my
 Tent with his Face turned to-
 wards the Door, οὐκ εἰπόμενος

" midst

" midst his Weeping Friends ; till I avenge
 " His Death, my Soul no other Pleasures
 " craves But Blood and Slaughter, Noise and
 " dying Groans.

Thus he : The Sage *Ulysses* thus reply'd.
 " O Son of *Peteus*, you in Strength and Va-
 " lour Excel, (f) but I in Wisdom and good
 " Counsel, For I have more Experience and
 " more Years ; Then listen to my Words, let
 " me prevail : The bravest Warriors are with
 " Combat cloy'd : (g) The Ears of Corn in
 " Harvest do not fall So thick, beneath the
 " Reaper's crooked Sickle, (h) As fall those
 " Troops in Battle, against whom Great Jove,

τετραμυῖος, that is to say, as the Scholiast has very well explain'd it, having his Feet turn'd towards the Door. *τετραμύινες ἔχειν εἰναὶ τοὺς νεκταρίους*, for thus it was that in Greece they placed the Dead in the Porch of their Houses, as likewise in Italy, Persia :

In portam rigidos calces extendit. The same Custom is to this Day observed among us.

(f) *But I in Wisdom.*] *Ulysses* does not attribute the Advantage he here gives himself over *Achilles*, either to his own Ingenuity, or his Industry; but ascribes it solely to his great Age. And thereby he softens that Preference which he gives himself, by shewing that since those Qualities, Prudence and

Experience, are the Gift of Age, *Achilles* may likewise have them with Time. It is not dishonourable to Youth to be without that which Age alone can give.

(g) *The Ears of Corn.*] *Ulysses* means to shew to *Achilles*, that Troops that are fasting can make no long Resistance, that as soon as they once give way there is a cruel Execution made among them; and that they have not Strength either to stand it out or run away; and he urges it the more, that *Achilles* may be prevailed upon to Eat before he Fights. He dares not say it in express terms, but he insinuates it by an Image.

(h) *As fall those Troops.*] That is to say, Those who

"the

" the Judge of War, with angry Hand (i)
 " The fatal Balance weighs. It is not lawful
 " For Greeks to fast for their dead Friends :
 " If this Had been the Custom, when should
 " we have known The taste of Dainties, who
 " have lost such Numbers Slain in the War?
 " Our Country Rites command To bury our
 " departed Friends in Earth, Spending the
 " Day in Sorrow and in Tears : But they
 " who from the doubtful Fight escape, Should
 " with due Nourishment repair their Strength ;
 " That with fresh Force they may return to
 " Arms, (k) And manfully sustain the furious
 " Charge. When the Repast is done, and we
 " are call'd (l) To March against the Foe in

escape from the Rout are very few. Ulysses's Expression is very remarkable; he calls *χαλαινη*, *stipulam*, *Straw*, *Chaff*, such as are kill'd in the Battle; and he calls *ἀμύτον*, *the Crop*, such as make their Escape. This is very conformable to the Language of the Holy Scripture, wherein those who perish are call'd *Chaff*, and those who are saved are call'd *Corn*.

(i) *The fatal Balance weighs.*] This is a very Poetical Phrase to signify, putting one of the two Parties to the Rout, which does not happen 'till he has caused one of the Scales of the Balance to sink down. Jupiter's Balances are sufficiently spoken of elsewhere.

(k) *And manfully sustain, &c.]* There is in the Text a Mutation of the Person, which is remarkable, for Homer instead of saying, to the end that they may be able, as the Connection requires, says to the end that we may be able, to make himself of the Party, and likewise Achilles; by shewing him that he shou'd likewise Eat, or otherwise will wrong his Courage. I did not dare in my Translation to risk this Change of the Person, as being too foreign to our Tongue.

(l) *To March ag.ainst the Foe.]* This is very adroit; Ulysses, to prevail upon Achilles to let the Troops take Repast, and in some sort to second his Impatience, gives

" War-

" Warlike Order, Let Mischief be his Lot
 " who quits the Ranks, Or to his Ship with
 " wretched Fear retires.

Thus he: Then from the thick Assembly chose The Sons of Nestor, *Meges* born to *Phyleus*, *Thoas* and *Lycomedes*, and stout *Merion*, And *Menalippus*: These together went To *Agamemnon's* Tent, from whence they took The Spoils, seven Massy Chargers, twenty Bowls, Twelve Steeds, and seven Talents of pure Gold, With seven fair Slaves, expert in curious Arts, All which the King had promis'd to *Achilles*: *Briseis* was the eighth, of lovely Mien; *Ulysses* led the Train, and bore the Talents: The other Chiefs the other Presents carry'd, And midst th' assembled *Grecians* laid them down. Then *Agamemnon* rose, and sage *Talthybius* Leading the Boar, came near, and stood before him: (m) The King his Dagger drew, which near his Belt He wore, and from the Beast (n) some Bristles cut, As the first

with the same Breath Orders for Battle, by commanding the Troops to march, and to expect no further Orders. Thus the Troops go to take Repast, for it looks as if they do not lose a moments time, but are going to put themselves in Array of Battle. It is astonishing to see how all the beautiful Places of *Homer* have been disfigured by his Translators.

(m) His Dagger drew, which near his Belt.] I have alrea-

dy taken Notice of this Custom of the Princes, in wearing a Dagger near their Sword.

(n) Some Bristles cut, as the first Offering.] *Eusebius* observes, that this Custom of cutting off the Bristle or Hair of the Victim was to put him in Mind of the ancient Vestments of Mankind, before they found the Art of Spinning Wool, and making Stuffs thereof, for they us'd to cover themselves with

Offring

Off'ring: Then to *Jove* he lifted His Hands,
whilst all the Greeks in decent Silence Sate
listning to the Words of *Agamemnon*: He
looking up to Heav'n, thus pray'd aloud.

" Let *Jove*, the greatest and the best of Gods,
" Be witness, with the Earth, and Sun, and
" Furies, That dwell below and punish breach
" of Oaths: If since *Briseis* at my Tent re-
" main'd, I offer'd any Violence against The
" Laws of Modesty, or tempted her To share
" my Bed, then let the injur'd Gods, If I
" have falsely sworn, pour on my Head Those
" Ills, which they reserve for perjur'd Mor-
" tals.

Thus he: Then sheath'd his Dagger in the
Swine, And straight (*o*) *Talthybius* flung into
the Sea The Bleeding Heart, a Prey to
greedy Fishes.

Then rose Divine *Achilles*, and thus spake.
(*p*) " O *Jove*, from thee our greatest E-
" vils come; The Gods, whene'er they
" please, can blind our Minds; The Son
" of *Atreus* ne'er had injur'd me, Nor had I

Raiment made of the Hair
of Beasts.

(*o*) *Talthybius* flung into
the Sea the bleeding Heart.] For it was not lawful to eat
the Flesh of the Victims, that were sacrificed in Con-
firmation of Oaths; such
were Victims of Maledic-
tion.

(*p*) O *Jove*, from thee our
Greatest:] *Achilles*, to let

them see that he is entirely
appeas'd, justifies *Agamem-
non* himself, and enters into
the Reasons with which that
Prince had colour'd his Fault.
But in that Justification he
perfectly well preserves his
Character, and illustrates per-
fectly well the Advantage
he has over that King who
offended him.

" rag'd

" rag'd with Anger and Resentment; But
 " 'twas decreed by you to plague the Greeks:
 " Who can resist your Pow'r, or stop your
 " Orders? Then haste, and let the Troops re-
 " fresh awhile, And after march and try the
 " deadly Combat.

Thus he; the great Assembly soon dispers'd,
 And each Commander to his Ship repair'd.
 Mean while the *Myrmidons* with Care convey'd
 The Presents to the Tent of great *Achilles*,
 There laid them down, conducting the fair
 Slaves: Then to the Pasture led the warlike
 Steeds.

But when *Briseis*, whose resplendent Beauty
 Like *Venus* shone, beheld *Patroclus*' Body, With
 Sorrow fill'd, she flung into his Arms, Rend-
 ing her Bosom, Neck, and lovely Cheeks:
 Then thus with piercing Cries express'd her
 Grief.

" Unhappy I, to lose my dear *Patroclus*,
 " Who did with friendly Pity ease my Sor-
 " row. Alas! when from the Tent I was
 " convey'd, You then in lively Youth and
 " Vigour flourish'd; Why do I see you thus
 " at my Return? The Gods with fresh Afflic-
 " tions still pursue me. These Eyes beheld my
 " Husband, (q) to whose Arms My tender

(q) To whose Arms my tender Parents.] Eustathius observes here, that Homer expresses himself very properly, for the Wife is given to the Husband, and not the Husband to the Wife.

Wherefore the Husband is the Master, and the Wife ought to submit to him: Thus the Greeks call'd the Wife σύνταγμα, as who shou'd say συνταχοῦται, subjected, submitted, and under the Take.

" Parents gave me, slain in Battle, And my
 " three Brothers falling by his Side. I saw
 " Achilles, cover'd o'er with Blood, Ravage
 " my Country, Sack my native Town: All
 " this I saw, and you allay'd my Grief, (r)
 " And promis'd me, Achilles should espouse
 " me, Make me his Princess, and to Phtbia
 " bear me, With Nuptial Pomp; with you
 " those Hopes are gone: With you, whose
 " Goodness and whose gentle Nature Were
 " all my Comfort once, and now my Sorrow.
 Thus she: The Torrents from her Eyes de-
 scended, Whilst all her Sister Captives join'd
 their Tears, (s) Not for Patroclus' Loss, but
 for their own.

of the Husband; and at Athene the Husband was call'd οὐρανος, Lord, Master.

(r) *And promis'd me Achilles.] Now a days, when our Manners are so different from the ancient Manners, and that we see in our Climates no such dismal Catastrophes which laid whole Kingdoms waste, and subjected Princesses and Queens to the Power of the Conqueror, it will perhaps seem astonishing, that a Princess of Briseis's Birth, the very Day that her Father, Brothers and Husband were kill'd by Achilles, should suffer herself to be comforted, and even flatter'd with the Hopes of becoming the Spouse to heir Murderer. But such were the Manners of those*

Times, as ancient History testifies: And a Poet represents them as they are; but if there was a Necessity for justifying them, it might be said that Slavery was at that time so terrible, that in truth a Princess like Briseis was pardonable to chuse rather to become Achilles's Wife than his Slave.

(s) *Not for Patroclus' Loss, but for their own.] Homer adds this Touch to heighten the Character of Briseis, and to shew the Difference there was between her and the other Captives. Briseis, as a well-born Princess, really bewail'd Patroclus out of Gratitude; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of Interest.*

Mean.

Mean while the Leaders round *Achilles* press'd, Inviting him to taste some Nourishment: (z) But he with Sighs and Tears refus'd the Offer. " If you, he said, are Friends indeed, forbear, And leave me to my Sorrow, which rejects All Food: To Grief my Senses are resign'd: Here let me weep, 'till the bright Sun goes down.

He spake, and to their Tents dismiss'd the Chiefs: Only *Ulysses*, both the Sons of *Atreus*, Old *Phænix*, *Nestor*, and *Idomeneus*, Stay'd to appease his Grief, and comfort him: Which they in vain attempted, he abandon'd His Soul to Sorrow: No Allay he found, No Consolation, but the cruel Hope That he should live to be reveng'd on *Hector* For his *Patroclus'* Loss, no other Name Was heard within his Lips. " My dear *Patroclus*! He cry'd, Unhappy Youth, of all my Friends The nearest to my Soul: How oft have you, (u) When in a Morning our Commanders call'd me To

(z) *But he with Sighs and Tears refus'd.*] Homer had here a fair Opportunity to display his Knowledge, and his Att, in giving to each of these Princes such Speeches as were conformable to their Manners and Character: It is certain the Reader wou'd have been pleased to have seen what those great Personages cou'd have said to *Achilles* to comfort him; but Homer studies only to afford the Pleasure which his

Fable requires. Such Consolatory Speeches wou'd have been ill placed; the Time refuses them as well as *Achilles*. Homer therefore, as *Eustathius* has very well observed, rejected this Occasion, and contented himself with making the Reader sensible that he did reject it. He proceeds to what is more important and more urging.

(u) *When in a Morning.*] The Generals press *Achilles* to Eat; *Achilles* refuses

" some

" some Attack against the Trojan Ramparts,
 " Serv'd up the hearty Banquet in my Tent?
 " And do I now embrace you on your Herse?
 " How often at this Table have we sate, In
 " sweet Society? O fatal Wounds, That rob
 " me of my Friend! No other Grief Could e-
 " qual this: (w) Not tho' a Messenger From
 " Pthia brought the News of Peleus' Death,
 " Who now consumes with Grief within his
 " Palace, And never hopes to see his wretched
 " Son. Whilst I remote from Greece, engage in
 " War Against the Trojans, for pernicious Helen.
 " My dear Patroclus! I no more shall see My
 " Son, if yet he lives, young Neoptolemus, At
 " Scyros left. Alas! I vainly thought That on-
 " ly I should fall before these Walls, And you
 " survive, to sail to Greece again. Who might
 " conduct my Son to fertile Pthia, There
 " place him in my Kingdom, since my Father
 " Is now no more, or full of Years and Care,
 " Will soon resign his Life, when he shall
 " hear The fatal News, that I am slain at
 " Troy.

them, and this awakens in
 his Mind the Idea of the
 Food which Patroclus brought
 to him every Morning before
 they went to Battle. And
 with that he begins his La-
 mentations. This is very
 natural, and admirably well
 conceals the Art of drawing
 the Subject of his Discourse
 from the very things that
 present themselves.

(w) Not tho' a Messenger.] Achilles therefore in this Place prefers his Friend not only to his Son, but likewise to his Father. A Man may love a Friend more than a Son, but it is forbidden to love him more or even so much as a Father; for, next to God, Fathers are those who ought to be most beloved and honour'd by their

Thus

Thus he, and mingled Tears amidst his Words;
His Sorrows forc'd the Chiefs that stood a-round him, To Weep the sad (x) Remembrance of some Loss, Which to their Minds his mournful Sight recall'd.

Fove, touch'd with his Distress, to *Pallasthus* Addres'd his high Commands. “ Is great *Achilles* No more regarded? see, oppress'd with Grief, Where in his Ship he lies, and mourns the Loss Of his *Patroclus*; whilst the other Greeks Are at the Banquet, only he abstains; Go you, instil into his Breast the Dainties

Children. How then comes Homer to present here an Example which seems so contrary to good Morals? Does he mean to give Achilles the Sentiments of an unnatural Son to load that Character? No, doubtless; for on the contrary he gives him all the Virtues that are consistent with that Ground-work of Obduracy which he attributes to him, and he has already shewn that Achilles tenderly loved his Father. What Achilles says here is not in the least the Sentiment of an unnatural Son, and he himself gives very sensible and plain Reasons for it; his Father is loaded with Years, and is perhaps no longer Alive, or if he is Alive it is certain he will not long survive the News of his Death; *Patroclus* was young, and A-

chilles, who had but a few Days to live, hoped that after his Death his dear Friend wou'd be as a Father to his Son, and put him into the Possession of his Kingdom. *Neoptolemus* wou'd in *Patroclus* find *Pelous* and *Achilles*; whereas when *Patroclus* was dead every thing was dead to him; Homer is particularly admirable for the Sentiments, and always follows Nature.

(x) Remembrance of some Loss.] This is a very natural Thought, and such is the Effect which the Complaints of Achilles ought to produce in those Princes who behold themselves almost in the same Condition with him. Homer is never wanting in any thing which a Subject can furnish, the most tender and the most touching.

“ Of

" Of Nectar and Ambrosia, to sustain him,
 " Least Thirst and Hunger quell his martial
 " Strength.

Minerva, of her self dispos'd to succour The Hero, soon obey'd her Father's Words ; Then from *Olympus* flew, swift as an Eagle, Just as the Greeks were arming ; to *Achilles* She came, instilling *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* Into his Breast, to give him Strength and Vigour To bear the Combat ; then return'd as swiftly To *Jove*'s high Palace. From the Camp and Fleet The Greeks in Order drew, and lin'd the Shore. As when the Northen Wind impetuous drives Thick Flakes of Snow, that whiten the bright Air : So look'd the shining Breast-plates, Shields, and Casks, And Spears, that issu'd from the Tents and Ships : The blaze to Heav'n extended, and the Earth Smil'd with new Glory , clad in shining Brass , Under the trampling Troops and Steeds resounding. Amidst the rest, *Achilles* took his Arms, (z) Burning with Fury ; from his Eyes the Flames, Like Lightning

(y) Of Nectar and Ambrosia.] This Miracle is founded upon the Knowledge which the Pagans had, that God cou'd support Men without any Nourishment as long as he pleased. Here are seen the Beauties which Homer takes from this Obstinacy of *Achilles* in not eating. Jupiter sends *Minerva* to support him with a Divine Food, which is far more glorious for that Hero, and has a

much greater Effect as to Poetry.

(z) Burning with Fury.] I did not dare to risk what Homer says, that they beard the Grinding of his Teeth. This is the Advantage which foreign and figurative Terms have over common and ordinary ones. Homer here admirably well paints a Hero whom Rage transports, and who is aiming himself for Battle,

flew,

flew, Sorrow immixt with Rage Possess'd his Soul, impatient to revenge *Patreclus*' Death: he seiz'd his polish'd Arms, The Work and Gift of *Vulcan*, then put on His Buskins, which by Golden Buckles hung, Then his bright Breast-plate, and his Belt that bore His deadly Sword, and next his Buckler took, That cast a beamy Splendor, like the Moon, As when some Lanthorn from a lofty Hill, Or Tow'r, along the Ocean spreads its Lustre, To light the Marriners by Tempests toss'd Far from the Shore, on which they wish to land: Such Beams from great *Achilles*' Buckler shone: Then on his manly Head he plac'd the Helmet, On which the Crest resembled some red Star, Threatning Mankind; the Plume of Fine-wrought Gold Nodded above, and floated in the Wind.

Thus clad, the Hero try'd to walk, and move His Limbs, essaying if the Armour sate Light and well-fitted, and (a) like Wings he found it, That made him still more Active, Free, and Gay.

(a) *Like Wings he found it.*] What Poetry is here! When one wou'd have thought Homer had exhausted all the Miracles upon this Armor, behold a new one. Far from being cumbersome, they are like Wings which raise that Hero up, and make him more

lively and active. And this whole Miracle, is in order to speak Poetically a very plain thing, that these Arms are so exact, and so well proportion'd to *Achilles*' Shape, that they do not in the least embarrass him.

Then from his Armory he took his Spear,
Massy and long, a Present from his Father:
No other Warrior in the Troops but he
Could wield or throw it: *Chiron* cut it down
From *Pelion's* craggy Top, and gave it *Peleus*,
To be the Death of many valiant Heroes.

Mean while *Automedon* and *Alcimus* Harness the Steeds, and join them to the Chariot: *Automedon* ascending took his Place, Prepar'd to drive with Whip and Reins, *Achilles* Behind him sat, (b) in Armour that outshin'd The Sun, then with a stern Regard and Voice, Thus to his Warlike Steeds his Orders gave. “ *Xanthus* and *Balios*, Sons of “ *Podagra*, Worthy your Race, (c) obey your “ Charioteer, And bear me into Battle, where “ my Rage May fate it self with Blood; and “ do not leave me Stretch'd on the Plain, as “ late you left *Patroclus*.

Xanthus, disdaining these Reproaches, turn'd His Head, and as he turn'd, his dangling Mane Swept the smooth Plain, then to his Master thus Reply'd, for *Juno* gave him Pow'r to

(b) In Armour that out-shin'd the Sun.] After what he said of the Lustre of his Cuirass, and that of his Buckler, all this being put together upon *Achilles*, who is in his Chariot, was likely to make him appear as the Sun in his Car environ'd with Glory. This is well pursued,

and Homer arrives at this Comparison by Degrees, and with a great deal of Exactness.

(c) Obey your Charioteer.] *Achilles* only speaks of his Driver *Automedon*, he says nothing concerning himself, for he is prepared to die.

VI. NOV.

speak.

speak. "Valiant Achilles! from the deadly
 Combat (*d*) We'll bear you safe this Day;
 But know, your Death Draws near, nor
 can you blame your warlike Steeds: *Fate* and
 the Fates have fix'd their firm Decrees. 'Twas
 not our Fault, our Sloth, or Cowardize, By
 which *Patroclus* fell, and lost his Arms:
 But the far-shooting Son of great *Latona*
 Smote him, and then to *Hector* gave the
 Glory. For us, our nimble Hoofs can o-
 vertake The Zephyrs, swifter than all other
 Winds. But who can save you, since the

(*d*) *We'll bear you safe this Day.*] Upon this Fiction of Homer, who makes a Horse to speak; it is worth while to observe the sage Conduct of this Poet. Fable, which gives Manners and a Voice not only to brute Beasts, but likewise to Plants, as is seen even in the holy Scripture; Tradition, received among the Greeks that the Ram of *Phryxus* spoke, and ancient History wherein many the like Miracles are reported, as that an Ox spoke; all these I say seem to Authorize Homer, and so give him the Liberty of making this Horse of Achilles to speak without any other Preparative, and without exposing him to the least Possibility of Condemning that Hardiness; he however does not pass to that Prodigy without much Gradation

and Management. He had already intimated to his Reader that those Horses are of an Immortal Race, and that they lamented the Death of *Patroclus*; by this the Reader is beforehand disposed to consider them as endued with Understanding. And lastly, the Goddess *Juno* intervenes, who renders this Miracle very probable, and who sets forth the very Nature of the Prodigy, for *Juno* is nothing but the Air. Besides, Homer might have heard of the Miracle of *Balaam's Ass*, Numb. 22. 28. The Poet therefore cannot be blamed by any but those who are utterly ignorant of the Nature of an Epic Poem, which without losing sight of the Bounds of Probability, seeks for the Admirable and the Prodigious.

" Fates decree, (e) That by a God and by
" a Man subdu'd, You shall be slain before
" the Walls of Troy?

More he had said, but the (f) fell Furies
stopt him. Then thus *Achilles*, full of Rage,
reply'd. " *Xanthus*, must you upbraid me with
" Misfortunes, And thus foretel my Death?
" Too well I know That on this Shore, far
" from my native Country, I shall resign to
" Fate; yet e'er I fall The *Trojans* shall with
" Slaughter dye the Plain.

Thus he, then with a Shout drove swiftly
on, And led the firm Battalions to the Field.

(e) By a God and Men
subdu'd.] Since it was necessary that *Hector* shou'd be
sized by a God to kill *Patroclos*, it is much more likely
that *Achilles*, who is more
valiant than *Patroclos*, cannot
be slain by a Man alone.

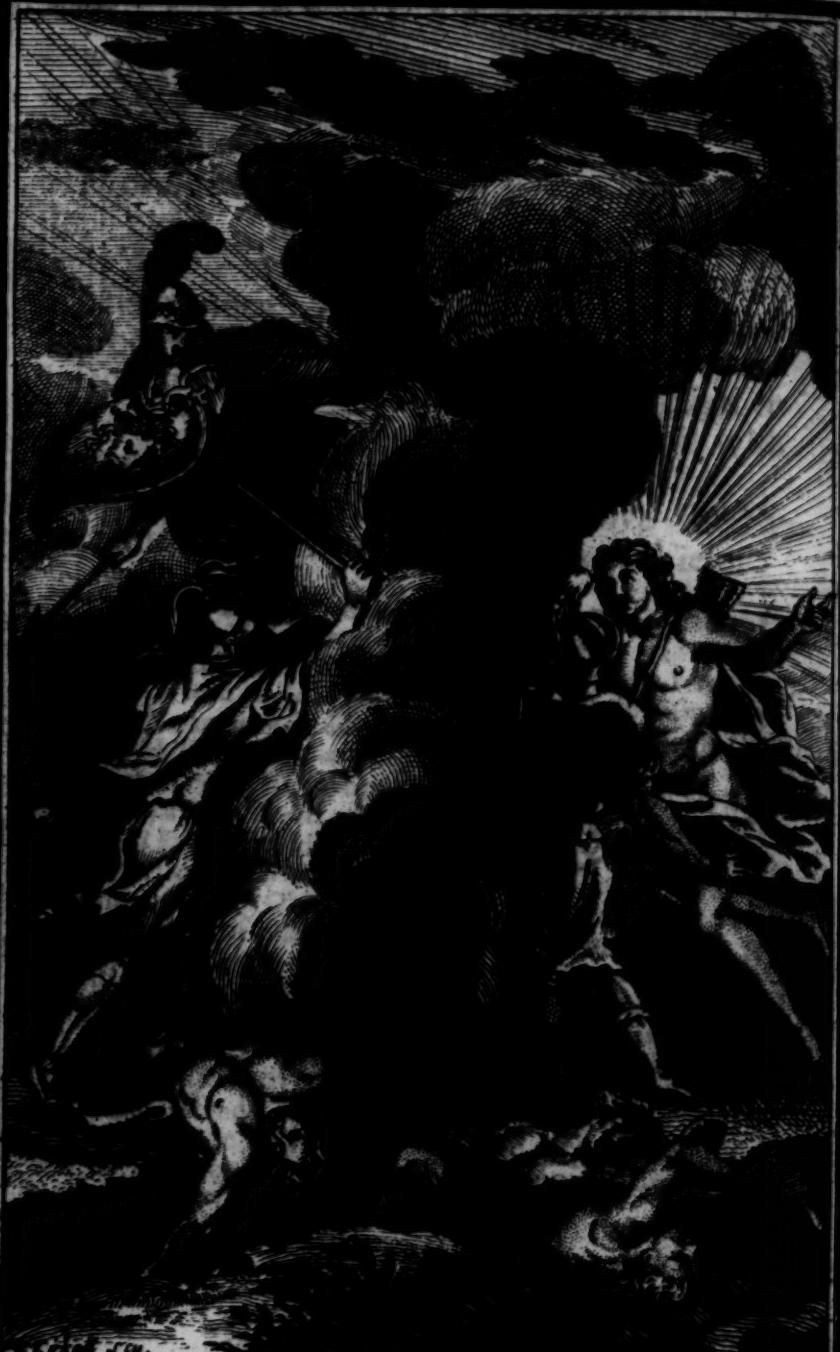
(f) Fell Furies stopt him.] Why the Furies, and not *Juno*? This is an Objection made by some of the Ancients against Homer; Eustathius answers it very well; his Remark is as follows: This is taken from the most profound Philosophy; the Poet had offended against Probability if he had made *Juno* do it; for how cou'd *Juno* take away the Voice, she

who is the Cause thereof? Besides the Poet was willing to signify that the Privation of the Voice is so dismal and melancholly a thing that none but the Furies can take upon them so cruel an Employ. I wou'd add to Eustathius's Remark, that it seems, according to the Theology of the Ancients, that the Furies had a Commission to repair whatever was done against the ordinary Laws of Nature. There is nothing more contrary to those Laws than for a Heroe to speak; it therefore belongs to the Furies to stop the Course of so surprising a Prodigy.

ARGU-



10 DECEMBER 1862



Achilles Clad in his new Armour, having vigorously attack'd y
Trojans, falls with fury upon Hector, whom he is upon y point
of Sacrificing to his Resentment, but Apollo covering him
with a thick Cloud delivers him from that Danger.

B.20.

A R G U M E N T O F T H E T W E N T I E T H B O O K.

WHILST the Greeks and Trojans prepare for Battle, Jupiter orders Thernis to summon the Gods to Council. He acquaints the Assembly with his Designs; and permits the Gods to go down, and be present in the Engagement, and to take either Party as their own Inclinations led them. They divide themselves on both Sides, whilst the Armies with great Fury charge one another. A prodigious Storm of Thunder, with a dreadful Earthquake; so violent, that Plato is frighted with an Apprehension that his Dominions would be laid open, and Daybreak in upon him. Apollo encourages Æneas to engage Achilles. The Gods retire, and take their Stations to behold the Combat. Achilles and Æneas, after a long Conversation on both sides, meet and charge one another. Æneas, just as Achilles is ready to kill him, is convey'd away by Neptune, who knew his Destiny,

ARGUMENT.

tiny, that he should be King of the Trojans. Achilles in revenge Sacrifices several other Commanders to his Resentment. He kills Polydore, Priam's youngest Son. Hector advances to revenge his Brother's Death, and throws his Lance. Achilles runs in to dispatch him, but Apollo rescues him, by hiding him in a thick Cloud. Achilles pursues the Trojans as they fly towards the City with all his Vigour, and makes so great a Slaughter of them, that the Plain is cover'd with Dead Bodies.



VI

THE

E H

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XX.



HILST from the Fleet the Greeks repair'd to Arms Led by Achilles, eager for the Fight, And on a rising Ground the Trojan Troops Drew out in warlike Order to receive them; (a) Themis, by Jove's Command, was sent to summon The Gods,

(a) Themis, by Jove's Command.] Iris and Mercury are the ordinary Messengers of Jupiter. Here he makes

who (*b*) round Olympus' Top resided, (*c*) To a grand Council : they obedient came From every side to Jove's eternal Palace ; The Rivers, and the Sea-Gods, (*d*) only Ocean Excepted, and the Nymphs that dwell in Woods, In Springs, and Meads, were present in th'Assembly : All sate in shining Neeches of bright Gold, Which Vulcan for his Father Jove had fram'd.

Neptune, among the rest, obey'd the Orders, and from his watry Realm came to the Presence,

Treaty-breakers, Jupiter employs Themis, that is to say Justice, who assembles the Gods round Jupiter, because it is from him that all the Powers of Nature take their Virtue and receive their Orders ; and Jupiter lends them to the Relief of both Parties, to shew that nothing falls out but by his Permission, and that neither Angels nor Men nor the Elements act but according to the Power which is given them. This Passage is very beautiful, and Proclus to explain it has written a whole Chapter, which deserves to be read.

(*b*) Who round Olympus Top resided.] That is, from the sundry Heavens and all the celestial Spheres and different Heights of Mount Olympus, because of the Nymphs of the Waters and Forests.

(*c*) To a grand Council.] With what Art does Homer set off the Grandeur and Glory of Abilities ! So soon as he takes Arms, the Affair becomes so important that Jupiter summons an Assembly of the Gods.

(*d*) Only Ocean excepted.] For whether the Ocean be consider'd according to the Truth couch'd under the Allegory, he cou'd not be present in the Palace of Jupiter, that is, the Element of Water cannot mount above the Place it possesses. Whether we consider him according to the Fable as the Father of all the Gods, he ought not to have repair'd to that Assembly to be Witness of the War which his Descendants were going to make on one another.

And took his Seat, then (e) thus of *Saturn's*
Son Ask'd, for what Cause he had the Gods
assembled. "Father of Gods and Men! whose
Arm sends forth The Thunder, tell us,
wherefore we are met? Is it to take new
Measures on th' Affair Of *Greece* and *Troy*,
whose Troops are now drawn forth, And
with new Rage resolve to try the Combat?

To him thus Jove. (f) "The Subject of our
Councils, And my Design, by *Neptune* has
been told. I cannot see so brave a Race of
Men Unpity'd fall, and therefore I intend
To view the Battle from *Olympus'* Top: Go
you into the Plain, (f) and take the Party
You favour most, each God affit his Friends;
Should great *Achilles* by himself attack The

(e) Thus of *Saturn's* Son
ask'd.] *Pluto* not being at
this Assembly, for Reasons
which I shall soon give, *Neptune* was, next to *Jupiter*, the
greatest of the Gods; and
therefore he spoke first.

(f) And take the Party
you favour most.] *Eustathius*
informs us that the Ancients
were very much divided upon
this Passage of *Homer*. Some have criticised it, and others have answer'd their Criticism; but he reports nothing more than the Objection, without vouchsafing to transmit the Answer to us. Those who condemned *Homer*, said, *Jupiter* is for the *Trojans*; he sees the *Greeks* are the strongest; so

he permits the Gods to declare themselves and go to the Battle. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his Point; for the Gods who favour the *Greeks*, being stronger than those who favour the *Trojans*, the *Greeks* will still have the same Advantage. I do not know what Answer the Partisans of *Homer* made, but for my part, I think this Objection is more ingenious than solid. *Jupiter* does not pretend that the *Trojans* shou'd be stronger than the *Greeks*, he has only a Mind that the Decree of Destiny shou'd be executed. Destiny had refused to *Achilles* the Glory of taking *Troy*, but if 28-

" Trojans , they would scarce sustain the
 " Charge : How can they bear his Fury now
 " redoubled By young *Patroclus*' Loss, who
 " yesterday Naked, Unarm'd, dismay'd them
 " with his Presence ? Therefore make haste,
 " least in his Rage he sack The Walls of *Troy*,
 " in spite of Fate's Decree.

Thus spake the Son of *Saturn*, and engag'd
 The Gods on either Side : (g) *Juno* and *Pallas*,
 and *Neptune*, and the God of Arts and Cun-
 nинг, Swift *Mercury*, with *Vulcan* breathing

Achilles fights singly against
 the *Trojans*, he is capa-
 ble of forcing Destiny ;
 as *Homer* has already else-
 where said, that there had
 been brave Men to whom that
 had happen'd. Whereas if
 the Gods took part, tho'
 those who follow the *Grecians*
 are stronger than those who
 are for the *Trojans*, the lat-
 ter wou'd however be strong
 enough to support Destiny,
 and to hinder *Achilles* from
 making himself Master of
Troy. This was *Jupiter*'s sole
 View : Thus is this Passage
 so far from being blameable,
 it is on the contrary very
 beautiful, and infinitely glo-
 rious for *Achilles*.

(g) *Juno* and *Pallas* and
Neptune, &c. aided the
 Greeks.] The Reader must
 by no means imagine that
Homer made this Division
 by chance. It is founded
 upon very solid Reasons ;
 and drawn from the very

Nature of those two Na-
 tions. He places on the Side
 of the *Grecians* all the Gods
 who preside over Arts and
 Sciences, to signify that in
 that respect the *Grecians* bear
 away the Bell from all other
 Nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Nept-
 une*, *Mercury* and *Vulcan* are
 for the *Grecians* ; *Juno*, not
 only as the Goddess who
 presides over Marriage, and
 who is concern'd to revenge
 an Injury done to the Nup-
 tial Bed, but likewise as the
 Goddess who represents Mo-
 narchical Government, which
 was better establish'd in
Greece than any where else ;
Pallas, because being the
 Goddess of War and Wisdom
 she ought to be for those
 who are wrong'd ; besides
 the *Grecians* understood the
 Art of War better than the
 Barbarians ; *Neptune*, because
 he was an Enemy to the
Trojans upon Account of
Lamedon's Perfidiousness, and

Rage,

Rage, Aided the Greeks : (b) *Apollo*, and *Diana*, and *Mars*, *Latona*, *Xanthus*, and fair *Venus*, The Queen of Laughter and of Love, were rang'd On t'other Side, and took the *Trojan* Party.

Ere the high Pow'rs descended to the Field, The *Greeks*, assur'd of Victory, march'd on ; For now *Achilles* in the Van appear'd, After so long retiring from the War. New Terrors seiz'd the *Trojans* at his sight, Shining in Arms, and with a Mien like *Mars*; But when the Gods came down and join'd the Troops, Both Armies flush'd with equal Ardour flew To meet each other, and begin the Charge. *Pallas* along the Shore and high Intrenchments Ran, to incite the *Grecians* to the Battle. *Mars*, like a Whirlwind raging to oppose her, From all the *Trojan* Ramparts and the Banks Of Si-

because most of the *Greeks* being come from the Islands or Peninsula's they were in some sort his Subjects; *Mercury*, because he is a God who presides over Stratagems of War, and because *Troy* was taken by that of the Wooden Horse; and lastly *Vulcan*, as the declared Enemy of *Mars* and of all Adulterers, and as the Father of Arts.

(b) *Apollo* and *Diana*, &c. took the *Trojans* part.] The Reasons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for the *Trojans* are very obvious; the point in hand was to favour Ravishers and Debauchees. But

the same Reason, you will say, does not serve for *Apollo*, *Diana* and *Latona*. It is urg'd that *Apollo* is for the *Trojans*, because of the Darts and Arrows which were the principal Strength of the *Barbarians*; and *Diana*, because she presided over Dancing, and those *Barbarians* were great Dancers; and *Latona*, by Reason of her Children, as likewise to signify that the *Trojans* do nothing but Deeds of Darkness, for *Latona* is the Symbol of the Night. *Xanthus* is a River of *Troy*, he is interested for his Country.

mois,

mois, and the high Hill that shades the Stream, Fair Callicolone, with dreadful Voice Rous'd Hector's Men, and led them to the Charge. Thus on each Side the Deities assisted, and flung themselves amidst the fighting Squadrions.

(i) Meanwhile the Sovereign Sire of Gods and Men, From his Aethereal Palace in the Heav'ns, Scatter'd his Lightnings and his burning Bolts; While Neptune from the Chambers of the Deep Rolling his Waves, the Shores and Mountains shook: All Ida and its low Foundations trembled, The Walls of Troy, the Fleet, and Field of Bartel, Rock'd with the dreadful Blow; (k) the God of Hell, Pluto, the Tempest felt, and from his Throne

(i). Meanwhile the Sovereign Sire of Gods.] What Prodigies! So soon as Achilles appears in order to fight, all Nature is agitated; Heaven and Earth seem to be the Heralds of that Warrior to foretel his March.

(k) The God of Hell, Pluto, the Tempest felt.] What Poetry is here for describing an Earthquake! In order to make the Grandeur and Beauty of this Passage perceiv'd, there needs only to give the Words of Longinus, who, struck with this Sublime, cries out, Behold, my dear Terentianus, the Earth opening as far as its very Centre, Hell almost discovered, and

the World's Machine ready to be destroy'd and overturn'd; that is, Heaven, Hell, Things Mortal and Immortal, are engaged in this Battle, and whole Nature is in danger. Virgil, who saw the wondrous Beauty of these Verses, was willing to adorn the Eighth Book of his Aeneis with them; for speaking of the Opening which Heracles made in Caucasus's Cavern, by rooting up a great Rock that cover'd it, he adds,

*Non socius ac si qua penitus re terra debiscens
Infernus reserat sedes, & Regna
recludat*

Starting,

Starting, cry'd out, that *Neptune* with his Trident Had pierc'd the Earth, and let in Light upon him, And on his gloomy Regions, which disclos'd Their Horrors, terrible to Gods and Men. Such was the Storm, when Gods encounter'd Gods. (1) Apollo arm'd his Quiver against *Neptune*, *Pallas* engag'd with *Mars*, and chaste *Diana* Oppos'd her Strength to *Fame*; *Mercury* Contested with *Larona*, and the

Pallida, *Ditis* invisa, superque
immane barastrum
Cernatur, trepidantque immisso
lumine manus.

But this Copy is in every Respect inferior to the Original, both for the Diction and Vivacity of the Image; and its principal Defect proceeds from *Virgil's* having made a Comparison of that with which *Homer* has made an Action. This occasions an infinite Difference, and which is easie to be perceiv'd.

(1) Apollo arm'd his Quiver against *Neptune*.] *Longinus* says very well that all these Ideas are terrible, and that if they are not taken in an Allegorical Sense, they are utterly impious, and very unsuitable to the Majesty of the Gods. *Apollo* is therefore oppos'd to *Neptune*, because Hot and Moist are perpetually jarring; *Minerva* is oppos'd to *Mars*, because Wisdom is always against Folly and Violence; *Diana*

fights against *Fame*, because there is nothing more contrary to Marriage than Celibacy, and so for the rest. And a great evidence of *Homer's* Wisdom is, that he has not engaged the other Gods, *Pluto*, *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, because he doul'd not find, with respect to those Gods, any probable Foundations of Allegory. *Pluto* indeed cannot appear in aid of any Party, because he is a God who loves nothing but the Death of Men: Who, as *Sophocles* says, enriches himself with their Groans, and their Tears, and who never says enough. Neither can *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, who nourish Men, appear in a War which lays waste the Fields, and carries Desolation in all parts. This is *Eusebius's* Remark, which alone may serve to shew that *Homer* never departs from Probability, Natural or Supernatural, and that his Fictions have always some Foundation.

River Whom Mortals call *Scamander*, and the Gods *Xanthus*, with *Vulcan* fought: But only *Hector* Could stay *Achilles'* Rage, for whom he search'd The close Battalions, thirsting for his Blood, (m) To kill him in the Sight of *Mars*, his Friend.

Mean while *Apollo* with new Rage inspir'd *Aeneas*, to engage with *Peleus'* Son: To whom, assuming young *Lycaon's* Shape And Voice, he spake. "Where now is all your Boasting, " *Aeneas*, when amidst the costly Banquet (n) " You told the *Trojan* Chiefs, that you alone " Would in the Fight encounter with *Achilles*.

To him *Aeneas*. "Wherfore, Son of *Priam*, Must I against my Will engage *Achilles*? " Long since by fatal Proofs I try'd his Valour, When he attackt our Troops on *Ida's* Mount, And spoil'd fair *Pedasus* and rich *Lyrnessa*. Then in the Field I met him, but great *Jove* Came to my Aid, and lent me Wings to fly His deadly Rage, else I had fell beneath His bloody Spear, and (o) dread *Minerva's* Anger, (p) Who march'd before him, spreading Day around, To crown his

(m) To kill him in the sight of *Mars*.] These are Touches worthy of entring into the Character of *Achilles*; he wou'd kill *Hector*, but this does not satisfie him, he wou'd kill him under the Eyes of *Mars*, and in spite of the Protection with which that God honours him.

(n) You told the *Trojan* Chiefs.] That is, before *Priam* and the Princes his Sons.

(o) Dread *Minerva's* Anger.] This is to soften *Aeneas's* Flight. It is no shame to fly before a Hero whom Wisdom it self conducts.

(p) Who marched before him, spreading Day around.] Homer

" Arms

" Arms with Glory, and subdue The Legeans
 " and the Trojan Forces By his destroying
 " Sword. What Mortal dares Encounter him,
 " whom still some Deity Defends, and aims his
 " bloody Spear aright, That none of all his Blows
 " are dealt in vain? Would Jove between us
 " weigh his equal Scales, He should not with
 " such Ease subdue Æneas, Tho' he comes
 " clad in his Immortal Arms.

Thus he, and thus Apollo soon reply'd.
 " Invoke the Gods with Pray'r, and they will
 " aid you: (q) Of Venus you were born, who
 " dwells on high, Daughter of Jove: The Mo-
 " ther of Achilles Is Nereus' Off-spring, and re-
 " sides below: Therefore advance, and try
 " the Mortal Hero, And let not Words and
 " Menaces affright you.

He spake, infusing Vigour through his Soul,
 And sent him to the Van to meet Achilles.
 Juno beheld him rushing thro' the Ranks, Then
 summoning the Gods of her own Party, Thus
 she began. " O Neptune and Minerva, The
 " Enemy have form'd a new Design; Æneas
 " is in search of great Achilles, Sent by Apollo;
 " therefore we must take New Measures, and
 " restrain his bold Career: Or send some God

shews thereby that Achilles
 fell in the Night-time upon
 these Flocks.

(q) Of Venus you were
 born.] It appears by this Pas-
 sage of Homer, that Men were
 always conceited of their
 Birth; but it likewise ap-

pears, that this Poet meant
 to shew by this very sensible
 Example, that the greatest
 Birth did not always shew the
 greatest Virtue. The Son of
 Thetis was very superior to the
 Son of Venus.

" to

" to animate *Achilles*, And to support him
 " with new Strength and Glory, To let him
 " see, the greatest Pow'rs above Are on his
 " side, and those who favour Try The weak-
 " est Gods. On this Design we came Down to
 " the Fight, to save the Son of *Peteus* This Day
 " in Battle. The relentless Fates, Who at his
 " Birth his fatal Thread began, May take some
 " other Time to execute Their harsh Decrees
 " upon him. Make haste then, And let him
 " know that we resolve to aid him: (r) Least
 " when the hostile God appears, his Soul Be
 " seiz'd with Terrors, and he fall or fly; (s)
 " What Man can bear the Presence of a God?
 To her thus *Neptune*. " Mighty Queen of
 " Gods! Why without Cause does Rage tran-
 " sport your Soul? Such Anger ill becomes
 " so great a Goddess; 'Tis my Opinion, since
 " we far exceed The *Trojan* Gods in Strength,
 " that we decline The Combat, least they call
 " more Pow'rs to help them From high *Olym-*
 " *pus'* Top. Let us retire, And leave the Ar-
 " mies to decide their Quarrel, Whilst on an
 " Eminence we take our Station, And view
 " the Battle; if the God of War Or *Phæbus*

(r) *Left when the Hostile God appears, his Soul beiz'd with Terrors.*] Homer always gives to *Achilles* a sort of Religion which may agree with the main of his Character, which is Anger and Rage.

(s) *What Man can bear the Presence of a God?*] One

wou'd think that Homer had heard speak of this famous Expression of the Ancient Hebrews, *We shall surely die because we have seen God*, Judges 13. 22. Wherefore they said to Moses: *Speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us lest we die*, Exod. 20. 19.

" should

" should engage, and arm their Party Against
 " Achilles, then we may descend And meet
 " them: I presume they will not stand The
 " Charge, but to Olympus wing their Flight.

He spake, and led the Way to a steep Hill,
 (x) Once Hercules' Intrenchment, which the
 Trojans And Pallas had erected, to protect him
 From a devouring Monster of the Sea, Whea
 from the Waves it issu'd to assaile him: Here
 Neptune and his Party took their Seats, And
 hid themselves within a pitchy Cloud.

The Gods who favour'd Troy, on t'other side
 Steep Callicolone their Station chose, And sat,
 with Mars and Phœbus in the midst. Both
 Parties pass'd the Time in close Debate, Con-
 sulting on new Measures; both refus'd The
 Combat, whilst great Foe from his high Seat
 The Consul view'd, and gave his dread Com-
 mand.

Mean while the Plain was fill'd with Warlike
 Troops, (u) Shining with Bras, that cover'd

(z) Once Hercules' In-
 trenchedm't.] Laomedon having
 refus'd to pay to Neptune the
 Recompence he had promis'd
 him for the Walls of Troy, that God, irritated at his Per-
 fidiousness, sent a Sea Mon-
 ster, to which Laomedon was
 oblig'd to expose the Prince's
 Hesione his Daughter; but
 Hercules came to fight the
 Monster, and deliver her.
 The Trojans then rais'd a Re-
 trenchment of Earth at some
 distance from the Shore, that
 Hercules in the Combat might

there cover himself against
 the pursuit of that Monster.
 And as this Stratagem was
 full of Prudence and Wis-
 dom, it is said that Pallas
 aided them in that Design.
 Homer does not give way to
 the Temptation of relating
 this History, for the present
 posture of Affairs does not
 give him time for it.

(u) Shining with Bras.] You see by this that there
 were Heroes arm'd with Iron
 in Homer's time.

Men

Men and Horses, And as they march'd the hollow Shores resounded. The Sons of great *Ancbises* and of *Pelous* Advanc'd before the rest, to charge each other. *Eneas*, cover'd with his Shield, drew near, Wielding his Lance, and menacing Revenge. *Achilles* from the adverse side came forward, Burning with Rage, resembling some mad Lion Hemm'd in by Rusticks, daring a whole Village: He with Disdain moves slowly round his Foes; But if some Hunter wotind him, turns his Head And yawning Jaws, bespread with Silver Foam, And mutters Fury with a hollow Groan: Then with his Tail lashing his brawny Sides, Provokes himself to Fight, and rolls his Eyes, Ejecting Flames, and rushes on the Swains, Resolv'd to be aveng'd, or else to perish Amidst the Throng of Foes and pointed Javelins: Such Rage and Fury animate the Soul Of *Pelous'* Son, encourtring with *Eneas*. As they drew near, *Achilles* first began.

“ With what Design, *Eneas*, art thou come
 “ So far to meet me? Is it to engage, And by
 “ my Death to signalize thy Valour? Has *Priam*
 “ promis'd to reward this Action With all his
 “ Kingdom? He has many Sons Who will suc-
 “ ceed him, and disdains such Measures, So
 “ weak and so injurious to his Race. Or have
 “ the *Trojans* to endow you sworn (w) With
 “ some large Tract of Land, in Grapes or

(w) *With some large Tract of Land.*] As it was the Custom of the Greeks and of the Barbarians to give a cer-

tain Enclosure of Ground to Heroes after any important Service. It has elsewhere been often spoke of.

“ CORN

" Corn Abounding, if by you *Achilles* falls?
 " Believe me, you shall dearly win the Prize.
 " (x) Already you have tasted of my Valour,
 " When I attack'd your Herds on *Ida's* Mount,
 " Then from my sight you fled, and would
 " not turn Once to resist me: to *Lyrnessa's*
 " Walls You sped, I follow'd, and besieг'd
 " and sack'd The Town, and made your
 " Women Slaves, for *Jove* And *Pallas*
 " gave me Strength; you then escap'd me,
 " *Jove* and the other Gods preserv'd you then:
 " But now perhaps they may permit me punish
 " Your rash Attempt; Then be advis'd, re-
 " turn To your own Troops, ere Mischief
 " overtake you. Fools, when their Folly's
 " past, repent too late.

Thus he, and thus the Son of *Venus* an-
 swer'd. " Think not, *Achilles*, to divert my
 " Rage With Childish Taunts, Reproaches
 " such as Boys Throw at each other: Did not
 " Shame forbid me, I too could use them:
 " But for us, we know Our Dignity, and from
 " what Race we spring; And tho' our Eyes
 " ne'er saw the Goddesses That bore us, The
 " Story we have often heard: How *Peleus*
 " was your Sire, and *Thetis* bore you, A God-
 " dess of the Sea: Renown'd *Anchises* My
 " Father was, and *Venus* gave me Life: This
 " is the publick Voice: Nor do I think We
 " both shall part unhurt, and only combat With

(x) Already you have ta- | *Eneas* just mention'd. Homer
 sted of my Valour.] *Achilles* manages his Narrations so
 particularizes a little more well that he is never guilty
 here upon the History which of any Repetition.

" Words,

“ Words, but one of our great Mothers mourn
 “ A Son, this Day in hardy Battle slain. If
 “ you would know my Origin and Birth More
 “ fully, I can trace it to the Fountain : Nor
 “ will I speak but what Mankind may wit-
 “ ness. Great Jove gave Birth to *Dardanus*,
 “ and he Founded *Dardania*; for as yet fair
 “ Troy Was desert Plain, (y) when round
 “ the Foot of *Ida* Our great Fore-fathers
 “ dwelt; from *Dardanus* Sprang *Erichthonius*,
 “ in his time the richest Of all his Neighbours,
 “ for his fertile Pastures (z) Three Thousand
 “ Mares, with each a frisking Colt, Fed near
 “ the Shore, with whose fair Beauty won
 “ (a) *Boreas* transform'd him to a Horse, and
 “ mingl'd The lovely Herd; from his Em-
 “ braces came Twelve other Mares, so swift,

(y) When round the Foot
 of *Ida*] I have translated
 the Word *v̄nupias*, the Des-
 solity of the Mountain: tho'
 others have explain'd it the
 Foot, and I have follow'd
Eustathius, who says, Observe
that the Word *v̄nupias* is ve-
ry different from the Word
widow, which signifies the
Plain; for *v̄nupias*, is not a
Plain, it is lower than the Top
of the Mountain, and higher
than the Plain, than the Bot-
tom. And this agrees with
what the Ancients have writ-
ten, that after the Deluge of
Dencalion Men inhabited the
Top of the Mountains, that

in process of time they de-
scended lower; and that at
length their Fear being en-
tirely ceased, they began to
inhabit the Plain. See *Strabo*,
Lib. 13.

(z) Three Thousand Mares.] This great Number ought
not to astonish any Body,
since according to *Herodotus*,
the Governor of Babylon had
in Cyrus's Stud, besides War
Horses, Eight Hundred Horses
and Six Thousand Mares.
(a) *Boreas* transform'd
him.] What an ingenious
Fiction is this, to praise the
Lightness and Swiftness of a
fine Horse!

“ that

" that when they skimm'd The Plains (b) the
 " Ears of Corn beneath their Hoofs Stood up-
 " right, when they wanton'd in the Floods,
 " Left no Impression on the curling Waves ;
 " From *Erichthonius*, *Tros* deriv'd his Birth,
 " The Founder and the King of *Troy*; his Sons
 " Were *Iulus*, *Ganymed*, *Assaracus*; So beau-
 " tiful was *Ganymed*, the Gods Bore him to
 " Heav'n, at their eternal Banquet To wait
 " and (c) bear the Cup to mighty *Jove*; *Iulus*
 " was Father to *Laomedon*, Whose Sons were
 " *Typhon*, *Priam*, *Lampus*, *Clytius*, And *Ice-
 " taon*; from *Assaracus*, *Capys* descended, and
 " from him *Aeneas*: I am *Anchises*' Son, and
 " *Hector*, *Priam's*; (d) This is the Race I
 " boast: Let *Jove*, the King Of Gods and Men,
 " inspiring Strength and Courage, (e) Vouch-
 " safe the Conquest to which Side he please.

(b) *The Ears of Corn stood upright.*] For being born of *Boreas*, they ought rather to fly than run. This softens the Hyperbole, which otherwise wou'd seem over-strain'd.

(c) *Bear the Cup of Jove.*] It was an honourable Function amongst the Ancients to be Cup-bearer in great Entertainments and in publick Festivals, it was always given to Children of the first Quality. *Sappho* praises in her Verses her Brother *Laribus*, because he had the Honour to be Cup-bearer in the Prytaneeum of *Mitylene*.

(d) *I am Anchises' Son.*] Thus *Aeneas* and *Hector* were Kinsmen in the Third De-

gree, having both of them *Tros* for their great Grand-father.

T R O S.

<i>Iulus.</i>	<i>Assaracus.</i>
<i>Laomedon.</i>	<i>Capys.</i>
<i>Priam.</i>	<i>Anchises.</i>
<i>Hector.</i>	<i>Aeneas.</i>

(e) *Vouchsafe the Conquest.*] *Aeneas* speaks thus to justify the Flight which *Abilles* reproach'd him with. 'Tis all one as if he had said, Jupiter took away my Courage when you attack'd me, and he restores it me now.

" 'Tis

" 'Tis an improper Time to war in Words And
 " vain Reproaches, in the sight of Thousands :
 " These at our Pleasure we may use, increa-
 " sing To such a Load, as not a Ship that
 " glides Beneath a hundred Oars with ease
 " should carry ; The Tongue is voluble and
 " full of Noise, And we may talk an Age on
 " either Side, Ranging a Field of Words ;
 " what one can utter Another may return :
 " (f) Then let us not, Like Women, spend

(f) *Then let us not like Women.*] It seems as if Homer foresaw that his Censors wou'd Reproach him with this long Discourse between *Aeneas* and *Achilles*, as misplaced and not agreeing with the present Condition of Affairs, at the beginning of a Battle, which shou'd be so Furious, and even less suitable to the Impatience and Fury of *Achilles*, who flies to the Battle to revenge his Friend. Wherefore that Poet is the first to Condemn it, by saying sometimes that they do like Children, and sometimes that they imitate Women. Homer therefore knew what wou'd be in this Place vicious. Why did he do it then ? Undoubtedly to give something to this barbarous and Asiatic Character ; nor is there Probability wanting in it, for *Aeneas* being known to be a pious and sage Person, the two Armies

who see him speaking so long with his Enemy flatter themselves that it is a Conference about Peace, and wait to see what will be the Issue of it. This is very well as to *Aeneas* and both Armies, but what becomes of *Achilles*'s Fury ? Is it extinguisht all of a sudden ? When he takes his Arms his Teeth are heard to grind, his Eyes dart Lightning, he devours his Enemy beforehand, and as soon as he approaches *Aeneas* all this vanishes. *Eustathius* upon this says that Homer often takes Delight to surprise his Reader, by giving him quite another thing than what he expected ; he here expected to see a furious Battle, concluding with the Death of one of the Heroes, and he sees these Heroes retiring without a wound, after a very calm Conversation, follow'd by a slight Combat : but the Poet makes

" the

" the Time in Raillery, Who greet each other.
 " in the Streets with Taunts, And as their Rage
 " inspires, mix Truth and Falshood In their
 " Debates ; I am not to be tam'd With Me-
 " naces, nor will abate my Fury, Till I have
 " try'd your Arm and pointed Spear. ; Our
 " Weapons not our Tongues shall end the
 " Combat.

He spake, and threw his Spear at great *Achilles*, Mally and long, beneath whose solid Point The Shield resounded, which the Son of *Peleus* Held at Arms length, for much he fear'd the Lance Would pierce it deep; not knowing, that no Weapon Flung by a mortal Hand could hurt the Arms Which a God made :
 (g) Yet thro' two Plates it pass'd, And rest-ed on the third of beaten Gold; For *Vulcan*

us amends with Advantage :
Kepd'airwot 3 19. &c. The Lovers of Homer gain here, besides abundance of poetical Beauties, a crowd of ancient Histories, with which the Conversation of those Heroes is fill'd. *Eustathius* page 1203. And Probability is in no wise hurt therein. *Achilles's* Spleen is against none but *Hector*, and meeting with *Eneas* whom he does not look upon as any formidable Enemy, and who is like himself the Son of a Godde's, he readily moderates the Ardor that tranports him, and yields to the Conversation.

(g) [Yet thro' two Plates it pass'd, and rest-ed on the third of beaten Gold.] The Ancients have very much tormented themselves upon the Explanation of this Passage, to know where this Plate of Gold was put. The Gram-marian *Autochthon* was of Opinion, that it posses'd all the first Place, that it made the Upper part of the Buckler, and instead of *λάσσον*, pierced, he read *δάσσον* bent. According to him the first Plate was Gold, the second Brass, the third and fourth Pewter, and the fifth Brass. *Eneas's* Pike bent the first

with

with five Plates had arm'd the Shield, And two of Tin, and two of Brass were forg'd, That in the middle was of Gold; (b) and there The Spear of brave *Aeneas* lodg'd unactive, *Achilles* soon return'd the Blow, and smote With his long Lance *Aeneas* massy Shield, Just by the Border, where the Brass and Hyde Were thinnest, and unable to sustain The Shock, but to the piercing Point gave way; *Aeneas* stooping forward, and advancing His Buckler at full length, escap'd the Blow, Close by his Head it pass'd, and stuck in Earth. But when the Hero saw how near the danger Approach'd

Plate, that which was of Gold, and the second which was of Brass, but did not pierce them, thus the Golden Plate sustain'd the Blow, since it was only bent and dinted in. What likelihood is there, says he, that the Plate of Gold shou'd be put the third between the other four? Thus this Grammarian argues, tho' in my Opinion very wrongly. Homer seems to me to say very clearly that the first and last Plate were of Brass, that between these two there were two of Pewter, and that the Golden one was in the midst. *Aeneas*'s Pike pierced the first which was Brass, and the second which was Pewter, and stopp'd at the third which was Gold. But is it likely that Vulcan wou'd con-

ceal the most precious Metal? Yes, very likely. This Buckler was enrich'd with so much Work glittering with Gold, that it was necessary for the first Plate (which served as a Ground for the whole Work) not to be Gold but Brass, and if that Grammari-an had made this Reflection, he wou'd not have been guilty of that false Criticism.

(b) There the Spear of brave *Aeneas* lodg'd. [Homer does not mean that the Pike remain'd therein fix'd, but that it did not penetrate further, and that it was repel-l'd; thus Aristotle explains it in his Poetics, Chap. 26. which is a further Con-firmation of my preceding Remark.

him,

him, all dismay'd he stood, his Eyes O'erwhelm'd with Clouds; whilst *Peleus'* Son disdaining That he had struck in vain, drew out his Sword, And rush'd upon *Aeneas*: He oblig'd To quite his Buckler, seiz'd a mighty Stone, So large, no Mortal of the modern size Could left it, and with ease advancing threw The load upon *Achilles'* Cask and Buckler, That sav'd him from the Blow; whilst brave *Aeneas* That Day beneath his Sword had kiss'd the Dust, (i) If *Neptune* interposing had not stay'd His Fate, (k) for well he knew *Aeneas'* Fall Would fatal prove to *Greece*; then thus he spake.

“ Ye Pow'rs, with Grief I see *Aeneas* falling Beneath *Achilles'* Spear, and just descending To the low Shades, betray'd by *Phœbus* Council, Who first engag'd him in the rash Attempt, And now deserts and leaves him to his Fate. Why should he

(i) If Neptune interposing.] *Neptune*, tho' on the *Grecian* side, goes to the Relief of *Aeneas*. Homer thereby teaches two very remarkable Things; the first, that true Virtue always finds Protection even among Enemies, and that the Gods always distinguish between the Innocent and the Guilty; the second, that there are Occasions wherein we shou'd be so far from doing against our Enemies all that might be done for their De-

struction, that we ought rather to prevent their Ruin.

(k) For well he knew his Fall, &c.] I have added these two Lines for the clearing up a Fact which at first surprises the Reader. *Neptune* soon explains himself, he was afraid least *Jupiter* shou'd revenge upon the *Greeks* the Death of *Aeneas*, who was pleasing in his Eyes because of his Piety, and who was to reign over the *Trojans*.

“ suffer for another’s Fault, Who with repeat-
 “ ed Off’rings has appeas’d Our Deities so
 “ often? Let us save him, Tho’ of the ad-
 “ verse side: *Jove* will resent His Fall, to
 “ whom the Destinies had promis’d A longer
 “ Life, unwilling to extinguish The Race of
 “ *Dardanus*, whom *Jove* loves more Than
 “ all his Sons of Mortal Mothers born. To
 “ *Priam*’s Race he is implacable, And will
 “ transfer the Kingdom to *Aeneas*, (1)
 “ Who shall for many Ages sway that Peo-
 “ ple.

(1) *Who shall for many Ages sway that People.*] This Passage is very considerable, for it ruins the famous *Chi-mara* of the Roman Empire, and of the Family of the *Cesars*, who both pretended to deduce their Original from *Venus* by *Aeneas*, alledging that after the taking of *Troy*, *Aeneas* came into *Italy*, and this Pretension is hereby actually destroy’d. This Testimony of *Homer* ought to be look’d upon as an Authentic Act, the Fidelity and Verity whereof cannot be question’d. *Neptune*, as much an Enemy as he is to the *Trojans*, declares that *Aeneas*, and after him his Posterity, shall reign ovet the *Trojans*. Wou’d *Homer* have put this Prophesie in *Neptune*’s Mouth, if he had not known that *Aeneas* did not leave *Troy*, that he reign’d therein, and if

he had not seen in his time the Descendants of that Prince reign there likewise? That Poet wrote 260 Years or thereabouts after the taking of *Troy*, and what is still very remarkable he wrote in some of the Towns of *Ionia*, that is to say in the Neighbourhood of *Phrygia*, so that the Time and Place give such a weight to his Deposition that nothing can invalidate it. All that the Historia is have written concerning *Aeneas*’s Voyage into *Italy*, ought to be consider’d as our Romances, made on purpose to destroy all Historical Truth, for the most ancient is Posterior to *Homer* by many Ages. Before *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, some Writers being sensible of the Strength of this Passage of *Homer*, undertook to explain it so as to reconcile it with this Fa-

Thus

Thus he: Thus Juno answer'd. " Mighty
Sea god! Be it your Care to save the Man

ble, and they said that *Aeneas* after having been in Italy return'd to Troy, and left his Son *Ascanius* there. *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, little satisfy'd with this Solution, which did not seem to him to be probable, has taken another Method: He wou'd have it by these Words, *he shall reign over the Trojans*, Homer meant, *he shall reign over the Trojans whom he shall carry with him into Italy*. Is it not possible, says he, page 43, that *Aeneas* shou'd reign over the Trojans, whom he had taken with him, though settled elsewhere? That Historian, who wrote in Rome itself, and under the very Nose of *Augustus*, was willing to make his Court to that Prince, by explaining this Passage of *Homer* so as to favour the *Chimara* he was posseſ'd with. And this is a Reproach that may with some Justice be cast on him; for Poets may by their Fictions flatter Princes, and welcome: 'tis their Trade; but for Historians to corrupt the Gravity and Severity of History, to substitute Fable and Lies in the place of Truth, is what ought not to be pardon'd. *Strabo* was much more Religious, for though he wrote his Books of Geography

towards the beginning of *Tiberius's Reign*, yet he had the Courage to give a right Explication to this Passage of *Homer*, and to aver, that this Poet said and meant, that *Aeneas* remain'd at Troy, that he reigned therein, *Priam's* whole Race being extinguisht, and that he left the Kingdom to his Children after him. *Lab. 13.* It is needless to mention here the merry Correction which *Strabo* informs us was made in *Homer's Text*, by certain Critics who read *πατέρος*, instead of *Τρόιας*; *he shall reign over all the Universe*, instead of *he shall ever reign the Trojans*; as if *Homer* had known and predicted from that very time, that the Empire of the whole World was promised to the Family of *Aeneas*; it is too visible a Flattery of *Augustus*. This is enough for one Remark, tho' the Subject wou'd require a whole Book. You may see a Letter from the famous *M. Bochart* to *M. de Segrais*, who has prefix'd it to his Remarks upon the Translation of *Virgil*. I have contented my self with adding my Reflections to what that learned Man has written. But after having explain'd the Historical Part of the Passage, it is not unne-

" you favour. For me and for *Minerva*, we
 " have sworn By all that Gods think solemn,
 " ne'er to aid One of this Brood, though we
 " should see their Town In Flames, and all
 " their Plains bespread with Slaughter.

Thus *Juno*. *Neptune* from his Station flew,
 And ran amidst the clashing Arms and Crowd
 Of Troops, where both the Heroes were engag'd. Around *Achilles'* Eyes he cast a Cloud,
 And from the Shield transfix'd drew out his
 Spear, And laid it at his Feet; then seiz'd *Æneas*,
 And thro' the crowded Squadrons and Battalions (m) Push'd him along, and drove
 him thro' the Plain, (n) Behind the Rear,
 where the Cauconians fought; Then near approaching, thus bespeak the Hero.

cessary to shew the Instructive Part of it, as to Morals. *Æneas* is to reign at *Troy*; upon what is this founded? The House of *Priam* is an impious House, and hated of *Jupiter*, it shall therefore be extinguish'd and reign no more. *Æneas* is a pious and just Prince, it is to him therefore that the Kingdom has an Eye.

(m) Push'd him along.] He does not carry him himself, but he pushes and lances him like a Dart. God saves Men as he pleases, either by causing them to be transported by an Angel from one Place to another, or by di-

ving them by the Spirit which he communicates to them.

(n) Behind the Rear where the Cauconians fought.] The Caucons were, like the *Pelasgi*, a wandring and vagabond Nation, therefore Homer puts them together in the tenth Book. There was of them in the *Peloponnesus*, as we shall see in the *Odysssey*. The Caucons whom Homer speaks of here, dwelt in the Neighbourhood of *Heroclaea*, as far as *Cappadocia* and the River *Parthenius*. *Strabo* informs us, that it was pretended that these People were named in the Catalogue of the Auxiliary Troops

" What

“ What God, *Æneas*, with pernicious Coun-
“ cil So rashly led you on to meet *Achilles*,
“ Whose Valour, Strength, and Favour with
“ the Gods, You cannot boast? Beware, how
“ you engage Once more, but shun him as
“ your sure Destruction, Least you untimely
“ visit the low Shades, In spite of Fate’s De-
“ crees; when he is slain, Decline not to en-
“ counter with the bravest; No other Hand is
“ destin’d to subdue you.

With this Advice he left him, and return’d
To great *Achilles*, and dispers’d the Cloud
That hid his Eyes in Night; he gazing round
him, Full of Disdain and Wonder, thus be-
gan.

“ What Prodigy is this I see! my Spear
“ Lay’d at my Feet, but he at whom I threw
“ it, Is gone? Some kindly God protects *Æ-*
“ *neas*, Whose Favours let him boast, and
“ bless their Aid That he escap’d the Fate he
“ well deserv’d. He’ll scarce return once more

of the Trojans, and that af-
ter Verse 855 of the second
Book:

Ἐρῆματά τ' Αἰγαλόντας καὶ
οὐκελούσες Ἐριβίνες,

Homer had added two Verses,
which no longer appear in
our Editions,

Καύκωνας αὖτε πηγαὶ Πο-
λυχλιθοὶ νιστάμενοι
Οἱ τρεῖς Παρθένοι ποτα-
μὸς εὐλύτα δύοματ'

The brave Son of Polycles
commanded the Caucons who
dwelt upon the Banks of Par-
thenius. Caliphrenus therefore
restor’d them in the Edition
of Alexander. They who re-
vised Homer after him re-
jected them, probably because
they thought that these Cass-
cons were compris’d under the
Name of Paphlagonians, whom
the Poet had just before men-
tion’d.

" to tempt my Valour; Whilst I to other
 " Trojans turn my Arms, And animate my
 " warlike Troops to Battle,

Thus he: then flung into the thickest Ranks.
 " Ye Greeks, he cry'd, no more at distance
 " skirmish, But charge the *Trojans* boldly Man
 " to Man, And follow where I lead, whose
 " single Arm Will not suffice against a nu-
 " merous Host; Not *Mars* nor *Pallas*, tho'
 " Immortal Beings, Can meet whole Armies
 " with their rushing Spears: For me, come
 " see th' Example which I give you, Who care-
 " less of my Safety will pierce through The
 " thickest Troops, and make whole Squadrons
 " stagger, Repenting they approach'd too.near
 " *Achilles*.

Thus he : Whilst *Hector* from the adverse
 side Infus'd new Courage through his firm Bat-
 talions, Himself resolving to engage *Achilles*.
 " Fear not, he cry'd, the talking Son of Pe-
 " leus, Renown'd for Menaces, his greatest
 " Glory. Who could not with the Gods
 " themselves contend, If only Words were to
 " decide the Quarrel? These are *Achilles'*
 " Weapons, he can boast And ne'er give o'er ;
 " did you believe his Tongue, You'd think he
 " had an Arm could cope with Thunder; Yet
 " though it had, and though his Soul breath'd
 " Flames, I'd search the thickest Ranks to meet
 " and Fight him.

He spake; the *Trojans* with uplifted Spears Ad-
 vanc'd with dreadful Shouts, and charg'd the

Foe.

Foe. Then *Phœbus* drew near *Hector*, and thus spake.

" Beware, how you engage with *Pelens*' Son
 " In single Combat, at your Army's Head ; But
 " join the Troops, and there abide the On-
 " set ; If you engage him Hand to Hand, you
 " die.

Thus he : the Hero trembled at his Voice,
 And own'd the God, then mingled in the
 Ranks.

Mean while *Achilles* raging, thro' the Squa-
 drons With dreadful Outcry broke, and with
 his Spear Slew brave *Iphition*, (o) whom in
Hyda's City *Nais* a Sea-Nymph, near the Foot
 of *Tmolus* Cover'd with Snow, To King *O-
 tryntenus* bore ; Whom rushing forward on the
 Head he smote, And cleft it in two Parts ; he
 with a Groan Fell to the Earth, then thus the
 Victor triumph'd.

" Son of *Otryntenus*, once so terrible, Now
 " you are tam'd ; Why from (p) the milky Banks
 " Of *Gyges*, and from *Hylla* stor'd with Fish,
 " and *Hermus*, leaving your Paternal Wealth,
 " Would you in search of Death to *Troy* re-
 " pair ?

Thus he insulted, whilst *Iphition*'s Eyes
 Were clos'd in Night, and o'er his mangl'd

(o) *Whom in Hyda's City.*] *Hyda*, a Town of *Lydia*. Af-
 ter the War of *Troy* it chan-
 ged its Name and was call'd
Sardis, wherefore *Strabo* says
 that *Sardis* is posterior to

(p) *The Milky Banks of Gyges.*] This Lake is the
 same as the Marsh *Gyges*
 mention'd by *Homer* in the
 second Book. See my Re-
 mark there.

Trunk The Grecian Chariots drove. *Demon*-
leum next, *Antenor's* valiant Son, fell by his
 Hand: For on his Helmet, charg'd with bra-
 zen Cheeks, He smote, and burst his Skull,
 through which the Brains Came flowing with
 his Soul; From him the Victor Turn'd to *Hip-*
podamas, (q) who left his Chariot, And fled on
 Foot; deep in the Back he struck him; He
 with a dreadful Out-cry fell, and dy'd: (r) So
 roars the Bull, to *Neptune's* Altar led In He-

(q) Who left his Chariot.] We saw in the fifth Book a *Trojan* Captain alighting from his Chariot to run away from *Diomed*. See the Remark upon that Place, where I have answer'd the Criticism of *Zoilus*; here is another *Trojan* Captain who does the same thing to run away from *Achilles*. To confound, once for all, the impertinent Censor who condemns these Passages, I need only report a Place perfectly alike in the Book of *Judges*, Ch. 4. v. 15. *Peterruitque Do-*
minus Sisaram, & omnes cur-
rus ejus, universamq; multi-
tudinem in ore gladii ad con-
spectum Barac, in tantum ut
Sisara de curru desiliens pedi-
bis fugeret. And the Lord discomfited *Sisara*, and all his Chariots, and all his Host with the Edge of the Sword before *Barak*, so that *Sisara* alighted down off his Chariot, and fled away on his Feet. This Passage

confirms my Remark, and shews that Homer knew better than his Censors what Fear is capable of, and what falls out in Battles.

(r) So roars the Bull to *Neptune's* Altar led.] In *Helice*, a Town of *Achaea*, three quarters of a League from the Gulph of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent Temple, where the *Ionians* offer'd every Year to him a Sacrifice of a Bull, and it was with these People an auspicious Sign and a certain Mark that the Sacrifice would be accepted, if the Bull bellow'd as it was led to the Altar. After the Ionic Migration, which happen'd about 140 Years after the Taking of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Asia* assembled in the Fields of *Priene* to celebrate the same Festival in Honour of *Heliconian Neptune*; and as those of *Priene* valued themselves upon be-

Hicon, the God with Pleasure hears His Cries, and with the Victim is attor'd. From him the Hero rush'd (s) on *Polydorus*, Old *Priam's* Son, the youngest of his Race, Whom most he lov'd, and with Paternal Care Forbad the Combat : He with youthful Valour Inspir'd, and trusting to his nimble Feet, Fought in the foremost Ranks, till Death o'ertook him ; *Achilles*, as he pass'd him, with his Spear Smote him behind, just (t) where the Golden Buckles Clos'd his Rich Mail, the Point went thro' and thro' : He falling gather'd up his bursting Entrails, And with a Groan his Eyes were clos'd in Death.

Hector, who saw his Fall and frightful Wound, Oppress'd with Sorrow, roll'd his

ing Originally of *Helia*, they chose for the King of the Sacrifice a young *Priolian*. It is needless to dispute from whence this Poet has taken his Comparison ; for as he liv'd a 100, or 120 Years after the *Ionie Migration*, it cannot be doubted that he took it in *Ionia of Asia* and at *Priene* it self, where he had doubtless often assisted at that Sacrifice, and been witness of the Ceremonies therein observed. This Poet always appears strongly addicted to the Customs of the *Ionians*, which makes some Conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himself.

(s) On *Polydorus*.] *Euripides* in his *Hecuba* has

therefore follow'd another Tradition, when he makes *Polydorus* the Son of *Priam* and of *Hecuba*, and makes him slain by *Polymnestor* King of *Thrace*, after the Taking of *Troy* ; for according to Homer he is not the Son of *Hecuba* but of *Laether*, as he says in the following Book, and is slain by *Achilles*. *Virgil* too has rather chosen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

(t) Where the Golden Buckles.] He means here the quilted Truss which was us'd to be put at the Bottom of the Cuirass, and which was fasten'd behind with Clasps; enough has been said of it elsewhere.

gloomy Eyes, And prompted to pursue his dire
Revenge, Rush'd on *Achilles* with his bran-
dish'd Spear.

The Hero saw, and soon advanc'd to meet
him, And full of Transport, sparkling from his
Eyes, Thus spake. " Behold the Man, whose
bloody Arm Has wounded deep my Soul
with piercing Grief, And robb'd me of my
dearest Friend *Patroclus* ! In vain I sought
him 'midst the thickest Troops. Then thus
regarding *Hector* with a Frown, " Draw
near, he cry'd, and pay me with thy Blood.
To him thus *Hector* unconcern'd reply'd.
" Think not to fright me like a Child with
Words ; Will your Reproaches kill me ?
" which with Ease I could return, but Justice
bids me own (u) Your Valour and Re-
nown, to mine Superior ; (w) Yet the
Success depends upon the Gods : And I the

(u) Your Valour to mine
Superior.] Here is a very
sincere Confession made by
one of the most Valiant of
the Trojans. It will undoubt-
edly be contrary to the
Relish of our Warriors, for
now-a-days there is scarce a
common Soldier who does
not think himself as brave
as the bravest. But there is
a great deal of difference be-
tween Valour and Presump-
tion. I believe it is with
Valour as with all other Qua-
lities ; Some have more
than others, and some have

less ; and there is nothing
more commendable in a ge-
nerous Man than to allow
of and confess the Pre-emi-
nence that others have over
him, be it in what it will.
Hector owns *Achilles* to be
more Valiant than himself,
and yet fights him. This is
the utmost that the greatest
Courage could do, this Ac-
tion had not been so glorious
if he had thought him his
Equal.

(w) Yet the Success de-
pends, &c.] Homer cou'd
not have more expressly said,

" weakest

“ weakest, in *Achilles'* Fall May Triumph, and
“ my Jav'lin reach his Life, That can like his
“ pierce thro' the strongest Armour.

Thus he, then flung his Spear with all his Force; But *Pallas*, interposing, with a Blast Repell'd it from *Achilles*; back it flew, and fell at *Hector's* Feet: Then with a Shout *Achilles* rush'd upon him, but *Apollo* Exerting all his God-head, stept between, And flung a pitchy Cloud before the Champion, Conveying *Hector* from his dire Revenge; Thrice he advanc'd to strike, and thrice he lost His Blow in Shades of Night: At length attempting Once more to charge, he saw his fatal Error, And disappointed of his sweet Revenge, Thus spake his Indignation.

“ Most detested Of Men! once
“ more thou hast escap'd my Fury, Ere I
“ cou'd reach thy Blood; but Great *Apollo*,
“ Whose Aid thou still implor'st when clad in
“ Arms, Has sav'd thee from my Spear: A
“ time will come When we shall meet again;
“ and then my Vengeance Shall be compleat,
“ when some propitious God Fights on my
“ Side; till then, my Rage shall pour Upon
“ the Trojan Troops, and seek new Victims
“ To my Revenge, among the first Com-
“ manders.

He spake, then threw his Spear at valiant *Drypos*, Which pierc'd his Neck, and laid him at his Feet: Then on stout *Demuchus*, *Phile-*

*that it is not Valour that is God alone who bestows
privileges Man; but that if the Victory as he pleaseth.*

tor's

tor's Son, He rush'd, and with his Lance he
gor'd his Knee, And drawing out his shining
Blade, dispatch'd him. *Laogonus* and *Darda-
nus*, the Sons Of *Bias*, from their Chariots he
flung headlong, One with his Sword, and t'other with his Spear. To him thus raging,
hanging on his Knees *Alastor* came a Suppliant,
to implore His Life, in pity to his Youth, re-
signing His Liberty and Arms; Alas! he knew
not *Achilles'* Temper, raging with Revenge,
Implacable and Savage; for he smote him, As
he lay prostrate, with his bloody Sword, And
pierc'd his Heart; his reeking Blood o'er-ran
His Arms, and endless Night enroll'd his Eyes.
On *Melius* next he dealt a mighty Blow, That
both his Ears transfix'd; Then brave *Echeclus*,
Agenor's Son, just on the Head he struck, And
dy'd his Sword with Blood; relentless Fate
And Death in Clouds around his Eye-lids ho-
ver'd. With him *Decalion* fell, *Achilles* broke
The Nerves which bore his Arm, as he ad-
vanc'd To meet him, not dismay'd tho' Death
appear'd Presented to his Eyes, then with his
Sword Brought down his Head and Helmet
to the Earth. *Rhigmus*, a valiant Chief, the
Son of *Peres*, Who came from *Thrace*, a brave
Allie to *Troy*, In vain attempted to avoid *A-
chilles*: Deep in his Sides he lodg'd his deadly
Spear, and threw him from his Chariot: *Arëi-
zous*, Who bore his Arms, essay'd to turn his
Horses And fly, but on the Back *Achilles* smote
him, And threw him by his Master, whilst his
Steeds Champing the Bit, ran frightened thro' the
Plain.

Plain. (x) As when devouring Flames around the Sides And Top of some high Mountain cloath'd with Woods, Scatter Destruction, by the Winds assisted, That lay a mighty Forest waste in Ashes : So with a Mien like Mars, *Achilles* ravag'd The *Trojan* Troops ; beneath his warlike Arm Numbers of Heroes tumbled to the Dust, And Streams of Blood the Purple Champain dy'd. (y) As when the Oxen in a spacious Floor Tread out the Sheaves of Corn, with Grain o'er-loaded : So o'er the Arms and Trunks of prostrate Heroes *Achilles'* Steeds and whirling Chariot drove; His Wheels were red with Slaughter, and his Seat, And Arms, and Harness, shone with Sanguine Tincture; Rushing he spread new Terrors all around, Insatiable of Glory and Revenge.

(x) *As when devouring Flames.*] Homer, to divert his Reader, quits on a sudden the Simplicity of an Historical Narration, and starts aside into two very lively Comparisons. He does not content himself with comparing the Ravages of *Achilles* to those of a great Conflagration, he likewise represents his Horses under an Idea which being borrow'd from a gentle and peaceful Art has here a wonderful Effect ; and this is what Painting cannot do. It has the advantage of setting

the thing it self before ones Eyes, a very great Advantage, but it has not the advantage of assembling together such different Ideas.

(y) *As when the Oxen in a spacious Floor.*] In Greece, instead of threshing the Corn as we do, they caus'd it to be trod out by Oxen, and this was likewise practis'd in *Judea*, as is seen by the Law of God, who forbud the Jews to muzzle the Ox who tread out the Corn : *Non ligabis os bovis terantis in area fruges tuas.* Deuteron. 25.

A R G U M E N T O F T H E T W E N T Y - F I R S T B O O K.



HE Trojans, pursu'd by Achilles,
divide themselves. One Party flies
towards the Town, the other to
the River Xanthus. That Party
which retir'd to Troy, are by Juno
conceal'd from the Sight of A-
chilles, who therefore attacks the other, and fol-
lows them into the River, with a very great
Slaughter. Here he makes twelve young Noble-
men Prisoners, with design to sacrifice them at
the Funeral of Patroclus. After this, he kills
Lycaon the Son of Priam, Asteropeus General
of the Peonians, with several other brave Com-
manders. Xanthus, enrag'd against him, attacks
him in a very furious manner with all his Waves.
Achilles, almost drown'd, implores the Aid of Ju-
piter. Neptune and Pallas come to his Relief,
by whose Assistance he surmounts the Deluge.
Xanthus calls in Sitnois to second him. Achilles
begins a new Combat with both those Rivers. Ju-
no, afraid for his Safety, sends Vulcan to engage
Xan-

U G R A



Achilles having driven the Trojans into the Xanthus, plunges in after them & makes a great Slaughter. That River displeas'd at his Cruelty, almost smothers him with his Water: in the mud whereof Neptune & Pallas support him, & Vulcan by drying up the River, delivers him.

B. XXI.

E.Kirkall.1610.



ARGUMENT.

Xanthus. He covers the Field with Flames, and almost burns up the River. Xanthus, just ready to be consum'd, intreats Juno to oblige Vulcan to retire. This Combat ended, the other Gods on both Sides begin the Charge. Mars attacks Minerva, who fells him with a large Stone. Venus tries to raise him, but Minerva with another Blow lays her by his Side. Neptune offers the Combat to Apollo, who out of respect declines it. Diana accuses him of Cowardize. Juno, offended at her Insolence, revenges the Affront. Diana goes to make her Complaint to Jupiter. Achilles continues the Slaughter. Priam, observing his Motions from the Tower of Ilium, orders the Gates to be open'd, to receive the flying Troops. Apollo incites Agenor, and gives him Courage to stand Combat with Achilles. He attacks him, but is convey'd away by Apollo, just as Achilles was about to kill him. Apollo in Agenor's Shape deludes Achilles, and whilst he pursues him in that Disguise, gives the Trojans an Opportunity of retiring into their City.

THE

THE
I L I A D
 OF
H O M E R.

BOOK XXI.



HEN to the Banks of *Xan-*
thus, Son of *Jove*, Push'd by
Achilles' Arms and dreadful
 Fury, The *Trojan* Troops re-
 tir'd, their frighted Army Fled
 in two Parties; one to *Troy* re-
 treated Thro' the same Plains,
 where *Hector* in his Rage The Day before had
 chas'd the trembling *Greeks*: (a) O'er these
 great *Juno* flung a pitchy Cloud; The rest on-

(a) O'er these great *Juno* | Passage has strangely deceiv'd
 flung a pitchy Cloud.] This | some: οὐκίμενος does not

*Xanthus**

Xanthus' Shore pursu'd their way, And there surrounded, plung'd into the Deep; Their Outcries mingling with the roaring Tides Rung horribly, and echo'd from the Banks: The Stream was full of Troops, that ply'd their Arms, To reach the other Shore, and shun the Danger. (b) As swarms of Locusts, chac'd by hostile Flames, Fly to some River to avoid the Fire, And cluster on the Surface; so the Tro-

here signify, to hinder them from flying, but on the contrary, to save them, to steal them from Achilles. Juno, to hinder Achilles from pursuing that half of the Enemy's Army which fled towards the Town, covers it with a thick Cloud, for Achilles wou'd undoubtedly have turn'd himself to that side, in order to have enter'd Troy with the Run-aways. As the Fates had refus'd him that Glory, Juno hinders him from losing his Time there, and by that means obliges him to pursue the other half which fled towards the River. This was necessary for the Economy of the Poem, and gives the Poet an Opportunity to describe a Battle that is fuller of Prodigies, and of greater Novelty, I do not think there's a Book in Homer wherein there is so much Strength of Poetry, or wherein the Poet's Fancy, always sublime and always sage, appears with so much Lustre.

(b) *As swarms of Locusts.* History informs us that whole Countries have often been infected and destroy'd by Clouds of Locusts. There was no other way to get rid of them, than by kindling Fires in the Fields. The Locusts, being driven away by the Fire, were at length reduc'd to cast themselves into the Rivers. This was often done in the Isle of Cyprus, and thereupon some of the Ancients pretended that our Poet was born there, since he reports the Customs of that Island; but this is a weak Argument; Homer relates the Customs of many different Countries. This Allegation can only support the Conjecture that he was of Ionia (from whence Cyprus is not very remote) because Homer appears more addicted to follow the Usages of the Ionians than of any other People.

jans, Press'd by *Achilles*, Men and Steeds and Chariots, Crowded into the Stream : Mean while the Victor Among the Willows left his bloody Spear, And drawing out his Sword, a-round him dealt Such deadly Blows, that all the Air resounded With dying Groans, and Outeries of the Wounded, Whilst *Xanthus* ran with Blood ; (c) so from the Dolphin, Ranging the Sea with wide devouring Jaws, The lesser Fry to Holes and Creeks retire, As from *Achilles*' Rage the *Trojans* fled, To close Recesses of the winding Stream. He, when with Slaughter tir'd, around him look'd, And chose twelve Youths, then drew them from the River All in a Troop, like Colts half dead with Fear ; Then ty'd their Hands behind them, (d) with the Cords They carry'd to bind o-thers, and deliver'd The Captives to his Men ;

(c) So from the Dolphin.] While *Achilles*, fighting on Land, pushes the *Trojans* into the *Xanthus*, Homer compares him to the Fire which drives the Locusts into the Water. But so soon as *Achilles* is in the Water, as well as the *Trojans*, he compares him to a mighty Dolphin in pursuit of Shoals of other Fish. This Remark, which *Eustathius* quotes out of the old Interpreters of Homer, serves to let us see the Exactness of our Poet in his Images.

(d) With the Cords they car-

ry'd to bind others.] These Thongs or Straps were not their Girdles, but Pieces of Leather which those young Princes had taken with them, through a rash Presumption, to tie the Prisoners they shou'd take. It was a com-mon thing for Soldiers to carry about them such Straps or Thongs, for the aforesaid use. Examples are seen of it in History, and in this View it was that Horace said to *Iccius* (Ode 29. lib. 1.) *Horribiliq; medo noctis catenas.* You at the same time prepare Chains for the terrible Medes.

they

they to his Ships Conducted them, whom he design'd as Victims To his *Patroclus*' Ghost, himself returning To *Xanthus* Stream, pursu'd the deadly Slaughter.

Lycaon, *Priam's Son*, was his first Conquest, Who late had been his Captive: For *Achilles*,
 (e) As o'er his Father's Fields one Night he rang'd, Found the young Prince in a wild Fig-tree, felling Some Timber for his Chariot, who surpris'd In vain by Flight attempted to escape; *Achilles* to the Isle of *Lemnos* bore him, And there to *Jason* sold him as a Slave: From him *Eetion* of the Isle of *Imbros*, Who was by many Favours much oblig'd To the old King, bought the young Slave, and thence (f) Convey'd to fair *Arisba*, where the Prince Stole from his Guards, returning safe to *Troy*. Pleas'd with his happy Fortune and Escape, Amidst his young Companions he remain'd Eleven Days in Mirth and Jollity; But on the twelfth took Arms, and join'd the Battle, Fated to fall by great *Achilles*' Hand, Who to the Shades below sent him a Captive, Thence never to return; upon the Shore He stood, and

(e) As o'er his Father's Fields one Night.] This young Prince was cutting down Timber in the Night, because he cou'd not do it in the Day-time, by reason of the Enemy. But is a wild Fig-tree altogether so fit to make the Fellies of a Chariot? - The Trojans, 'tis like, were reduc'd to this necessity, because the Enemy

during so long a War had cut down the most substantial Timber.

(f) Convey'd to fair *Arisba*.] This was not to detain him, but out of Friendship to *Priam*; he was minded to keep him there till the end of the War, for fear, if he sent him back, he might fall into the Enemy's Hands.

playeq

dreading

dreading to advance and plunge Into the Stream,
tir'd with Fatigue and Sweat, He threw away
his Helmet, Spear and Buckler, Which when
Achilles saw, and knew the Prince, He thus
express'd his Wonder. " Mighty Gods! What
" Miracle is this? In vain I kill The *Trojans*, if
" from Hell they can return. For see a Youth
" appears, whom late I took, Gave him his Life,
" and (g) sold him into *Lemnos*; The Ocean,
" that detains all other Mortals, Has sent him
" back; but with my Spear I'll try Whether
" a Tomb can hold him, and the Earth, That
" keeps all others down, confine this Prince.

Thus he: *Lycaon*, trembling at his Words,
And willing to escape the Death he menac'd,
Ran to embrace his Knees and beg his Pity.
Achilles threw his Lance with all his Force,
Which the young Prince avoided, then approaching,
He fell beneath his Feet, and with one Hand Hung on his Knees, with t'other held his Lance, That stuck into the Earth,
then thus conjur'd him.

" *Achilles*, (b) at your Feet I lye a Suppliant:
" Pity my Youth, and let my Pray'r's

(g) Sold into Lemnos.] *Achilles* is amaz'd that *Lycaon*, whom he believ'd to be a Slave at *Lemnos*, was return'd to *Troy*; the Greeks being Masters of the Sea. He looks upon it as no less a Miracle, than if one had risen from the Dead.

(b) At your Feet I lye a Suppliant.] He dares not

say that he is his Suppliant, *intra*, for a Suppliant is one that comes purely of his own Motion to throw himself on the Mercy of Another and implore his Aid. *Lycaon* had been taken Prisoner, and went in his own despight: Therefore he says, as it were, and in some sort, your Suppliant, &c. And he means

" prevail,

" prevail, Since you're ally'd to *Jove*; Accept
 " your Vot'ry, Who when your Captive tasted
 " your sweet Bounty, And as your Slave was
 " from your Table fed. Far from my Royal
 " Father and my Country, You sold me in-
 " to *Lemnos*, and receiv'd An Hundred Ox-
 " en, as my Price, from *Jason*. You shall
 " have thrice the Ransom for my Life. 'Tis
 " but twelve Days since I return'd to *Troy*,
 " And from a thousand Miseries escap'd: And
 " must I dye beneath your bloody Sword?
 " Thrice has great *Jove* resign'd me to your
 " Pow'r, And mark'd me as the Object of his
 " Anger. *Laothoe*, the Daughter of King *Al-*
 " *tes*, Who sway'd the *Lelegeans*, fam'd in War,
 " And reign'd in *Pedasus*, on *Satnion's* Banks,
 " Was my unhappy Mother: She to *Priam*
 " Two Sons brought forth, and both reserv'd
 " to dye Beneath your Arm; already you have
 " slain My Brother *Polydorus* in the Flow'r
 " Of Youth, and I must be the Second; For
 " since the Fates have left me in your Pow'r,
 " I cannot hope for Life; Yet this remember,
 " *Priam* had many Wives, nor was I born
 " Of her, who brought forth *Hector*, your
 " great Foe, By whom your Friend, your
 " dear *Patroclus* fell, So famous for his Sweet-
 " ness and his Valour.

Lycaon thus invok'd *Achille's* Pity, But soon

that *Achilles* should not con-
sider him absolutely as his
Prisoner, but as a Man to
whom he had already given
his Life, whom he had taken
into his House, and who is

become as it were his Sup-
pliant, who had for a long
time Lodg'd and Eaten with
him. This is very Crafty.
Suppliants were Sacred Per-
sons.

receiv'd

receiv'd a most inhuman Answer. " Vain
" Youth, to talk of Pity or of Ransom; Once
" I took pleasure in a numerous Train Of Cap-
" tives, and could spare a Suppliant's Life,
" Ere on this Shore my dear *Patroclus* dy'd;
" But now whoever is of *Trojan* Race, Much
" more of *Priam*'s, if they meet my Arms And
" yield, shall surely dye, and so shalt thou,
" Nor shall thy Tears protect thee; My *Pa-*
" *troclus*, Whose Valour far exceeded thine, is
" dead: And I, tho' now successful, and the
" Son Of *Thetis* and of *Peleus*, Jove's great
" Off-spring, Yet must resign to Fate, nor is
" that Day Far off: Some *Trojan* Soldier, who
" now flyes My Presence, with his Spear shall
" bring me low, And gain immortal Honour
" by my Death.

These cruel Words transfix'd the Prince's
Soul, His Limbs forgat their Strength, his
Knees grew feeble, His Hand let go the Spear,
whilst stern *Achilles* Drew out his Sword and
plung'd it in his Bosom: He fell upon his Face,
and with his Blood Dy'd the red Shore, from
which *Achilles* threw him Into the rapid Stream,
and thus insulted.

" Go, wretched Prince! and feed the hun-
" gry Fishes, Who from thy Wounds shall
" lick the trickling Blood; Thy Mother need
" not dress the mourning Bed, Weep o'er thy
" Trunk, or with vain Pomp ordain Thy Obse-
" quies; *Scamander* (*i*) shall convey thee into

(i) Shall convey thee into some time in the Water,
the Ocean.] Because dead swim upon the Surface.
Bodies, after they have been

" the

" the boundless Ocean, where some Monster,
 " Inhabiting the Seas, shall swallow thee, And
 " in his spacious Bowels make thy Tomb.
 " So let the *Trojans* perish, 'till proud *Ilium*
 " Be laid in Dust, whilst I pursue their Troops
 " Thro' their own Plains, and cover them with
 " Slaughter. *Xanthus*, to whom they sacri-
 " fice whole Herds Of Bulls, and with (k)
 " live Steeds appease his Waves, No Succour,
 " shall afford, but sure Destruction And Death.
 " pursue them, 'till the Blood I spill Shall be
 " sufficient to atone the Shade Of my Patro-
 " clus, and those numerous *Greeks*, Who in my
 " Absence near their Ships were slain.

Thus He: His Words provok'd the watry
 God, *Xanthus*, and fill'd his Mind with various
 Councils How to allay his Rage, and save the
Trojans.

Mean while *Achilles* wielding his long Spear,
 March'd to attack *Asteropeus*, the Son Of Pe-
 lagon, whom lovely *Peribea*, The eldest Daugh-

(k) *Live Steeds appease his Waves.*] It was a very an-
 cient Custom to cast live
 Horses into the Sea and the
 Rivers, to honour, as it were,
 by these Victims, the Rapid-
 ness of their Stream. This
 Practice continu'd a long
 time, and History supplies us
 with Notable Examples of it.
Aurelius Victor lays of Pom-
 pey the younger: *Cum mari-
 feliciter uteretur, Neptuni se-
 filium confessus est, cumq; bo-*

bus auratis & equo placavit.
*As he had been pretty forti-
 nate upon the Sea, he gave
 out that he was the Son of
 Neptune, and endeavour'd to
 make that God propitious, by
 offering to him Oxen whose
 Horns were gilded, and a
 Horse. He offer'd Oxen in
 Sacrifice, and threw a live
 Horse into the Sea, as ap-
 pears from *Dion*; which is
 perfectly conformable to this
 of *Homer*.*

ter of *Acessumena*, Bore to the River *Axius* ;
 He undaunted Came forward on the Shore, to
 meet the Hero, Arm'd with two Spears, which
 in both Hands he wielded : For *Xanthus* gave
 him Strength and manly Vigour, Enrag'd a-
 gainst *Achilles*, who had slain Such Numbers
 on his Banks without Compassion. When near
 each other both the Heroes came, *Achilles*
 thus. “ Speak, whence and what you are,
 “ Who thus oppose my Valour? only they
 “ Who from unhappy Parents are descended,
 “ Attempt such Boldness. Thus the valiant Son
 Of *Pelagon* reply'd. “ Divine *Achilles*, Why
 “ would you know my Country and Descent?
 “ From fair *Paeonia*, leading numerous Troops
 “ Arm'd with long Spears, to *Troy's* Defence I
 “ came: (1) This the Twelfth Morning is
 “ since I arriv'd ; The River *Axius*, rowling
 “ his fair Stream Along the fertile Plains, to
 “ *Pelagon* Gave Birth, from whom I reckon
 “ my Descent. But wherefore should we spend
 “ the Time in Talk, Which Heroes may em-
 “ ploy in deadly Combat.

Thus he : *Achilles* grasp'd his massy Spear :
Asteropeus, whose either Hand could wield His
 Arms with equal Ease, two Lances flung ; One

(1) This the Twelfth Morn-
 ing is.] He was a new General
 whom the Peonians had sent,
 after the Death of him who
 came with the Fleet and was
 kill'd. This is the ground
 of *Achilles's* Questions, who
 art thou, and whence comest

thou? for *Asteropeus* not ar-
 riving before the time that
Achilles refrain'd from fight-
 ing, cou'd not be known
 to him. Homer gives a Rea-
 son for every thing, and e-
 stablishes Probability through-
 out.

lodg'd

lodg'd upon Achilles' massy Buckler: (m) But the firm Gold, forg'd by the Hand of *Vulcan*, Repuls'd it, whilst the other graz'd his Elbow And drew the Purple Blood, thence o'er his Head Flew at some distance, lighting on the Ground.

Achilles, thirsty of Revenge and Blood, Return'd the fierce Assault, and threw his Spear, Which passing near *Asteropeus* ran deep into the Shore: Then from his valiant Thigh He drew his Sword, and charg'd with dreadful Fury; Three times *Asteropeus* essay'd to draw *Achilles*' Javelin from the Ground, and thrice Failed of Success; then bending the firm Wood, Had snapp'd it short, but with his shining Blade The Hero interpos'd, and in his Belly Sheathing it deep, drew out his reeking Entrails, And clos'd his Eyes in everlasting Darkness. The Victor standing o'er him, seiz'd his Arms, Then triumph'd thus. "Lie there, " and take the Death Thy Rashness merited; "the Sons of *Jove* Are not a Match for those of Rivers born; (n) You boasted your Descent from *Axius*' Stream, But I am sprung from *Jove*; *Peleus*, who reigns In *Thessaly*, my Father was, himself The Son of *Eacus*, the Son of *Jove*; As *Jove* in Pow'r the

(m) But the firm Gold repuls'd. — That is, *Asteropeus*'s Javelin pierc'd the two first Plates of *Achilles*'s Buckler, and stopt not before it came to the third which was of Gold. This has been sufficiently explain'd.

(n) You boasted your Descent

from *Axius*' Stream.] It is worth while to observe, says Eustathius, with what address Homer mixes the Simplicity of Genealogical Narrations amidst the greatest Variety of the Action, to give variety to his Poem, and refresh his Reader.

" River-Gods excels, So must his Off-
 " Spring be more brave than theirs. *Xanthus*,
 " a mighty River, flows just by thee, And
 " might have lent thee Aid; but that he knows,
 " He can't contend with *Jove*: Nor could *A-*
 " *chelous*, Tho' greater far than he, nor *Ocean's*
 " self With all his deep Abysses, from whose
 " Source The Rivers, Seas, and Fountains take
 " their Rise: He, tho' the first of all the Water
 " Gods, (a) Must yield to *Jove*, when from
 " the bursting Clouds Down to the Deep he
 " flings his rattling Thunders.

Thus he, then from the Shore with Ease
 drew out His Spear, and left his Enemy ex-
 tended Upon the Sands: the tiding Waves
 and Surges Flow'd over him, the Eels and
 hungry Fishes Fed on his Fat, and gnaw'd his
 bloody Entrails. Mean while *Achilles* turn'd
 his dreadful Arms On the *Paeonian* Squadron,
 as they fled By *Xanthus'* Stream, when they
 beheld their Leader Slain on the Shore; *Ther-*
silocus, and *Mydon*, *Abyppylus*, and *Anesus*,
Opheleutes, *Ibrasius*, and *Anias*, fell beneath
 his Spear; And more his wild Revenge had
 sacrifice'd, But *Xanthus*, with the Slaughter
 much incens'd, Taking a humane Figure, thus
 address'd him.

" Divine *Achilles*, nothing can resist Your
 " Valour; nor did ever Hero yet Such Con-
 " quests boast: the Gods are on your Side;

(a) *Must yield to Jove.*] He adds this to qualify the
 Defiance he had just made
 to *Xanthus*, a Defiance,

which, being made to a God,
 might seem impious without this softning turn.

" Yet

" Yet if great Jove decrees the wretched Trojans
 " Should be destroy'd by you, remove the Slaugh-
 " ter Fat from my Banks; already I am clogg'd
 " With numbers of the slain, that fill my Chan-
 " nel, And interrupt my Waves from passing
 " down, To pay their wonted Tribute to the
 " Ocean. Let it suffice that you have done
 " such Actions, As even I, a God, with Won-
 " der view.

Thus he, and thus Achilles, " Son of Jove,
 " Divine Scamander, I'll obey your Orders;
 " But will not cease to deal my hottest Fury
 " Upon that perjur'd Brood, till I have shut
 " them Within their Walls, or have en-
 " counter'd Hector, For whom I'll search the
 " Plains, resolv'd to reach His hated Life, or
 " die beneath his Hand.

He spake, and (p) threw himself into the
 Battle: Whilst with his Insolence enrag'd, the
 River Addres'd Apollo thus. " O Son of Jove,
 " Skill'd in the Bow, why are the dread Com-
 " mands Of your great Sire thus shamefully
 " neglected, Who gave you Orders to sup-
 " port the Trojans With all your Forces, till
 " the Sun should visit The Western Sea, and
 " Sable Shades arise?

Thus he; and whilst Achilles rush'd along,
 Divine Scamander rais'd his lofty Waves, And
 threw the floating Bodies on the Shore; With

(p) *Threw himself into the Battle.*] 'Tis impossible to
 paint with livelier Colours a
 battle which is fought a-
 midst an inundation. It is
 very probable that so many

Springs, which ran from
 Mount Ida into the Plain of
 Troy, often caus'd an over-
 flowing of the Rivers that
 wash'd it.

which *Achilles* had damm'd up the Stream; The Noisy Billows, loud as roaring Bulls, Dash'd o'er the Banks, whilst in his secret Creeks And Caverns, from the Fury of the Victor He sav'd the trembling *Trojans*, then assembling His Waves, upon the Son of *Peleus* rush'd, Bore down his Shield, and with such Force assail'd him, His Leggs refus'd their Load, and he unable To stand the Shock, reach'd out and grasp'd an Elin That fortunately grew beside the Stream; The rushing Waves and Hero's pond'rous Arm Tore from its Roots the Tree, and laid it flat Across the Stream, where like a Bridge it rested: *Achilles*, to avoid the deadly Waves, And Danger that approach'd him, sought to gain The Shore by Flight, but *Xanthus*, to revenge The Slaughter, and relieve the conquer'd *Trojans*, Renew'd the sharp Attack with all his Waves, And rowl'd his gloomy Surface o'er the Banks. *Achilles*, swift as is the warlike Eagle, The Swiftest and most Valiant of all Birds, Sprung forward a Spear's cast, with active Force, Clashing his Arms, whilst with tremendous Roar His rapid Foe pursu'd him thro' the Plain. (q) As when some Delver turns a flowing Stream From its own Channel, thro' a new-made Dyke, To water a fair Garden stor'd with

(q) *As when some Delver.*] This changing of the Character looks charming. No Poet ever knew, like Homer, to pass from the Vehement and the Nervous, to the Gentle and the Agreeable; such Transitions, when pro-

perly made, give a singular Pleasure, as, when in Musick, a Master passes from the Rough to the Tender. Demetrius Phalereius, who only praises this Comparison for its Clearness, has not sufficiently recommended its Va-

Plants : He with his Spade removes the adverse Clods, The Waters rushing in with mighty Noise Flow down the Steep, and mix the sounding Pebbles, And oft outrun the Guide who shews their Way. So *Xanthus* overtook the flying Hero, Swift tho' he was : For Mortals must submit To those of Race Divine; oft when he try'd To stand the Charge, not doubting but the Gods Pursu'd him, all collected in a Body, And turn'd to meet the Shock, Divine *Scamander* Mounted his Waves, and press'd his Manly Shoulders, Whilst he with frequent Leaps and nimble Force Try'd to escape, oppres'd with Grief and Horror : The adverse Flood still beat against his Knees, And wash'd away the Dust beneath his Feet, Unable to support Him ; then to Heav'n He bent his Cry, and with uplifted Eyes Address'd himself to *Jove*. " Almighty Father, Is there no God to pity my Distress, And save me from the Fury of these Waves ? What would I not endure to be reliev'd ? Of all the Gods that treat me with such Rigour, None merit my Complaints so much as *Tberis*, Who gave me Birth, and made me hope in vain, That I should perish near the Walls of *Troy*, By great *Apollo's* Darts ; Wou'd I had dy'd By *Hector's* Hand, the bravest Chief in *Troy* ; His Valour would have recompenc'd the Loss Both of my Arms and Life : But now

lue. Virgil was so struck with it that he has transferr'd it into his first Book of the *Georgics*.

Deinde satis fluvium inducit,
&c.
Virgil's is fine Poetry ; but how much inferior is it to the Original !

“ Inglorious, Like some base Rustick crossing
“ a deep River, I shall lie buried in de-
“ vouring Waves.

He spake, and to his Aid *Minerva* came, With
Neptune, who in humane Forms approach'd him, And with these Promises sustain'd his Cou-
rage, Reaching their Hands to his Great Son
“ of *Peleus*! Fear not, nor be dismay'd; for
“ I, who Rule The Watry World, and *Pallas*,
“ are descended With Jove's Consent, to aid
“ you in Distress; 'Tis not in Fate, that you
“ should perish here In *Xanthus*' Stream, whose
“ Rage will soon abate. Only pursue our
“ Councils, nor give o'er The Slaughter, till
“ the *Trojans* are repuls'd Within their Walls,
“ then to your Fleet return, When you have
“ slain bold *Hector*: for that Action Is by our
“ Pow'r reserv'd to crown your Arms.

Thus *Neptune*; then with *Pallas* soon re-
turn'd To their high Station, whilst the Son
of *Peleus*, Encourag'd by such Words, re-
new'd his Efforts To reach the Land: the
Surges rag'd around, And floating Bodies of
the Slain, that fell That Day by his strong Arm,
in heaps swam by him; His Manly Knees bore
up against the Torrent, Nor could the Stream
detain him, since *Minerva* Lent him new
Strength; yet still *Scamander* rag'd With fresh
Resentment, calling all his Waves Forth to
renew the Combat with *Achilles*: At last im-
ploring Aid of *Simois*, Thus he began. “ Dear
“ Brother, let us join Our Streams, and try
“ to rout this deadly Foe, Ere he attempt the
“ Ruin of our *Troy*, Whose frightened Troops
“ in vain resist his Valour. Then haste to my
“ Affistance,

"Affiance, draw your Channel, And from
 "your Fountains, every Source, and Spring,
 "Bring all your Waters; swell the raging
 "Torrent, Cover'd with Trees, and floating
 "Rocks, and Islands; Drown all the Plains,
 "and fill the sounding Banks With Terrors,
 "and the Noise of roaring Surges: (r) And
 "let us tame this Victor, whose Success Is
 "more than Human, worthy of a God. If
 "you unite with me, not all his Force, Not
 "Godlike Form shall save this mighty Hero,
 "Nor yet the Arms he boasts, which soon
 "shall lie Deep in our Bosoms, stain'd with
 "Blood and Mud. I'll rouse my Sable Waves
 "like Mountains high, And crush him, roll
 "my Sands around his Trunk, That none of
 "all the Greeks shall ever find His Bones, nor
 "of his Obsequies take Care: Whilst justly
 "punis'd for his daring Pride, He lies secure
 "within his Liquid Tomb.

Thus he; then with aspiring Waves he rush'd
 Upon *Achilles*, cover'd o'er with Blood, And
 Foam and floating Trunks. His losty Tides
 Obey'd the God, and lifted high as Hills,
 Burst on the Hero with tremendous Roar.
Troja with dreadful Outcry shew'd her Fear,
 Least *Petens'* Son should founder in the Deep,

(r) And let us tame this
 Victor. What Resources
 does Homer find in himself
 to praise *Achilles*, and to im-
 prove upon all the Elogiums
 he has already giv'n him?
 This whole Run is so admi-

rable, that I thought it wou'd
 make its own way to the
 Reader's Understanding, with-
 out the additional help of
 any Remark, and ev'n in
 my very Translation of it.

And with Impatience thus to *Vulcan* spake! (z)
 ‘ Arise, my Son! see, *Xanthus* is in Arms
 ‘ To meet you, and is worthy your Revenge.
 ‘ (u) Then arm in your Defence, (w) with
 ‘ all your Flames, Whilst from the Deep I
 ‘ rouse the West and South Impetuous Winds,
 ‘ that thall a Tempest raise, To blow your
 ‘ hostile Fires along the Plain, To scorch the
 ‘ Trojan Troops, and melt their Armour.
 ‘ Haste you and burn the Trees that shade
 ‘ the Banks Of *Xanthus*’ Stream, and spread

(z) *Arise, my Son.*] It is in the Greek, *rise my Clump foot, my Son,* ὁ δοσος κυλλωποδιον εμοι τέκος. And upon this I cannot forbear reporting an Observation out of *Plutarch*, who says, that *Juno* calls her Son *Clump-foot*, out of Fondness and to Caress him, and that *Homer* by this meant to laugh at those who are ashamed of such Defects; nor esteeming that to be blameworthy which is not Scandalous, nor that to be Scandalous which is Fortune’s Fault not ours. I durst not, however, preserve it in my Translation, for our word, *boîtenx*, *Clump-foot*, and the Greek term, κυλλωποδιον, are two very different Terms. This is perceivable by any Ear of the least Delicacy.

(z) *Then arm in your Defence.*] If *Homer* has with Life describ’d an Inundation, he Points with no less force the Drought which alone can Battle it, and make it with

draw its Waters. There is nothing in Nature which this Poet does not imbellish his Poem with. But in his greatest Enthusiasm he shews a wonderful Discretion, and in his most sublime Fictions he never departs from what is Natural; for it is from beautiful Nature that the true Sublime arises; nor can there be a true Sublime in what it is not Natural.

(u) *With all your Flames.]* So does this Verse mean, if you read αντριν without an Aspirate; but if you read it αντριν with an Aspirate, as *Eustathius* does, it shou’d be translated: *cast your self with all your Fires into the midst of his Waves.* Each of those two Readings has its Beauty, but that which I have follow’d seems to me to be the more Natural, and agrees with what *Homer* adds soon after, *the River it self is all on Fire.*

“ your

“ your Flames all o'er him : Let neither Men
 “ naces nor kind Intreaties Win you to Pity,
 “ or abate your Fury : But when you hear
 “ my Voice, be that the Signal. And then re-
 “ tire, and quench your burning Rage.

Thus she ; then *Vulcan* kindled all his Forces,
 And spread his rapid Flames along the Plain,
 Consuming the dead Bodies, which *Achilles* Had
 scatter'd here and there ; all the wide Field Ap-
 pear'd on Fire, the Waters were diminish'd,
 And ebb'd apace, as when the Northern Blasts
 In Autumn chace the Rains and rising Springs,
 That lay'd some Field or Garden under Water ; So in an Instant all the Plain grew dry,
 And heaps of mangled Trunks were turn'd to
 Ashes. Then on the Stream the God his Fu-
 ry pour'd, And burnt the Trees that grew a-
 long the Shore Down to the Root, the Wil-
 low, Elm, and Pop'lar, The Tamarisk, and
 Lime, and Reed, and Cypress ; The Fishes felt
 the Heat, and sought in vain For Refuge in the
 Caverns of the Deep, Each panting just expi-
 ring with the Flames, And often leap'd to
 seek the cooler Air. *Xanthus* himself was
 scorch'd, and thus complain'd ; “ O *Vulcan*,
 “ (w) who of all the Gods can combat
 “ With thy devouring Pow'rs? then how can
 “ I Resist thee? Wherefore would you stoop
 “ so low, To bend your fiery Arms against a
 “ River? Unhappy I ! to mingle in the Quar-
 “ rel, And succour *Troy*! but I desist, and

(w). Who of all the Gods.] For Fire is invincible, and conquers every thing ; *Jupiter* himself has occasion for its Aid; he borrows his Thunderbolts from it.

" yield That City to be raz'd by great Achil-
" less.

He spake, almost consum'd and spent with Heat; His Waves boil'd up, as when a mighty Cauldron Throws up the bubb'ling-Fat of some rich Victim, Compas'd with crackling Flames: so Xanthus' Stream, Babbled with wasting Heat, and spent with Flames (x) No further could expand his flaming Waves.

Chac'd from the Plain he fled into his Channel, Pursu'd by hungry Flames; then thus to Juno Address'd for Pity, and implor'd her Aid.

" O Juno, why am I expos'd a Prey To your devouring Son, let loose upon me With all his burning Forces? I am not so much to blame, as are the other Gods Who take the Trojan side; but here I promise No more to aid that Race, then let your Vul- can Draw off his Flames; a solemn Oath I take, Never to help the Trojans, though re- duc'd To Ruin, (y) though I see the Grecian Fires Surround their Walls, and lay their Town in Ashes.

Thus he, and Juno heard him, then to Vul- can She call'd. Desist, my valiant Son, she cry'd, And with your Flames retire, for 'tis

(x) No further cou'd ex-
pand.] Instead of he can no
longer, Homer says, he will
no longer; and Eustathius ob-
serves verywell that the Greeks
often said, to will, instead
of a to be able.

(y) Tho' I see the Grecian]

This says plainly that Troy
is to perish by Fire, but it
does not say either When,
or by Whom; and therefore
to determine it, the River
adds, and the Greeks lay it
in Ashes.

" unjust

"unjust, Gods should be punish'd, for the
"sake of Mortals.

Thus she, Her Son obey'd, and quench'd
his Flames, And Xanthus in his wonted Chan-
nel roll'd His Waters to the Sea, for Vulcan's
Pow'r Had tam'd him, and the Combat was
decided By Juno, who relented of her Wrath.
Mean while the other Gods began now Dis-
cord From either Party, and with dreadful
Noise Charg'd one another, (z) Jove the Sig-
nal gave With Thunder; and the Earth's low
Caverns roar'd; He on the Top of steep Olym-
pus late, And smil'd to see the Gods engage
in Battle; At length approaching, Hand to

(z) Jove the Signal gave.] Homer says,

Απει μετανίζει πύρος οὐρανοῦ

The vast Heav'n sounded the
Trumpet; and here I can do
no less than quote an Obser-
vation out of Eustathius which
seems to me to be of some
use. This Expression, Heav'n
sounded the Trumpet, does
not equal the greatness of this
Event, for what greatness is
there in saying, that Heav'n
sounded the Trumpet, when
he shou'd rather have said that
Heav'n Thunder'd. And yet
Homer's Expression seems fitter
for a Fight, for the Signal for
a Battle is not Thunder, but
a Trumpet. Moreover, the Poet
having already said (Book 20.)
in speaking of the Battle be-
tween the Trojans and Greeks,
that the Sovereign Ruler of

Gods and Men thunder'd
from the height of Heav'n,
Here, to diversify his Phrases
and make his Thought the new-
er, he says that Heav'n sound-
ed the Trumpet. The begin-
ning of a Battle, as less con-
siderable, he brighten'd by this
great Idea, Jupiter thunder'd
from the Top of the Heav-
ens; but as for this Battle
of the Gods which takes all its
greatness from the Gods them-
selves, he contented himself with
saying that Heav'n sounded
the Trumpet. It may like-
wise be said that it is a Pro-
digy more suitable to grand
Poetry, to represent Heav'n
sounding the Trumpet, as if
it had a Mouth. Whereas,
if he had bare y said Heav-
n thunder'd, there had been
nothing extraordinary or sur-
prising in that.

Hand they fought, (a) Mars wielding his vast Spear, on Pallas rush'd, And thus reproach'd her with insulting Words.

“ O most audacious of Immortal Beings!
 “ Your rash imprudent Bravery excites you
 “ With mortal Discord to divide the Gods;
 “ Well you remember when, by you inspir'd,
 “ Bold Diomed attack'd me, when you join'd
 “ The Fight, and with your shining Spear ad-
 “ vancing Still urg'd him on to wound me
 “ with his Lance; See now a fair Occasion is
 “ before me, And I'll improve it, to avenge
 “ my Wrongs.

He spake; and on th' immortal Shield of Pallas, The dreadful Egid, which the Bolts of Jove Could never crush, his massy Jav'lin flung; The Goddess stepping back, took up a Stone Of mighty size and weight, which long had stood Unmov'd, an antient Land-mark on the Plains, Which at the God she threw, and beat him backward, His clashing Armor rattling with the Fall; His Hair was dawb'd with Dust, and seven Acres Were cover'd with his vast extended Body; Whilst Pallas smiling, triumph'd in his Fall.

“ Rash God, who thus presum'st to meet
 “ my Rage; Now be conviac'd I do not boast

(a) Mars wielding his vast Spear.] By this very ingenious Fiction Homer means that in all Wars and all Combats, 'tis Folly always that begins first, by opposing it self against Wisdom. For

pray whence arise Wars and Contests, is it not from Injuries and doing Wrong? And are not such Injuries and Wrong-doing suggested by Folly, Ignorance and Brutality?

“ in

" in vain (*b*) My Pow'r to thine Superior; see,
 " the Vengeance With which the Furies ex-
 " cute the Curses Thy Mother gave thee, when
 " thou, treacherous God, Didst leave the
 " Greeks, to aid the perjur'd *Trojans*!"

Thus she: then turn'd aside her shining Eyes,
 (*c*) Whilst Jove's fair Daughter, *Venus*, soon
 drew near, And bent her Hand to raise him,
 for his Breath Came short, expressing Pain, and
 near resembling The Pangs of Men just ready
 to expire.

Juno beheld her marching to his Aid, Then
 animated *Pallas* to engage her.

" Daughter of Jove, see *Venus*, whom I
 " hate, With all her Impudence attempts to
 " rescue The prostrate God, and bear him
 " from the Field; Haste, and prevent her, and
 " revenge th' Affront.

She, ravish'd with the hopes of punishing
 So vile an Action, rush'd upon the Goddess,
 And with such Fury smote upon her Stomach,
 That down she fell, (*d*) depriv'd of Strength
 and Breath, (*e*) And lay near *Mars*, extend-

(*b*) *My Power to thine Superior.*] Homer wou'd thereby shew that Prudence is always victorious over blind and irrational Strength.

(*c*) *While Jove's fair Daughter, Venus.*] This Fiction is very Ingenious and very Moral. Homer thereby teaches that *Minerva*, i. e. Wisdom, no sooner turns away her Eyes from Men, but they are deliver'd over to all sorts of Passions.

(*d*) *Depriv'd of Strength*

and Breath.] *Venus* does not resist *Minerva*. Let but Wisdom make ever so little use of her Advantages, she triumphs over the Passions, and has no need of any of her Arms.

(*e*) *And lay near Mars.]* *Venus* and *Mars* are the two Gods who kindled this bloody War; behold them now laid in the Dust. Homer thereby foretels to his Reader, that the War will soon be at end, and the *Trojans* punished.

ed

ed on the Plain. Then *Pallas* glory'd thus.
 "Would Jove permit, That all the Gods who
 "succour perjur'd Troy Against the Greeks,
 "were lay'd thus low, and met The same Suc-
 "cess with *Venus*, thus presuming To suc-
 "cour *Mars*, and stand my warlike Arm,
 "This fatal Discord, that infects the Gods,
 "Would soon be o'er, and *Troy* consume to
 "Ashes! *Amor* quoth *Apollo* to *Hera*
 She spake; and *Juno* with a Smile approv'd
 Her Victory; mean while the Sea-god *Nep-*
ton To great *Apollo* thus address'd his Speech.

"Whilst all the Gods on either side engage,
 "Why do we two at distancee view each o-
 "ther? With what Disgrace, nor having try'd
 "the Combat, Shall we return to Heav'n, and
 "*Jove's* high Palace? Do you begin, you are
 "the youngest God; I, who have seen old Age
 "and long Experience, Scorn to attack a
 "Youth so much Inferior To me in Arms,
 "but will expect the Charge. Yet where-
 "fore are you so intent to succour The *Tro-*
jan Race? have you so soon forgot The
 "base Indignities we suffer'd once, Within
 "this perjur'd and unfaithful City? When by
 "Command from *Jove* we serv'd their King,
 "The fierce *Laomedon*, a livelong Year; Con-
 "tracting for a Price, like Slaves we serv'd
 "him; I built the Walls and Fortresses that
 "guard Round *Troy*, impregnable by human
 "Force; Whilst you with constant Labour
 "fed his Herds, Upon Mount *Ida*, till at
 "length (^(f)) the Hours brought round the
 "^(ff) The Hours. In Homer the us'd for Seasons. It was not till
 word *Hera*, *Hours*; is always after Homer that the Greeks
 "Year,

" Yearbain Pity to our Toils. But then,
 " the unjust Tyrant would not pay The Re-
 " compence of our long Servitude; Dis-
 " mis'd us with vile Menaces and Tanats;
 " (g) Threaten'd to bore our Ears, like Slaves-
 " to tie us With Cords, and sell us to some
 " foreign Master: We, disappointed of our
 " just Reward, Left him, enrag'd, and medi-
 " tating Vengeance. Yet you can aid this
 " false, this perjur'd Brood. And will not join
 " with us to punish them? To lay their City
 " low in Dust and Ashes, Their Virgins,
 " Wives, and all their Youth in Chains.

Him thus *Apollo* answer'd. " Mighty Ne-
 " tune, (h). Well you might think me rash,

us'd the word Hour, to signifi-
 fie a part of the Days: and
Anthon was one of the
 first Poets that apply'd it in
 that Sense, in *Ode 3.*

Μισευτίαις μάδισαν.

(g) Threaten'd to bore our
 Ears. The Greek, says, and
 ends the Ears, *ἀποτρίψειν*, for so it must
 be read, and not *ἀποτρίψεσθεν*.
 Cutting off the Nose and Ears
 was, the Punishment of a
 Slave; but the Expression
 not being Noble enough in
 our Tongue, there was a ne-
 cessary to paraphrase it. It
 looks as if this Expression of
Homer, *ἀποτρίψειν*, were
 were the same as *per ora*
aurea in Holy Scripture, speak-
 ing of the Custom among
 the Hebrews who bor'd holes

in the Slaves Ears, to shew
 that they were never to go
 out of Service; and that they
 cou'd not be set free: but I
 know not whether there are
 Authorities enough to be
 found for proving that this
 Custom pass'd from the He-
 brews to other Nations.

(h) Well you might think
 me rash. Two things hinder
Homer from making *Nestor*,
 and *Apollo* fight. First, be-
 cause having already describ'd
 the Fight between *Vulcan* and
Xanthus, he has nothing fur-
 ther to say here, for it is the
 same Conflict between Humi-
 dity and Siccit, and Authors
 must avoid Repetitions and
 Monotonies always tiresom
 and fatiguing; Secondly, *Aapo-
 lo* being the lame with Desti-
 ny, and the Ruin of the Tre-
 jans being concluded upon

" if

“ if I should Combat With any God in fa-
 “ vor of vain Mortals. Like Leaves they spring,
 “ look green and fair awhile, But soon dry up,
 “ and fall and are no more. Therefore whilst
 “ others on both Sides engage, Let us forbear,
 “ nor mingle in the Quarrel.

He spake, and from the Sea-God turn'd a-way; Shame and Respect forbad him to engage The Brother of great Jove; but chaste Diana, His Sister, in the Mountain-chace delighting, Upbraided thus his Cowardize, and spake.

“ Shall Neptune boast him in your mean
 “ Disgrace, Who fly, and leave the Victory to
 “ him? Why are you arm'd with Darts, who
 “ will not use them, Unable to defend you?
 “ Boast no more, As late you did among th'as-
 “ sembled Gods, In Jove's high Palace, when
 “ you menac'd War Against this very Sea-god,
 “ and foretold, That all the Heav'ns should
 “ ring with your Exploits.

Thus she: Apollo with Disdain was silent; But Juno raging with Revenge drew near, And thus reproach'd the Goddess. “ (i) Foolish Maid! Thus to oppose your Confidence to
 “ me; In vain you shall resist me, tho' you
 “ bear A Quiver full of Arrows: (k) but since
 “ Jove Made you surpass all Females in Re-

and decided; that God can no longer defer it.

(i) *Foolish Maid.*] Homer often suppresses these Connectives, and said so him. These Ellipses are very becoming in any Passion, especially that of Anger.

(k) *But since Jove, &c.*]

Diana is dreadful to Women, because being the same with the Moon, she brings on the Pains of Child-birth, and was believ'd to be generally the Cause of the sudden Deaths of Women, as Homer says elsewhere.

“ now.

" now, As does the Lion the inferior Brutes,
 " And subjected all Mortals to your Darts,
 " Unmindful of your self, you dare attack A
 " Goddess, who excels you. Hence, be gone!
 " And o'er the Hills and Forests chace the Deer,
 " And do not tempt my Valour to engage
 " you. Yet if you still persist, (1) draw near,
 " and try Which of us two can boast the
 " stronger Arm.

Thus she: (m) Then both *Diana's* Hands
 she grasp'd With her left Hand, and with her
 right she seiz'd Her Quiver where it hung, then
 buffeted Her Ears and Shoulders with repeated
 Strokes, Smiling with Indignation; whilst *Diana*
 Turn'd every way to shun her Rage and
 Fury, And on the Ground her scatter'd Ar-
 rows lay. At length; o'erwhelm'd with Tears
 and Grief, she fled Swift as a Pidgeon, that
 avoids the Hawk, And to the Caverns of a

(1) *Draw near, and try.*] I have added the word *Draw near*, for the Ellipsis, which is in the Text, and which perfectly well agrees with the Wrath *Juno* is in, as *Eustathius* observes, has a very good Effect in the Greek, but it wou'd be intolerable in our Tongue, by its leaving a Vacancy which wou'd cause too great an Obscurity therein.

(m) *Then both Diana's Hands.*] I am perswaded that under the Fiction of this Battle between *Juno* and *Diana*, Homer was minded to describe

Poetically an Eclipse of the Moon, which is caus'd by nothing but the Shadow of the Earth, i. e. *Juno*. *Juno* holds *Diana's* two Hands fast, that is, she ties up all her Faculties; she takes off her Quiver from her Shoulder, because she hinders the Rays of the Sun from enlightning her. She strikes both her Cheeks, because the entire face of the Moon is obscur'd in a total Eclipse. And she makes all her Arrows to fall at her Feet, because all the Rays are stop'd and suspended under her.

Rock retires, (ⁿ) Preserv'd by Fate from his destroying Talons; So fled the weeping Goddess from the Combat.

Then to *Latona* Mercury thus spake. (^o)
 " Justly I fear, O Goddess, to engage With
 " you; for who can dare to meet in Arms The
 " Wife of *Jove*? then freely boast among the
 " Gods, That you in Combat met me and
 " subdu'd.

Thus he: (^p) *Latona* gather'd from the Ground, The Bow, the Quivet, and the pointed Darts, That up and down lay scatter'd on the Plain: Then follow'd after her retiring Daughter.

Mean while *Diana* mounted high *Olympus*, And at her Father's Knees in Tears fell prostrate: Her Vail with Sobs and Sighs alternate mov'd; *Jove* smiling took her in his Arms, and ask'd The cause of her Affliction. " Dear *Diana*, Who of the Gods has injur'd you unjustly, Incapable of meriting Displeasure? To him his Daughter thus. " Your Sister *Juno* Has us'd me thus, who with her Arts

(ⁿ) Preserv'd by Fate. [Homer acknowledges here that Destiny, that is, Providence, extends his Cares even to irrational Creatures, which perfectly well agrees with Our modern Theology. Observe, says *Enstathius*, that Homer makes even a Pidgeon depend upon Destiny, to shew that all Creatures are subject to it.]

(^o) Justly I fear, O Goddess. [Mercury will not fight against *Latona*, because he is a God of Peace: Besides, Homer gives to understand, Allegorically, that the

Planets cannot make War upon *Latona*, i.e. the Night, who alone makes them appear and exhibits them to Sight, and between whom there is always a good Understanding. It is *Enstathius*'s Remark, and shews that Homer in all his Fictions is Wise, and couches under them many Natural and Plain Truths.

(^p) Latona gather'd from the Ground. [Homer signifies that *Latona* gathers up *Diana*'s Darts, because it is Night that restores to *Diana* her Rays.

" has

" has rais'd A deadly War between th' Immortal Beings,

Whilst thus *Diana* and her mighty Father Together talkt, *Apollo* took his way To *Troy*, to guard her Walls and lofty Ramparts; Least the victorious *Greeks* that Day should storm it, Ev'n tho' the Fates had otherwise decreed. The other Gods forsook the Field of Battle, Whilst some with Rage and Indignation burn'd, And others with Success and Glory triumph'd. All to *Jove's* lofty Palace took their way.

(9) Yet still *Achilles* dealt his Fury round, Upon the *Trojans* and their warlike Steeds; (r) As when the Smoke ascending from some Town Cover'd with Flames, sent by the angry Gods, Involves the wild Inhabitants with Terrors: So *Peleus'* Son with Mortal Dread

(9) *See still Achilles.*] Homer had left *Achilles*, to speak of the Combats between the Gods, and as he never loses sight of his Subject, he returns to that Hero, who, having miraculously escap'd from the Flood and the Fire, after unheard-of Exploits, continues his Devastations in the Plain, and is himself compar'd to a Conflagration.

(r) *As when the Smoke.*] This Passage may be understood two ways, and both very remarkable. First, by taking this Fire for a Fire really sent from Heav'n to punish a wicked City, of which there are terrible Instances in Holy Scripture. Thus Homer was acquainted

with this great Truth, that God sometimes punishes whole Cities, by darting on them his avenging Fires. The Second, by understanding by it simply the Fire which an Enemy sets to a City which they take by Storm, as we see in the Prophet *Micah*, the City of *Jerusalem* crying out: *De excuso misericordia in effusis meis;* The Lord hath from above sent fire into my bones, Lam. i. 13. for the Prophet speaks of the burning of *Jerusalem* by the Chaldeans, who burnt the City and Temple. And by this Homer owns that the Fire which Men set to a City, comes not from Men, but from God, who gives them up to their Fury.

dismay'd

dismay'd The *Trojans*, where he paf'd, and
sacrific'd All that oppos'd him to his dire
Revenge. (s.) Old *Priam* from a lofty Turret
saw The Hero clad in Dust and Blood, pur-
suing His frightened Troops along the Plain, un-
able With rally'd Strength and Courage to re-
sist him; He saw, and heaving Sighs oppress'd
his Bosom, At length descending, to the Guards
he call'd.

" My Friends, said he, throw open all the
" Gates, Till all our flying Troops return to
" Troy: For see *Achilles* is at Hand, and chaces
" Our Men along the Plain, intent on Slaugh-
" ter. But when the *Trojans* are come back,
" and shelter'd Within our Walls, then with
" firm Barriers guard The Passage, least this
" Conqueror break in With those who fly,
" and spoil our lofty City.

Thus he: whilst they obedient clear'd the
Portal, And open'd a wide Passage, as a Refuge
To the affrighted Squadrons as they fled;
With them *Apollo*, fav'ring their Retreat, Re-
turn'd to *Troy*, for whose Defence he labour'd.
The thick Battalions pour'd into the Town
Cover'd with Sweat and Dust, and spent with
Thirst And raging Heat: *Achilles* with his
Spear Follow'd, dispersing Wounds and Death
around, Mad with Revenge, Insatiable of
Glory.

That Day the Greeks had sackt the Walls of

(s) Old *Priam* from a lofty Turret.] Here we see the Advantage Homer makes of the Order he caused *Hector* to give, that every Body should

watch for the Security of *Troy*, and that the old Men shou'd mount the Battlements to look to every thing that might happen.

Ilium, But (t) Phæbus animated brave Agenor
 To meet Achilles' Rage, inspiring him With
 double Life and Vigour to sustain The Hero,
 and engage him in the Combat : The God
 stood by him, shelter'd by a Beech, and hid
 him in a Cloud from Mortal View. He,
 when he saw Achilles just advancing, Felt his
 great Heart with strong Emotions beat, (u)
 Such as disturb the Waves, when Storms ar-
 rise, And stir the Deep : then sighing thus de-
 bated Within himself. “ Unhappy Man di-
 stracted With various Doubts ! Should I, op-
 press'd with Fear, Accompany the Tro-
 jans in their Flight, And take the common
 Rout, he'll soon o'ertake me, And kill me
 like a Coward. If I quit The Crowd, and
 fly along the Plains from Troy, To gain
 the Forest at the Foot of Ida, There I might
 hide me in the woody Covert, And when
 the Shades arise, steal to the Stream, And
 wash me from the Blood and Dust, and
 then In secret to the Town retire with
 Safety. But wherefore do I dwell on vain
 Illusions ? Will he not spy me flying thro'
 the Plains, And reach me soon, for he is
 swift of Foot, Then slay me ? for his Valour
 and his Strength All Mortals else exceeds.
 How much more gallant Should I be thought,
 to meet him in the Combat Here in the

(t) But Phæbus animated
 brave Agenor.] Homer makes
 Apollo do this, because Ap-
 pollo is the same with Desti-
 ny, and because Destiny had
 refused to Achilles the Glory
 of taking Troy.

(u) Such as disturb the
 Waves.] This is the Idea
 convey'd by the single Word
 in the Text, *πόρευτις*, which
 is borrow'd from the Sea,
 when the Winds begin to
 blacken the Waves.

‘ City’s

" City's view ? (w) He is not sure Incapable of Wounds : A Spear will pierce him :
 " Nor has he many Souls to lose in Battle,
 " And he is said to be of mortal Race ; (x)
 " The Favour of the Gods is all his Glory.

Thus he, collecting all his Force and Courage, Resolv'd to stand, and meet the Son of Peleus. As when a Panther by some Hunter wounded, Forth of the Forest rushes on his Foe, And tho' he feels the Arrow in his Sides, And hears the Cry of numerous Dogs around him, Relents not of his Courage, but moves on To try the rough Encounter, and disperse His Foes, or leave his Carcass on the Plain : So scorning to retire, the valiant Son Of stout Antenor, to the Fight advanc'd, To try Achilles' Strength ; his Shield he bore A mighty Orb before him, and his Spear Erect he wielded, then bespake the Hero.

" In vain you think to sack the Walls of Troy : But many Dangers and Fatigues remain Before you triumph there. Those Walls contain Numbers of valiant Chiefs, who will defend Their Fathers, Wives and Children

(w) He is not sure incapable of Wounds.] The Fable of Achilles being vulnerable only in the Heel, and that all the rest of his Body was incapable of a Wound, was not known in Homer's time ; nor had our Poet been over forward in giving in to a Fiction which wou'd have dishonour'd his Hero.

(x) The favour of the Gods is all his Glory.] But the Fa-

vours and Protection of Jupiter are a more certain Succour than any Man's own Strength. Agenor means, that since those great Achievements of Achilles proceed from none but Jupiter, Jupiter may likewise fortifie him too, and give him the Strength necessary for vanquishing Achilles : for Jupiter favours whom he pleases.

" to the last, And guard the Ramparts from
 " the bold Invader. You, tho' renown'd for
 " Valour and Success, Shall never see that Day,
 " but find your Tomb Within these Plains, for
 " your last Hour draws near.

He spake, and threw his Spear with all his Force, Which not unactive smote Achilles' Leg Below the Kneec; the Buskin with the Blow Resounded, but repuls'd the massie Point, For by a God 'twas fram'd. Then *Pelous'* Son Rush'd on his Foe, but *Phæbus* interposing Bore him away, and hid him in a Cloud. Himself, to save the *Trojans* and delude *Achilles*, took *Agenor's* Shape and Face, And fled before *Achilles*, who pursu'd him Along the Plain to *Xanthus'* Stream; he faulter'd, And often feign'd a Weakness in the flight, As if he droop'd, to give *Achilles* hopes Of reaching him at last, and thus diverted By Stratagem his Fury from the *Trojans*.

(y) Whilst stern *Achilles* chac'd him o'er the Field, The flying *Trojans*, glad of their Escape, All crowded to the Walls, and fill'd the Town; Such was their Fear, they staid not till the Troops That lagg'd behind, came up, nor took the Numbers Of those who fell, or those who were return'd: But fast as Fear and Strength to fly could drive them, Pour'd thro' the Gates, and skulk'd behind the Walls.

(z) While stern *Achilles* [chac'd him o'er the Field.] By this Fiction *Homer* would make his Reader sensible, how dearly Men often pay for their Obsidiancy and Vain-Glory. *Achilles*, by being too eager in the Pursuit of the

false *Agenor*, gives time to a great number of *Trojans* to escape into the Town, and loses an opportunity of making a great Slaughter among them, and perhaps too of entring himself into the Town with the Runaways.

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